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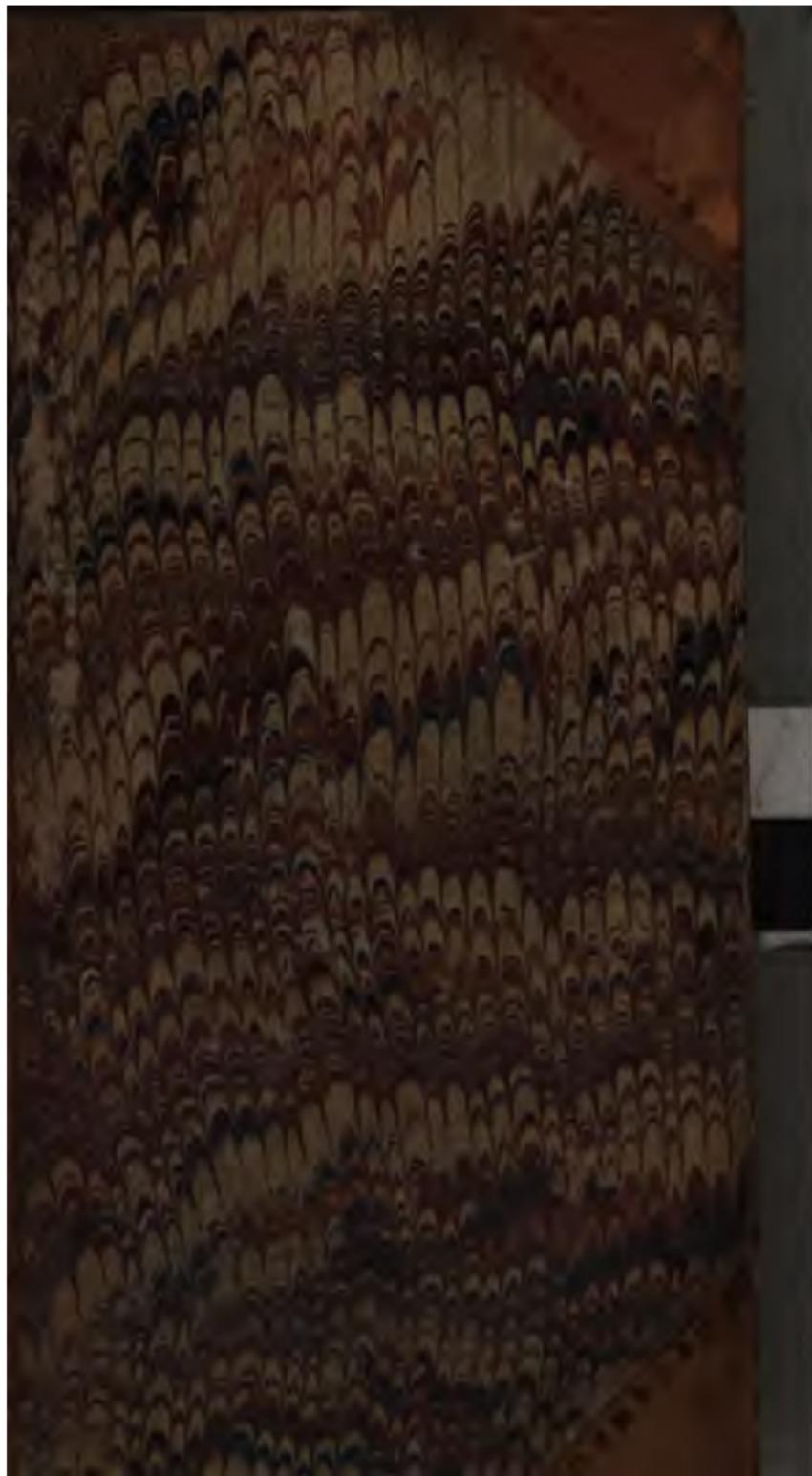
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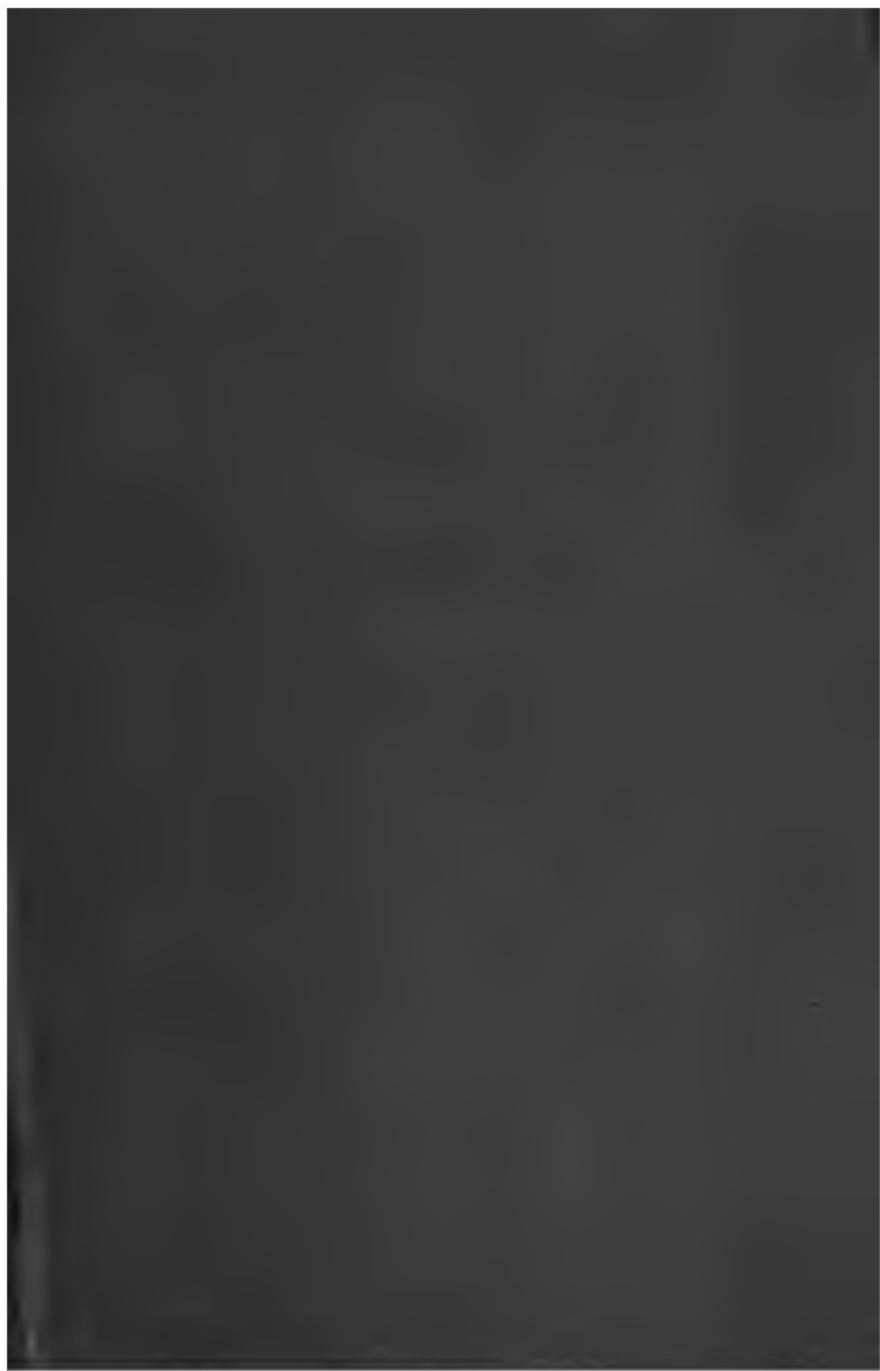
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Rev. G. H. Daveyport,
Foxley,
HEREFORD



2705 } 433



ELEGANT EXTRACTS

FROM THE MOST EMINENT
PROSE WRITERS.

PART IX. LETTERS.



He drew the box out of his pocket, and showed her the note and the bracelet.
p. 66.

Chiswick:
PRINTED BY AND FOR C. WHITTINGHAM,
COLLEGE HOUSE.

1827.



NEW ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

A

UNIQUE SELECTION,

MORAL, INSTRUCTIVE, AND ENTERTAINING,

FROM THE MOST EMINENT

Prose and Epistolary Writers.

BY

R. A. DAVENPORT, ESQ.

EDITOR OF WHITTINGHAM'S EDITION OF THE BRITISH POETS.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

V.

LETTERS.

CHISWICK:

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M DCCC XXVII.



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ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

PART IX.

Letters,

OF THE FIFTEENTH, SIXTEENTH, AND SEVENTEENTH
CENTURIES.

THE DUKE OF SUFFOLK TO HIS SON.

1450.

My dear and only well beloved son, I beseech our Lord in heaven, the maker of all the world, to bless you, and to send you ever grace to love him, and to dread him, to the which, as far as a father may charge his child, I both charge you and pray you to set all your spirits and wits to do, and to know his holy laws and commandments, by the which ye shall, with his great mercy, pass all the great tempests and troubles of this wretched world.

And that, also weetingly, ye do nothing for love nor dread of any earthly creature that should displease him. And there as (*whenever*) any frailty maketh you to fall, beseech his mercy soon to call you to him again with repentance, satis-

faction, and contrition of your heart, never more in will to offend him.

Secondly ; next him above all earthly things to be true liegeman in heart, in will, in thought, indeed, unto the king our alder most (*greatest*) high and dread sovereign lord, to whom both ye and I be so much bound to ; charging you as father can and may, rather to die than to be the contrary, or to know any thing that were against the welfare or prosperity of his most royal person, but as far as your body and life may stretch, ye live and die to defend it, and to let his highness have knowledge thereof in all the haste ye can.

Thirdly ; in the same wise, I charge you, my dear son, alway as ye be bounden by the commandment of God to do, to love, to worship, your lady and mother ; and also that ye obey always her commandments, and to believe her counsels and advices in all your works, the which dread not shall be best and truest to you.

And if any other body would steer you to the contrary, to flee the counsel in any wise, for ye shall find it nought and evil.

Furthermore, as far as father may and can, I charge you in any wise to flee the company and counsel of proud men, of covetous men, and of flattering men, the more especially and mightily to withstand them, and not to draw nor to meddle with them, with all your might and power ; and to draw to you and to your company good and virtuous men, and such as be of good conversation, and of truth, and by them shall ye never be deceived nor repent you of.

Moreover, never follow your own wit in no

wise, but in all your works, of such folks as I write of above, ask your advice and counsel, and doing thus, with the mercy of God, ye shall do right well, and live in right much worship, and great heart's rest and ease.

And I will be to you as good lord and father as my heart can think.

And lastly of all, as heartily and as lovingly as ever father blessed his child in earth, I give you the blessing of our Lord and me, which of his infinite mercy increase you in all virtue and good living ; and that your blood may, by his grace, from kindred to kindred, multiply in this earth to his service, in such wise as after the departing from this world here, ye and they may glorify him eternally amongst his angels in heaven.

Written of mine hand,
The day of my departing fro this land.

Your true and loving father,

SUFFOLK.

DAME ELIZABETH BREWS TO J. PASTON, ESQ.

*To my worshipful cousin, John Paston, be this bill
delivered, &c.*

COUSIN, I recommend me unto you, thanking you heartily for the great cheer ye made me, and all my folks, the last time that I was at Norwich ; and ye promised me, that ye would never break the matter to Margery unto such time as ye and I were at a point. But ye have made her such

(an) advocate for you, that I may never have rest night nor day, for calling and crying upon to bring the said matter to effect, &c.

And, cousin, upon Friday is Saint Valentine's day, and every bird chooseth him a make (*mate*); and if it like you to come on Thursday at night, and so survey you, that ye may abide there till Monday, I trust to God, that ye shall so speak to mine husband; and I pray, we shall bring the matter to a conclusion, &c..

For, cousin, "it is but a simple oak,
That's cut down at the first stroke."

For ye will be reasonable I trust to God, which have you ever in his merciful keeping, &c.

By your cousin,

DAME ELIZABETH BREWS,

otherwise shall be called by God's grace.

February, 1476-7.

MARGARET BREWS TO JOHN PASTON, ESQ.

*Unto my right well beloved Valentine, John Paston, Esq.
be this bill delivered, &c.*

RIGHT reverend and worshipful, and my right well beloved Valentine, I recommend me unto you, full heartily desiring to hear of your welfare, which I beseech Almighty God long for to preserve unto his pleasure, and your heart's desire.

And if it please you to hear of my welfare, I am not in good heele (*health*) of body, nor of heart, nor shall be till I hear from you :

For there wottys (*knows*) no creature what pain
I endure,
And for to be dead (*for my life*) I dare it not
dyscur (*discover*).

And my lady my mother hath laboured the matter to my father full diligently, but she can no more get than ye know of, for the which God knoweth I am full sorry. But if that ye love me, as I trust verily that ye do, ye will not leave me therefore; for if that ye had not half the livelihood that ye have, for to do the greatest labour that any woman alive might, I would not forsake you.

And if ye command me to keep me true wherever
I go,
I wis I will do all my might you to love, and
never no mo.

And if my friends say that I do amiss,
They shall not me let so for to do,
Mine heart me bids evermore to love you,
Truly over all earthly thing,
And if they be never so wrath,
I trust it shall be better in time coming.

No more to you at this time, but the Holy Trinity have you in keeping; and I beseech you that this bill be not seen of none earthly creature save only yourself, &c.

And this letter was indited at Topcroft, with full heavy heart, &c. by your own

Feb. 1476-7.

MARGARET BREWS.

MARGARET BREWS TO JOHN PASTON, ESQ.

*To my right well-beloved Cousin, John Paston, Esq. be
this Letter delivered, &c.*

RIGHT worshipful and well beloved Valentine, in my most humble wise, I recommend me unto you, &c. and heartily I thank you for the letter, which that ye send me by John Beckerton, whereby I understand and know, that ye be purposed to come to Topcroft in short time, and without any errand or matter ; but only to have a conclusion of the matter betwixt my father and you ; I would be most glad of any creature alive, so that the matter might grow to effect. And thereas (*whereas*) ye say, and (*if*) ye come and find the matter no more towards ye than ye did aforetime, ye would no more put my father and my lady my mother to no cost nor business, for that cause a good while after, which causeth my heart to be full heavy ; and if that ye come, and the matter take to none effect, then should I be much more sorry, and full of heaviness.

And as for myself I have done, and understand in the matter that I can or may, as God knoweth ; and I let you plainly understand that my father will no more money part withal in that behalf, but an 100*l.* and 50 marks (33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*), which is right far from the accomplishment of your desire.

Wherefore, if that ye could be content with that good, and my poor person, I would be the merriest maiden on ground ; and if ye think not yourself so satisfied, or that ye might have much *more* good, as I have understood by you afore ;

good, true, and loving Valentine, that ye take no such labour upon you, as to come more for that matter. But let (*what*) is, pass, and never more be spoken of, as I may be your true lover and bead-woman during my life.

No more unto you at this time, but Almighty Jesu preserve you both body and soul, &c.

By your Valentine,

Topcroft, Feb. 1746-7.

MARGERY BREWS.

ANNE BOLEYN TO CARDINAL WOLSEY.

MY LORD,

IN my most humble wise that my heart can think, I desire you to pardon me that I am so bold, to trouble you with my simple and rude writing, esteeming it to proceed from her, that is much desirous to know that your grace does well, as I perceive by this bearer that you do. The which I pray God long to continue, as I am most bound to pray; for I do know the great pains and troubles that you have taken for me both day and night is never like to be recompensed on my part, but only in loving you, next unto the king's grace, above all creatures living. And I do not doubt but the daily proofs of my deeds shall manifestly declare and affirm my writing to be true, and I do trust you to think the same. My lord, I do assure you, I do long to hear from you news of the legate; for I do hope, and they come from you, they shall be very good, and I am sure you desire it as much as I and more,

and it were possible, as I know it is not: and thus, remaining in a steadfast hope, I make an end of my letter, written with the hand of her that is most bound to be,

Your humble servant,
ANNE BOLEYN.

POSTSCRIPT BY KING HENRY VIII.

THE writer of this letter would not cease till she had caused me likewise to set my hand, desiring you, though it be short, to take in good part. I assure you there is neither of us but that greatly desire to see you, so much more joyous to hear that you have escaped this plague so well, trusting the fury thereof to be passing, especially with them that keep a good diet, as I trust you do. The not hearing of the legate's arrival in France, causeth us somewhat to muse, notwithstanding we trust by your diligence and vigilancy, with the assistance of Almighty God, shortly to be eased out of that trouble. No more to you at this time, but that I pray God send you as good health and prosperity as the writer would,

By your loving sovereign and friend,
HENRY R.

SIR THOMAS MORE TO MR. GUNNEL,
HIS CHILDREN'S TUTOR.

I HAVE received, my dear Gunnel, your letters, full, as usual, of elegance and affection. Your love of my children I see by your letters, your diligence I gather from their own; for each of *their letters* pleased me. But especially was I

delighted that Elizabeth behaved herself with a decency of demeanor in my absence, which few children observe in the presence of their parents. Give her to understand, that the circumstance gratified me more than could all the learning in the world. For I prefer the learning which is united with virtue to all the treasures of kings; and if we separate from it propriety of conduct, what more doth the fame of letters bring us than a kind of infamy in notoriety? This applies peculiarly to the female sex. Their proficiency in literature being something new, and a kind of reproach to the sluggishness of men, most men will be ready to attack them, and to expend their natural malice upon their learning. Nay, they will call their own ignorance a virtue, when compared with the faults of these learned. On the other hand, if a woman (which I wish may be the case with all my girls, and in which I have the greatest confidence under your auspices) to high excellence of character unites even a moderate portion of learning, I deem her possessed of more real good than if she had the wealth of Croesus and the beauty of Helen.

And this not for the sake of fame, although fame pursues worth as the shadow the body: but because the reward of wisdom is more substantial than to be borne away on the wings of riches, or to fade with beauty; as it places its dependence on rectitude of conscience, not on the tongues of others, which abound in folly and evil. For as the avoiding of infamy is the duty of a good man, so the laying himself out for fame is the part not only of a proud, but also of a ridiculous and con-

temptible one ; since that mind must of necessity be ill at ease, which ever fluctuates between joy and sadness from the opinions of others. Of the great benefits, however, which learning confers upon man, I really deem none preferable to the instruction which letters afford us, that in the attainment of them we regard not the reputation they bring us, but their utility. Which precept, although some have abused their learning, like other good possessions, by hunting only for vain glory and popular fame, yet has it been delivered by all the most learned, and especially by the philosophers, those moderators of human life.

I have enlarged the more on this subject of vain glory, my Gonellus, because of the expression in your letter, that you think the elevated cast of my daughter Margaret's mind ought not to be lowered. I agree with you in this opinion. But in my mind, and I doubt not in yours also, he seems to lower the noble disposition of his mind, who accustoms himself to admire what is vain and base. And he, on the other hand, to elevate it, who esteems virtue and true good ; who, by contemplating sublime objects, looks down as from on high, with disregard on these shadows of good, which almost every one in ignorance greedily catches at for the substance.

As this seemed to me the best way, I have requested not only you, my dear Gonellus, whose strong love to all mine would have led you, I know, to have done so of your own accord ; or my wife, to whom (as I have often witnessed) her true maternal piety is a sufficient impulse, but frequently almost all my friends also, to admonish

my children, that avoiding the precipices of pride, they walk in the pleasant meads of modesty ; that the sight of riches overcome them not ; that they sigh not for the want of them in themselves, which is erroneously admired by others ; that they think no better of themselves for being well dressed, nor worse for being otherwise ; that they spoil not the beauty which nature gave them by neglect, nor endeavour to increase it by vile arts ; that they esteem virtue the first and letters the second good ; and that of these they deem those the best which can best teach them piety to God, charity to man, modesty and christian humility in their own deportment.

Thus shall they receive from the Almighty the reward of an innocent life, in the certain expectation of which they shall not fear death ; and feeling true joy in this life, be neither puffed up with the vain praises of men, nor broken down by their malice. These I regard as the true and genuine fruits of learning ; which, though they be not put forth by all the learned, yet, whoever studies with this view, I maintain may produce them in the highest perfection.

It matters not to the crop, whether man or woman sowed it ; and if the name "Man," whose reason distinguishes his nature from the brute, applies to both sexes, I say science, by which that reason is cultivated, and like a field bears good corn under due tillage, equally becomes either. But if the soil in women be bad by nature, and more productive of weeds than corn (by which opinion many deter the sex from letters), I, on the other hand, think that female

genius ought on that very account to be the more diligently cultivated by letters and good discipline ; in order that the evil of nature may, by industry, be corrected. So thought those wise and holy men, the Fathers : of whom, to omit the rest, Jerome and Augustine not only exhorted ladies of the highest rank and worth to the acquisition of letters, but, that they might the more easily accomplish it, diligently expounding to them abstruse passages in Scripture, and wrote long letters to young maidens with so much erudition that old men of our day and professors of divinity can scarcely read, so far are they from understanding them. Which works of holy men, my learned Gonellus, you will of your goodness take care that my daughters read. From them they may best know the scope which their learning ought to aim at ; and they will teach them to esteem the consent of God, and a good conscience, the best fruit of their labours. Thus placid and tranquil in themselves, they will neither be elated by the praise of the flatterer, nor feel the rancour of the unlearned scoffer.

But I hear you exclaiming, that “ these precepts, though true, are too hard for the tender age of my children ; for who is there, however old or learned, with a mind so strong and well poised, that he has not the smallest inclination for glory ? ” My friend, the more difficult I see it to shake off this pest of pride, the more endeavour do I deem necessary, even from infancy. Nor is there any other cause, in my opinion, why this unavoidable evil sticks so fast in our breasts than that because almost as soon as we are born it

is sown in our minds by our nurses, next cherished by our masters, and, lastly, fed and brought to perfection by our parents. For no one teaches us any good without the expectation of praise, as the reward of merit; whence, being long accustomed to the love of praise, we come at last, in studying to please the majority (and therefore the inferiority), to grow ashamed of being good.

That this plague may be driven the farther from my children, do you, my Gonellus, their mother, and all my friends, chant, inculcate, nay, bellow in their ears, that “vainglory is abject and disgusting; and that there is nothing more excellent than the humble modesty recommended by Christ.” This your prudent kindness will inculcate by teaching them good, rather than by blaming their faults; and you will conciliate their love, not hatred, by your admonitions. To this end nothing can conduce more effectually than reading to them the precepts of the Fathers. These, they know, are not angry with them; and, from their venerable sanctity, their authority must have great weight.

Wherefore if you will read such things, beside their lesson in Sallust, to my Margaret and Elizabeth (as their understandings appear to be riper than those of John and Cecilia), you will increase my own, not less than their obligations to you, which are already great. And my children, dear to me by nature, and more endeared by their letters and virtue, shall become by their superior growth in learning and good manners, under your auspices, superlatively dear to me indeed. Farewell.

At Court, Whitsun Eve,

**SIR THOMAS MORE TO HIS DAUGHTER
MARGARET.**

You are too timid and bashful, my dear Margaret, in asking money from a father who is desirous to give it, especially when you made me happy with a letter, every line of which I would not recompense with a piece of gold, as Alexander did those of Cheribus ; but, if my power were equal to my will, I would repay every syllable with an ounce of gold. I have sent you what you asked, and would have added more, were it not so delightful to receive the requests and caresses of a daughter—of you, in particular, whom both knowledge and virtue make most dear to my soul. The sooner you spend this money, in your usual proper way, and the sooner you have recourse to me for more, the greater pleasure you will give to your father. Adieu, my beloved daughter.

LADY JANE GREY TO HER FATHER*.**FATHER,**

1554.

ALTHOUGH it hath pleased God to hasten my death by you, by whom my life should rather have been lengthened, yet can I so patiently take it, as I yield God more hearty thanks for shortening my woful days, than if all the world had been given into my possession, with life lengthened at my own will : and albeit I am well assured of your impatient dolors, redoubled many ways, both in bewailing your own woe, and

• Written just before her execution.

especially, as I hear, my unfortunate state ; yet, my dear father, if I may without offence rejoice in my mishaps, methinks in this I may account myself blessed ; that washing my hands with the innocence of my fact, my guiltless blood may cry before the Lord, mercy to the innocent ; and though I must needs acknowledge, that being constrained, and, as you well know, continually assayed, in taking the crown upon me, I seemed to consent, and therein grievously offended the queen and her laws ; yet do I assuredly trust, that this my offence towards God is so much the less, in that being in so royal an estate as I was, mine enforced honour never mixed with my innocent heart. And thus, good father, I have opened my state to you, whose death at hand, although to you perhaps it may seem right woful, to me there is nothing that can be more welcome, than from this vale of misery to aspire to that heavenly throne of all joy and pleasure with Christ our Saviour. In whose steadfast faith (if it may be lawful for the daughter so to write to her father) the Lord, that hitherto hath strengthened you, so continue you, that at last we may meet in heaven, with the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

FROM THE SAME TO LADY KATHARINE GREY,
HER SISTER.

1554.

I HAVE sent you, my dear sister Katharine, a book *, which although it be not outwardly trimmed with gold, yet inwardly it is mere worth

* A Greek Testament, in a blank leaf of which the letter was written.

than all the precious mines which the vast world can boast of. It is the book, my only best and best beloved sister, of the law of the Lord : it is the testament and last will which he bequeathed unto us wretches and wretched sinners, which shall lead you to the path of eternal joy : and if you with a good mind read it, and with an earnest desire to follow it, no doubt it shall bring you to an immortal and everlasting life. It will teach you to live, and learn you to die. It shall win you more, and endow you with greater felicity than you should have gained by the possession of our woful father's lands. For as if God had prospered him, you should have inherited his honours and manors, so if you apply diligently this book, seeking to direct your life according to the rule of the same, you shall be an inheritor of such riches, as neither the covetous shall withdraw from you, neither the thief shall steal, neither yet the moths corrupt. Desire with David, my best sister, to understand the law of the Lord your God. Live still to die, that you by death may purchase eternal life. And trust not that the tenderness of your age shall lengthen your life : for unto God, when he calleth, all hours, times, and seasons are alike. And blessed are those whose lamps are furnished when he cometh : for as soon will the Lord be glorified in the young as in the old.

My good sister, once again let me entreat thee to learn to die ; deny the world, defy the devil, and despise the flesh, and delight yourself only in the Lord ; be penitent for your sins, and yet *despair not* ; be strong in faith, yet presume not ; and desire with St. Paul, to be dissolved, and to

be with Christ, with whom even in death there is life. Be like the good servant, and even at midnight be waking, lest when death cometh and stealeth upon you, like a thief in the night, you be with the servants of darkness found sleeping ; and lest for lack of oil you be found like the five foolish virgins, or like him that hath not the wedding garment, and then you be cast into darkness, or banished from the marriage. Rejoice in Christ, as I trust you do ; and seeing that you have the name of a Christian, as near as you can follow the steps, and be a true imitator of your master Christ Jesus ; and take up your cross, lay your sins on his back, and always embrace him. Now as touching my death, rejoice, as I do, my dearest sister, that I shall be delivered of this corruption, and put on incorruption ; for I am assured that I shall, for losing of a mortal life, win one that is immortal, joyful, and everlasting ; the which I pray God grant you in his most blessed hour, and send you his all-saving grace to live in his fear, and to die in the true Christian faith. From which, in God's name, I exhort you, that you never swerve, neither for hope of life, nor fear of death. For if you will deny his truth, to give length to a weary and corrupt breath, God himself will deny you, and by vengeance make short what you by your soul's loss would prolong ; but if you will cleave to him, he will stretch forth your days to an uncircumscribed comfort and to his own glory. To the which glory God bring me now, and you hereafter, when it shall please him to call you.

Farewell once again, my beloved sister, and put your only trust in God, who only must help you. Amen. Your loving sister,

JANE DUDLEY.

ROGER ASCHAM TO MR. ASTELEY.

WHEN you and I read Livy together (if you do remember) after some reasoning, we concluded both what was in our opinion to be looked for at his hand, that would well and advisedly write an history. First point was, to write nothing false; next, to be bold to say any truth: whereby is avoided two great faults, flattery and hatred. For which two points, Cæsar is read to his great praise; and Jovius, the Italian, to his just reproach. Then to mark diligently the cause, counsels, acts, and issues in all great attempts; and in causes, what is just or unjust; in counsels, what is purposed wisely or rashly; in acts, what is done courageously or fairly; and of every issue, to note some general lesson of wisdom and warnings for like matters in time to come; wherein Polybius, in Greek, and Philip Comines, in French, have done the duties of wise and worthy writers. Diligence, also, must be used in keeping truly the order of time, and describing lively both the site of places and nature of persons; not only for the outward shape of the body, but also for the inward disposition of the mind; as Thucydides doth in many places very trimly, and Homer everywhere, and that always most excellently, which observation

is chiefly to be marked in him. And our Chaucer doth the same, very praiseworthy : mark him well, and confer him with any other that writeth in our time in their proudest tongue, whosoever liest. The style must be always plain and open : yet sometime higher and lower, as matters do rise and fall. For if proper and natural words in well joined sentences do lively express the matter—be it troublesome, quiet, angry, or pleasant—a man shall think not to be reading, but present in doing of the same. And herein Livy of all other in any tongue, by my opinion, carrieth away the praise.

BERNARD GILPIN TO BISHOP TONSTAL.

RIGHT honourable, and my singular good lord, my duty remembered in most humble manner, pleaseth it your lerdship to be informed, that of late my brother wrote to me, that in any wise I must meet him at Mechlin ; for he must debate with me urgent affairs, such as could not be dispatched by writing. When we met, I perceived it was nothing else but to see if he could persuade me to take a benefice, and to continue in study at the university : which if I had known to be the cause of his sending for me, I should not have needed to interrupt my study to meet him ; for I have so long debated that matter with learned men, especially with the prophets, and most ancient and godly writers since Christ's time, that I trust, so long as I have to live,

never to burden my conscience with having a benefice and lying from it. My brother said, that your lordship had written to him, that you would gladly bestow one on me; and that your lordship thought (and so did other of my friends, of which he was one) that I was much too scrupulous in that point. Whereunto I always say, if I be too scrupulous (as I cannot think that I am), that I had rather my conscience were therein a great deal too strait, than a little too large: for I am seriously persuaded, that I shall never offend God by refusing to have a benefice, and lie from it, so long as I judge not evil of others; which I trust I shall not, but rather pray God daily, that all who have cures may discharge their office in his sight, as may tend most to his glory and the profit of his church. He replied against me, that your lordship would give me no benefice but what you would see discharged in my absence, as well or better than I could discharge it myself. Whereunto I answered, that I would be sorry, if I thought not there were many thousands in England more able to discharge a cure than I find myself; and therefore I desire they may both take the cure and the profit also, that they may be able to feed the body and the soul both, as I think all pastors are bounden. As for me, I can never persuade myself to take the profit and let another take the pains: for if he should teach and preach as faithfully as ever St. Austin did, yet should I not think myself discharged. And if I should strain my conscience herein, I strive with it to remain here, or in any other university, with

such a condition, the unquietness of my conscience would not suffer me to profit in study at all.

I am here at this present, I thank God, very well placed for study among a company of learned men, joining to the friars minors, having free access at all times to a notable library among the friars, men both well learned and studious. I have entered acquaintance with divers of the best learned in the town ; and for my part was never more desirous to learn in all my life than at this present. Wherefore I am bold, knowing your lordship's singular good will towards me, to open my mind thus rudely and plainly unto your goodness, most humbly beseeching you to suffer me to live without charge, that I may study quietly.

And whereas I know well your lordship is careful how I should live if God should call your lordship, being now aged, I desire you let not that care trouble you : for, if I had no other shift, I could get a lectureship, I know, shortly, either in this university, or at least in some abbey hereby ; where I should not lose my time : and this kind of life, if God be pleased, I desire before any benefice. And thus I pray Christ always to have your lordship in his blessed keeping. By your lordship's humble scholar and chaplain,

Louvain, Nov. 22, 1554.

BERNARD GILPIN.

JOHN KNOX TO JOHN FOX, THE MARTYR-OLOGIST.

DEARLY BELOVED BROTHER,
ALBEIT at the departure of this our brother, from whom I received your loving and friendly letter, myself could write nothing by reason of the ill disposition of my body; yet because I could not suffer him to depart without some remembrance of my duty to you, I used the help of my left hand, that is, of my wife, in scribbling these few lines unto you. As touching my purpose and mind in the publishing the first Blast of the Trumpet: when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, that shall be known, which now by many cannot be persuaded, to wit, that therein I neither have sought myself, neither yet the vain praise of men. My rude vehemency, and inconsidered affirmations, which may appear rather to proceed from choler, than of zeal and reason, I do not excuse: but to have used any other title more plausible, thereby to have allured the world by any art, as I never purposed, so do I not yet purpose. To me it is enough to say, that black is not white: and man's tyranny is not God's perfect ordinance: which thing I do not so much to correct commonwealths, as to deliver my own conscience, and to instruct the consciences of some who yet I fear be ignorant in that matter: but farther of this I delay to better opportunity. Salute your wife and daughter heartily in my name. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ rest

with you now and ever. From Geneva, the 18th
of May, 1558. Your brother to power,
JOHN KNOX.

I, your sister, the writer hereof, saluteth you
and your wife, most heartily, thanking her of her
loving tokens, which my mother and I received
from Mrs. Kent.

THE REV. RICHARD HOOKER TO ARCHBISHOP
SANDYS.

MY LORD,

1590.

WHEN I lost the freedom of my cell, which was
my college, yet I found some degree of it in my
quiet country parsonage. But I am weary of
the noise and oppositions of this place ; and, in-
deed, God and nature did not intend me for con-
tentions, but for study and quietness. And, my lord,
my particular contests here * with Mr. Tra-
vers have proved the more unpleasant to me,
because I believe him to be a good man ; and
that belief hath occasioned me to examine mine
own conscience concerning his opinions. And to
satisfy that, I have consulted the Holy Scrip-
ture, and other laws, both human and divine,
whether the conscience of him, and others of his
judgment, ought to be so far complied with by
us, as to alter our frame of church government,
our manner of God's worship, our praising and
praying to him, and our established ceremonies,
as often as their tender consciences shall require

* At the Temple, of which Hooker was Master.

us. And in this examination, I have not only satisfied myself, but have begun a treatise, in which I intend a justification of the laws of our ecclesiastical polity. In which design God and his holy angels shall at the last great day bear me that witness, which my conscience now does, that my meaning is not to provoke any, but rather to satisfy all tender consciences. And I shall never be able to do this, but where I may study, and pray for God's blessing upon my endeavours, and keep myself in peace and privacy, and behold God's blessings spring out of my mother earth; and eat my own bread without opposition; and, therefore, if your grace can judge me worthy of such a favour, let me beg it, that I may perfect what I have begun.

WILLIAM CECIL, LORD BURGHLEY, TO HIS SON.

SON ROBERT,
THE virtuous inclinations of thy matchless mother, by whose tender and godly care thy infancy was governed, together with thy education under so zealous and excellent a tutor, puts me in rather assurance than hope, that thou art not ignorant of that *summum bonum*, which is only able to make thee happy in thy death as life; I mean the true knowledge and worship of thy Creator and Redeemer, without which all other things are vain and miserable. So that, thy youth being guided by so sufficient a teacher, I make no doubt but he will furnish thy life with divine and moral

documents. Yet, that I may not cast off the care beseeming a parent towards his child, or that thou shouldest have cause to derive thy whole felicity and welfare rather from others than from whence thou receivedst thy breath and being ; I think it fit and agreeable to the affection I bear thee, to help thee with such rules and advertisements for the squaring of thy life, as are rather gained by experience than by much reading : to the end that, entering into this exorbitant age, thou mayest be the better prepared to shun those scandalous courses, whereunto the world and the lack of experience may easily draw thee. And, because I will not confound thy memory, I have reduced them into Ten Precepts ; and next unto Moses' tables, if thou imprint them in thy mind, thou shalt reap the benefit and I the content. And they are these following :—

I. Whep it shall please God to bring thee to man's estate, use great providence and circumspection in choosing thy wife. For from thence will spring all thy future good, or evil. And it is an action of life, like unto a stratagem of war ; wherein a man can err but once. If thy estate be good, match near home, and at leisure ; if weak, far off, and quickly. Inquire diligently of her disposition, and how her parents have been inclined in their youth. Let her not be poor, how generous, well-born, soever. For a man can buy nothing in the market with gentility. Nor choose a base and uncomely creature altogether for wealth ; for it will cause contempt in others, and loathing in thee. Neither make choice of a dwarf or a fool : for by the one thou

shalt beget a race of pygmies; the other will be thy continual disgrace, and it will irk thee to hear her talk. For thou shalt find it to thy grief, that there is nothing more fulsome than a she fool.

And, touching thy guiding of thy house, let thy hospitality be moderate; and according to the means of thy estate, rather plentiful than sparing, but not costly. For I never knew any man grow poor by keeping an orderly table. But some consume themselves through secret vices, and their hospitality bears the blame. But banish swinish drunkards out of thine house, which is a vice impairing health, consuming much, and makes no show. I never heard praise ascribed to the drunkard, but for the well-bearing of his drink; which is a better commendation for a brewer's horse or a drayman, than for either a gentleman or a serving man. Beware thou spend not above three or four parts of thy revenues; nor above a third of that in thy house. For the other two parts will do no more than defray thy extraordinaries, which always surmount the ordinary by much: otherwise thou shalt live like a rich beggar, in continual want. And the needy man can never live happily, nor contentedly: for every disaster makes him ready to mortgage or sell. And that gentleman that sells an acre of land, sells an ounce of credit. For gentility is nothing else but ancient riches; so that, if the foundation shall at any time sink, the building must needs follow.—So much for the first precept.

II. Bring thy children up in learning and

obedience, yet without outward austerity. Praise them openly, reprehend them secretly ; give them good countenance, and convenient maintenance according to thy ability : otherwise, thy life will seem their bondage ; and what portion thou shalt leave them at thy death, they will thank death for it, and not thee. And I am persuaded that the foolish cockering of some parents, and the over stern carriage of others, causeth more men and women to take ill courses, than their own vicious inclinations. Marry thy daughters in time, lest they marry themselves. And suffer not thy sons to pass the Alps ; for they shall learn nothing there but pride, blasphemy, and atheism. And if by travel they get a few broken languages, that shall profit them nothing more than to have meat served up in diverse dishes. Neither, by my consent, shalt thou train them up in wars ; for he that sets up his rest to live by that profession, can hardly be an honest man or a good Christian. Besides, it is a science no longer in request than use. For soldiers in peace are like chimneys in summer.

III. Live not in the country without corn and cattle about thee. For he that putteth his hand to the purse for every expense of household, is like him that putteth water in a sieve. And what provision thou shalt want, learn to buy it at the best hand. For there is one penny saved in four, betwixt buying at thy need, and when the markets and seasons serve fittest for it. Be not served with kinsmen of friends, or men entreated to stay ; for they expect much, and do little : nor with such as are amorous, for their

heads are intoxicated. And keep rather two too few, than one too many. Feed them well, and pay them with the most; and then thou mayest boldly require service at their hands.

IV. Let thy kindred and allies be welcome to thy house and table, grace them with thy countenance, and father them in all honest actions. For by this means thou shalt so double the bond of nature, as thou shalt find them so many advocates to plead an apology for thee behind thy back. But shake off those glow-worms, I mean parasites and sycophants, who will feed and fawn upon thee in the summer of prosperity, but in adverse storms they will shelter thee no more than an arbour in winter.

V. Beware of suretyship for thy best friends. He that payeth another man's debts seeketh his own decay. But, if thou canst not otherwise choose, rather lend thy money thyself upon good bonds, although thou borrow it: so shalt thou secure thyself, and pleasure thy friend. Neither borrow money of a neighbour or a friend, but of a stranger; where paying for it, thou shalt hear no more of it. Otherwise thou shalt eclipse thy credit, lose thy freedom, and yet pay as dear as another. But, in borrowing money, be precious of thy word; for he that hath care of keeping days of payment is lord of another man's purse.

VI. Undertake no suit against a poor man without receiving much wrong. For, besides that thou makest him thy compeer, it is a base conquest to triumph where there is small resistance. Neither attempt law against any man *before thou be fully resolved that thou hast right*

on thy side ; and then spare not for either money or pains. For a cause or two, so followed and obtained, will free thee from suits a great part of thy life.

VII. Be sure to keep some great man thy friend, but trouble him not for trifles. Compliment him often with many, yet small gifts, and of little charge. And, if thou hast cause to bestow any great gratuity, let it be something which may be daily in sight. Otherwise, in this ambitious age, thou shalt remain like a hop without a pole, live in obscurity, and be made a football for every insulting companion to spurn at.

VIII. Towards thy superiors be humble, yet generous : with thine equals familiar, yet respective : towards thy inferiors show much humanity, and some familiarity, as to bow the body, stretch forth the hand, and to uncover the head : with such like popular compliments. The first prepares thy way to advancement : the second makes thee known for a man well bred : the third gains a good report ; which, once got, is easily kept. For right humanity takes such deep root in the minds of the multitude, as they are more easily gained by unprofitable courtesies than by churlish benefits. Yet I advise thee not to affect, or neglect, popularity too much. Seek not to be Essex, shun to be Raleigh.

IX. Trust not any man with thy life, credit, or estate. For it is mere folly for a man so to enthrall himself to his friend, as, though occasion being offered, he should not dare to become thine enemy.

X. Be not scurrilous in conversation, nor satiri-

cal in thy jests. The one will make thee unwelcome to all company ; the other pull on quarrels, and get thee hated of thy best friends. For suspicious jests, when any of them savour of truth, leave a bitterness in the minds of those which are touched. And, albeit I have already pointed at this inclusively, yet I think it necessary to leave it to thee as a special caution ; because I have seen so many prone to quip and gird, as they would rather lose their friend than their jest. And, if perchance their boiling brain yield a quaint scoff, they will travail to be delivered of it as a woman with child. These nimble fancies are but the froth of wit.

LORD BURGHLEY TO QUEEN ELIZABETH.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,
FULL of assurance that my unfeigned zeal for your majesty's interest and service will be evident in what I humbly presume to remonstrate to your majesty, I shall venture to speak my mind with a freedom worthy the noble end and aim of my design. When any man that is as ambitious as myself of engaging your majesty's good opinion of my actions, and your favour in my endeavours, shall attempt to plead against any particulars engrossing your royal ear, he cannot be well suspected of directing his discourse and solicitations on that head to any private interest and advantage. Since by advancing the contrary position, he might hope perhaps in time, and in

his turn, by the force of industry and application, to enjoy the benefit of it.

Secure, therefore, in my zeal for the welfare of my prince and my country, I shall venture to appeal to your majesty's knowledge of history, whether it afford any one instance of that nature which has not been, or was very likely to be, of fatal consequence to the prince, or the people, or both. I will not insist on Sejanus, or any other of the Roman minions, to whose ambition or avarice, when the nobility had fallen in numbers, and the people felt the rage of their exorbitant passions, unsatisfied with what they possessed, they have aimed at the life and throne of the prince that raised them. The reason of which is plain ; because, having only themselves and their own private advantage in view, they make use of the prince only as the means of their own grandeur, without any regard to his real service or the public good, against which it is impossible to do the prince any.

A king, by his royal office, is the father of his country, whose eye ought to watch over the good of all and every one of his subjects, in the just execution of the laws and the impartial dispensation of prerogative ; in redressing of grievances, rewarding virtues, punishing vice, encouraging industry, and the like. But princes, though the vicegerents of Heaven, being not endued with omniscience, can only know these grievances, virtues, vices, industry, &c. of the people, and their several exigencies, by the eyes and information of others ; nor can this be done by trusting to any one particular favourite, who having no

more nor larger qualifications than his prince, can have no other means of informing him aright, than what his prince has without him. Nay, it may very well be said, that he has not any means so sure and infallible : for the prince, if he consult his great councils, and only adhere to their public decisions, cannot miss of knowing all that is necessary to be known for his own glory and his people's good, which are inseparable ; but the favourite, having private designs to carry on, receives his information from those who must represent things to him as he would have them, by that means to make their court, and secure that success to their wishes for which they daily pay the adoration of so much flattery. But if, by the wonderful perspicuity and application of the favourite's, he should attain a true knowledge of the state of things, of the inclinations and desires of the people ; it is forty to one that these clashing with his private aims, he gives them another face to the prince, a turn more agreeable to his separate interest, though equally destructive of his master's and country's good.

The only way, therefore, for a prince to govern, with satisfaction to his own conscience, is to be the common father of all his country, to hear the advice of all his counsellors, and have an open ear to all the grievances and necessities of all his people : which can never be done, while any one man has the luck to possess the royal favour, so far as to make his advice an over balance to the whole nation. They gain, by that means a power, which they extremely seldom, if ever, use *for the people's or prince's advantage*, but most

commonly (if not always) to the destruction of both. There are examples enow of this to alarm any wise and politic prince. The mayors of the palace in France at last possessed the throne. And domestic instances might be given of those who by their excessive power have, if not themselves possessed, yet deprived and set whom they pleased on the throne.

But omitting what your majesty knows extremely well, I shall only give you a view of a great favourite in the reign of your royal father ; a true prospect of whose practices and ambition may warn your majesty against all those who would engross not only your majesty's ear, but all the gifts and places your majesty can bestow ; so to be, if not in name, yet in effect, kings of your people. I mean Cardinal Wolsey, whose fame has been pretended to be vindicated by a domestic of his (Cavendish) in the days of the late queen. And though I shall not deny his admirable qualifications and parts, or his justice in many particulars ; yet I shall show that the ills he did were much more prejudicial to the king and people, than the good he did beneficial to them.

Whatever he did as chancellor, allowing his decrees all equitable and just, will not be sufficient to destroy my assertion. Since that only reached some particulars, who had causes depending before him ; but the many exorbitances of his administration spread to the whole people, as will appear from those few instances which I shall give, by which he put the king on such illegal attempts to replenish that exchequer, which

his ambition and pride, more than any profusion of expenses of the king, had exhausted.

The reason of this assertion will be plain, if your majesty will reflect on the more than royal retinue which, though a subject of the lowest and most plebeian rise, he maintained. For not to waste your majesty's important hours with the particulars, he had in his family one earl, nine barons, knights, gentlemen, and inferior officers about one thousand : for the maintenance of whom he was at once possessed of the almonership, the bishoprics of Tournay, Lincoln, and York, and Durham, St. Albans *in commendam*, the bishopric of Winchester (in exchange for that of Durham), the revenues of those of Bath, Worcester, and Hereford, was Lord Chancellor of England, and had the disposal of all places of trust and profit, and singly and alone despatched all public negotiations.

But the maintenance of so numerous a dependence was not, perhaps, the moiety of his expenses. He had long entertained an ambition to be pope, and he was too wise to attempt any thing in the conclave or court of Rome, by means of which he could have no hopes of success. Money has always been the only argument which has prevailed in the papal elections, or in the particular interests, that the princes in obedience to that see form for themselves or favourites. The cardinal must, therefore, be at an expense proportionable to the vehemence of his desires, which having no bounds, his largesses to obtain that end could be bounded by nothing but the abilities of the king and kingdom, the treasure of which was wholly at his command.

This was the reason that prevailed with him to engage the king his master to lend sums of money to the emperor, whose poverty was so well known, that he could have no prospect of ever having them repaid. It is true, the emperor and the court of Rome were not fair chapmen, but received his money, and at the same time, instead of promoting, obstructed all his aims at the triple crown. These incident charges, joined with the constant expenses of so numerous a retinue, occasioned perpetual and large disbursements ; and these put him on extraordinary ways and means of providing a fund for their continuance.

To this end he granted commissions under the great seal of England, which obliged every man on oath to deliver the true value and estimate of his estate, and to pay four shillings in the pound for every fifty pound and upwards. This was so heavy and severe a tax, that its being authorised by parliament would not have freed it from the imputation of an oppression of the subject : but to be done by the private authority of a subject is what wants a name. And that it was so, notwithstanding the great seal was affixed to the commissions, is plain from his majesty's disowning the matter, as such a violation of the fundamental rights of the people, and a total dissolution of Magna Charta, that no wise king of England could be guilty of. A just consideration of this made the king declare, that though his necessities were great, yet he should never think them great enough to make him attempt the raising money by any but the legal way, of the people's consent in parliament.

Though the king had made this declaration, and the cardinal found his first illegal project defeated ; yet since money was to be had, or his designs fall to the ground, he once more tries one as little agreeable to law as the former, though not so odious and improper. He therefore puts the king on desiring a benevolence of the people, without an act of parliament. And the commissioners, who were the cardinal's creatures, and employed by him, exacted this money, not as a free gift, but as if due by law. But in this he was exactly disappointed, though at the expense of his master's reputation ; for the people pleaded a statute of Richard III., and obstinately refused to pay it.

There is something yet very particularly remarkable in this affair, which discovers the ingratitude of the favourite. For to take off the imputation of doing this of his own head, he summoned the lord mayor and aldermen before him, and solemnly protested that from a thorough conviction of their inability to bear so heavy a tax, and out of his sincere affection to them, he had in a most humble manner been a mediator with the king, to recall those commissions, and wholly throw himself on their free gifts and good inclinations to his majesty ; thus casting the odium of the attempt on the king, and challenging the merit of their revocation to himself. And this is the necessary consequence of the pride and ambition of such favourites as would monopolize the ear of the prince, to whom they have no farther regard than as he is subservient to their aims and *designs*. For, if the honour and service of their

prince and country was in their view, they would never be solicitous of excluding all others, whose judgment and zeal might be assistant to the success of that common cause.

These sort of men are easily distinguished by a judicious and wise prince, by their complaisance and their fawning devices. They make it their endeavour to study, and find out, the most powerful inclination of the king ; whether he be inclined by youth or temper to pleasures, to tenderness or pity, to cruelty or avarice : and having thoroughly gained a knowledge of this, they seldom want address enough to work and interweave it in all their designs, to promote and accomplish all their private ends. And there are few of mankind who are not sooner won by an obsequious flattery of their darling inclinations than with the rough, and often though disagreeable, face of truth in contradiction of those inclinations. And, of all mankind, princes are the most apt to be thus imposed on ; because use being a second nature, and they being bred from their infancy with a deference of all their attendants and a will uncontrolled, seem to have a sort of right to do what they please without contradiction : and this makes them think those most their friends who have the most submissive complaisance for whatever they have a mind to. Now it is impossible that the best inclined prince should always be free from desires, often inconsistent with the good of their people, for which they were wholly made ; and a faithful counsellor is obliged to oppose this, and humbly to remonstrate the inconvenience that must ensue from an

indulgence of it. Whereas the false favourite adds fire to the fuel, by persuading the justice and reasonableness of a prince's doing what he pleases, and that his will alone is the mark of right and wrong ; that his subjects ought to suffer all things, rather than he want his pleasure ; that being the vicegerent of Heaven, he is unaccountable to his creatures for his actions.

These are topics too engaging to the corrupt nature of man, in which pride has so great a share, that he is easily induced to believe that all is his due that he can obtain : especially a young prince, whose want of experience and warmth of blood deny him the calm considerations necessary for a happy administration of government. This we find verified in Nero, whose first five years, by the admirable precepts of Seneca, excelled those of Augustus ; but when he gave ear to such flatteries as I have described, he soon swallowed the gilded poison, till he perished in the obstinacy of his own will. And though there was a vast distinction betwixt your royal father and that prince, yet he would have made a more glorious figure in history, and in the world, had not Cardinal Wolsey's advice prevailed on him in his young and riper years to quit the administration to him, and indulge in all the pleasures his high station and vast exchequer enabled him to enjoy. Bribed by so sweet a bait, he pursued the counsel, and kept such a habit that betrayed him to actions that are not capable of being so far justified as I could wish they might. Yet it may easily be proved, that King Henry was guilty of no fault,

but it was the natural consequence of this advice of Wolsey ; and from which even Wolsey himself, by a particular instance of Providence, derived his own ruin. It is true, that princes of a good and generous disposition are not so easily perverted by this way, because they afford the flatterer less matter to work on : yet it is certain that a man of nice judgment and address will easily turn the virtues of his prince to the public detriment, if he can once gain so far the ascendant over him, as to hear no other counsellor but him and his immediate creatures. And he is by so much the more dangerous, by how much he is master of a more eminent wisdom (or, rather, cunning), and some show of indifferent virtues, to which his prince is particularly inclined. For we are too apt to imagine those to have all manner of virtues, and the greatest capacity, who seem to enjoy those we have a particular esteem for. As this must be confessed a harder task for the favourite, so it must likewise be owned more difficult to remedy : for a virtuous temper is much harder to be brought off from an esteem of a beloved virtue, or the possession of it, than a vicious man from his corrupt inclinations. For there is such a conviction in vice, that the most wicked by reason and thought may be worked from it ; but all the sufferings that proceed from mistaken virtue serve only to harden the sufferer, while he thinks he undergoes them for righteousness sake.

But I think there is one rule infallible in this case, by which a prince may easily discover the hypocrite, and avoid the evils of the hypocrisy ;

and that is, when the pretender aims at engrossing the ear and power of the prince : for that is a plain argument that he stands not on a sound bottom, and fears that the cheat will be discovered to the prince by a communication of counsel, and his hearing the rest of his wise and honest subjects, on all causes that relate to the public good of the country or the service of the prince ; because they have an equal share in the welfare of both, and will not by common consent betray their own interest, which is involved in the other. This made a wise prince say, that “ in the multitude of counsellors is safety.” Whence, by a natural consequence, it is plain, that in one there is danger ; danger to the glory of the prince, and the happiness of the people : and often, very justly, ruin to the very person who by such unjust measures hoped to gain power and felicity.

The passions too much indulged, and not justly regulated and governed by the sacred rules of right reason, are, and always have been, the source of all miseries and misfortunes, both private and public. And it is impossible that any one of mortal race can escape pain greater or less, who will hear no other advisers. The highest and most awful stations cannot secure the greatest monarchs from troubles and misfortunes, who will be led by them. And I think it is too plain to need any proof, that no prince can be guided by any one minister, but through a passionate fondness of him, either for his imaginary virtues or agreeable vices : and I think it is as plain that such a prince, and the kingdom governed by him, must be miserable in the end. And

for this reason, all wise statesmen agree, that a prince or state ought to have no passions, if they would prosper in glory and power.

It is very true, that valour and conduct in armies may shine in one subject above another; that frugality and good management may in another: but till we can find one man master of all knowledge and all virtues, it will never be safe nor honourable for any prince wholly to confide himself and his affairs to either, exclusive of all others. For that nation is in a lost and undone condition indeed, that can afford but one man among all its nobility and gentry qualified to serve the public, and in whom the prince cannot have an equal confidence. Nay, it is an argument of the weakness and depravity of a prince, who, if he encouraged and rewarded virtue, would not want numbers of able heads to assist him.

But, madam, I must remember to whom it is that I am speaking, to one of the wisest and best of princes; on whom the first flattery can never have any effect, as being entirely free from all vicious inclinations, and of too good judgment to be imposed on by the fairest appearances of virtue so far as to lose the juster considerations of public good in the shining qualities of any particular. Under you, madam, we find that saying true, "How happy is the kingdom governed by a philosopher!" We feel the blessing, and every day experience the manna of your reign. And how indulgent soever your majesty may be thought to the eminent excellencies of some, yet I have no manner of fear that they will

ever be able to expel your majesty's affections from all your other subjects, or make you ever deviate to a partiality in their favour against the good and universal cries of your people.

This noble temper of your majesty it is that secures me against all fears from this freedom which I have taken; since you will easily see a public spirit, void of all private aims, shine through the whole. I have, therefore, only to add my ardent wishes for the prosperous and long reign of your majesty, over a people that are sensible of the blessing which Providence has bestowed on them in their gracious queen.

LADY BACON* TO THE EARL OF ESSEX.

HEARING, my singular good lord, of your honour's return from the seacoasts this day, and I going hence to-morrow, if the Lord so will, I am bold, upon some speeches of some, and with some persons at the court, where lately I was, to impart somewhat to your honour, because it concerned a party there more near to me than gracious to her stock. I will not deny, but before this great suspicion of her unwifelike and unshamefaced demeanour, hath been brought to me even into the country; but loath to believe, I laid it up with secret sadness in my breast. And truly, my good lord, I did not a little, but greatly rejoice in heart, that it pleased God of his mercy and goodness, with the famous honour he gave

* Lady Bacon was the mother of the celebrated Sir Francis Bacon.

you in your late martial exploit, with renowned good success, he did also work in you such a change of your mind, before, by report, inclined to work carnal dalliance, that that honourable and Christian bruit was carried about joyfully, to the much gladding of many, that unfeignedly loved your honour's true prosperity. But *proh dolor!* my good lord, I perceived by some eye-witnesses here, and which must needs hear and mark, that of late a backsliding to the foul impudent doth plainly appear : and though they did marvel and much blame your dishonourable and dangerous to yourself course-taking, to the infaming a nobleman's wife, and so near about her majesty ; yet she was utterly condemned as too bad, both unchaste and impudent, with as it were an incorrigible unshamefacedness. The Lord speedily of his grace amend her, or cut her off before some sudden mischief. It hath already made her ancient noble husband to undo his house by selling, as one out of comfort. But if a desperate rage, as commonly followeth, he will revenge his provoked jealousy, and most intolerable injury, even desperately ; and the more, because, it is said, he loveth her, and greatly, as with grief, laboureth to win her. It is great pity she is not delivered to him, and the court to be cleansed by sending away such an unchaste gaze and common by-word, in respect of her place and husband. But you, my good lord, have not so learned Christ, and heard his holy word. In the third, fourth, and fifth verses of the fourth chapter of the first epistle to the Thessalonians, it is written, " This is the will of

God, that ye should be holy, and abstain from fornication, and every one know how to keep his own vessel in holiness and honour ; and not in the lust of concupiscence, as do the Gentiles, which know not God.” And more, if it please you to read and mark well, it is a heavy threat, “that fornicators and adulterers God will judge,” and that they shall be shut out : for such things, saith the apostle, commonly cometh the wrath of God upon us. Good lord, remember and consider your great danger hereby both of soul and body. Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, but honour God, that honoured you, and reward him not with such evil for his great kindness towards you. Good my lord, sin not against your own soul.

My Lady Strafford said upon occasion in her talk, the good virtuous countess your wife was with child. O honourable and valiant noble, make great account of this God’s blessing to you both, and make not her heart sorrowful to the hinderance of her young fruit within her. For it is thought she took before to heart, and that her last did not comfortably prosper.

If you be with the Lord indeed, he will be with you, and make your very enemies to reverence you. Be strong in the Lord, your and our good patient God. Fear him, and walk privately in his truth ; and for his promise in Christ he will assist you, look favourably on you and yours, and prosper and increase his blessing upon you and yours : which mercy and grace I humbly do, as I am most bound, call upon him to grant *you ever, my dear lord and worthy lord in Christ*

Jesu. With my very inward affection have I thus presumed ill favouredly to scribble, I confess, being sickly and weak many ways. Boni consulas, te vehementer oro, et quam optime vivas et valeas, vir insignissime, et quantum decet, mihi charissime. In Christo ex animo.

Dec. 1, 1596.

A. BACON.

THE EARL OF ESSEX TO LADY BACON.

MADAM,

THAT it pleased you to deal thus freely with me, in letting me know the worst you hear of me, I take it as a great argument of God's favour in sending so good an angel to admonish me; and of no small care in your ladyship of my well doing. I know how needful these summons are to all men, especially to those that live in this place. And I had rather with the poor publican knock my breast, and lie prostrate, or with the apostles confess, when I have done all I can, I am an unprofitable servant, than pharisaically to justify myself. But what I write now is for the truth sake, and not for mine own. I protest before the majesty of God, and my protestation is voluntary and advised, that this charge, which is newly laid upon me, is false and unjust; and that since my departure from England towards Spain, I have been free from taxation of incontinency with any woman that lives. I never saw or spoke with the lady you mean but in public places; and others being seers and hearers, who, if they would do me right, could justify my

behaviour. But I live in a place where I am hourly conspired against, and practised upon. What they cannot make the world believe, that they persuade themselves unto ; and what they cannot make probable to the queen, that they give out to the world. They have almost all the house to serve them for instruments. Yea, the very oracles (I mean those that are accounted to be plain and sincere) do speak the largest language of the strongest faction. Plutarch taught me long since to make profit of my enemies ; but God teacheth it me much better now. Worthy lady, think me a weak man, full of imperfections ; but be assured I do endeavour to be good, and had rather mend my faults than cover them. I wish your ladyship all true happiness, and rest at your ladyship's commandment,

Dec. 1, 1596.

ESSEX.

THE EARL OF ESSEX TO QUEEN ELIZABETH*.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY, 1599.

ALTHOUGH I see your style already changed, and nothing but gathering clouds and foul weather after me ; yet my duty, faith, and industry shall never alter. Let me fall as low, and as soon, as destiny and yourself have agreed. I am prepared for all things. But, dear sovereign, when you are weary of me, let me die as a private man. Take care of your honour ; take pity of your brave army, whereof, for the time, I am the head and soul ; and take to heart that our

* Written from Ireland.

success imports your estate. Value such honest men as we, that undergo all hazards and miseries for your safety and greatness; and cherish such gallant and worthy servants as this bearer, who will take it for as great happiness to be sacrificed for you, as others, whom you favour most, will to be made great and happy by you. Cherish them, I humbly beseech you upon the knees of my heart; for they must sweat and bleed for you, when a crew of those, which now more delight you, will prove but unprofitable servants. And if your majesty, if you, I say, whose parting with me so pierced my very soul, can be transformed by those sirens that are about you, then think, that you shall quickly hear, that a brave death shall ransom from scorn and misery.

Your majesty's humblest servant,
ESSEX.

THE EARL OF ESSEX TO THE EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON.

MY LORD,

As neither nature nor custom ever made me a man of compliment, so now I shall have less will than ever for to use such ceremonies, when I have left with Martha to be *solicitus circa multa*, and believe with Mary, *unum sufficit*. But it is no compliment or ceremony, but a real and necessary duty that one friend owe to another in absence, and especially at their leave taking, when in man's reason many accidents may keep them long divided, or perhaps bar them ever meeting till they meet in another world: for then shall I

think that my friend, whose honour, whose person, and whose fortune is dear unto me, shall prosper and be happy wherever he goes, and whatever he takes in hand, when he is in the favour of that God, under whose protection there is only safety, and in whose service there is only true happiness to be found. What I think of your natural gifts or ability in this age, or in this state, to give glory to God, and to win honour to yourself, if you employ the talents you have received to their best use, I will not now tell you. It sufficeth, that when I was farthest of all times from dissembling, I spake truly, and have witness enough ; but these things only I will put your lordship in mind of :

First, That you have nothing that you have not received :

Secondly, That you possess them not as lord over them, but as an accomptant for them :

Thirdly, if you employ them to serve this world, or your own worldly delights (which the prince of this world will seek to entertain you with), it is ingratitude, it is injustice, yea, it is perfidious treachery. For what would you think of such a servant of yours, that should convert your goods, committed to his charge, to the advantage or service of your greatest enemy : and what do you less than this with God, since you have all from him, and know that the world, and the princes thereof, are at a continual enmity with him. And therefore, if ever the admonition of your true friend shall be heard by you, or if your country, which you may serve in so great and *many things*, be dear unto you ; if your God,

whom you must (if you deal truly with yourself) acknowledge to be powerful over all, and just in all, be feared by you ; yea, if you be dear unto yourself, and prefer an everlasting happiness before a pleasant dream, which you must shortly awake out of, and then repent in the bitterness of your soul ; if any of these things be regarded by you, then, I say, call yourself to account for what is past, cancel the leagues you have made without the warrant of a religious conscience, make a resolute covenant with your God, to serve him with all your natural and spiritual, inward and outward gifts and abilities ; and then he that is faithful, and *cannot lie*, hath promised to *honour them that honour him*. He will give you that inward peace of soul, and true joy of heart, which till you have you shall never rest ; and which, when you have, you shall never be shaken ; and which you never can attain to any other way than this I have showed you. I know your lordship may say to yourself, and object to me, “this is but a vapour of melancholy, and the stile of a prisoner, and that I was far enough from it when I lived in the world as you do now, and may be so again, when my fetters be taken from me.” I answer, “though your lordship should think so, yet cannot I distrust the goodness of my God, that his mercy will fail me, or his grace forsake me. I have so deeply engaged myself, that I should be one of the most miserable apostates that ever was : I have so avowed my profession, and called so many from time to time to witness it, and to be watchmen over me, that I should be the hollowest hypocrite

that ever was born." But though I should perish in my own sin, and draw upon myself my own damnation, should not you take hold of the grace and mercy in God which is offered unto you, and make your profit of my fearful and wretched example? I was longer a slave and servant to the world, and the corruptions of it, than you have been, and therefore could hardly be drawn from it. I had many calls, and answered some of them slowly; thinking a soft pace fast enough to come to Christ, and myself forward enough when I saw the end of my journey, though I arrived not at it: and therefore I have been, by God's providence, violently pulled, hauled, and dragged to the marriage feast, as the world hath seen. It was just with God to afflict me in this world, that he might give me joy in another. I had too much knowledge, when I performed too little obedience, and was therefore to be beaten with double stripes: God grant your lordship may feel the comfort I now enjoy in my unfeigned conversion, but that you may never feel the torments I have suffered from my too long delaying it. I had none but divines to call upon me, to whom I said, "if my ambition could have entered into their narrow hearts, they would not have been so humble; or, if my delights had been tasted by them, they could not have been so precise:" but your lordship hath one to call upon you that knows what it is you now enjoy, and what the greatest fruit and end is of all the contentments the world can afford. Think, therefore, dear earl, that I have stated and buoyed all the ways of pleasure to you, and left

them as sea marks for you to keep the channel of religious virtue : for shut your eyes never so long, they must be open at last ; then you must say with me, *there is no peace to the wicked*. I will make a covenant with my soul, not to suffer my eyes to sleep in the night, nor my thoughts to attend the first business of the day, till I have prayed to my God that your lordship may believe and make profit of this plain but faithful admonition : and then, I know, your country and friends shall be happy in you, and yourself successful in all you take in hand ; which shall be an unspeakable comfort to your lordship's cousin and true friend, whom no worldly cause can divide from you,

ESSEX.

SIR WALTER RALEGH TO HIS WIFE*.

You shall now receive, my dear wife, my last words in these my last lines. My love I send you, that you may keep it when I am dead ; and my counsel, that you may remember it, when I am no more. I would not, by my will, present you with sorrows, dear Bess : let them go into the grave with me, and be buried in the dust. And, seeing it is not the will of God that ever I shall see you more in this life, bear it patiently, and with a heart like thyself.

First, I send you all the thanks which my heart can conceive, or my words can express, for your many travails and care taken for me ; which,

* Written in 1603, after sentence of death had been passed on him.

though they have not taken effect as you wished, yet my debt fo you is not the less. But pay it I never shall in this world.

Secondly, I beseech you, for the love you bear me living, do not hide yourself many days after my death. But, by your travails, seek to help your miserable fortunes, and the right of your poor child. Thy mournings cannot avail me ; I am but dust.

Thirdly, you shall understand that my land was conveyed *bonâ fide* to my child. The writings were drawn at Midsummer was twelve months. My honest cousin, Brett, can testify so much, and Dalberrie too can remember somewhat therein : and I trust my blood will quench their malice that have thus cruelly murdered me, and that they will not seek also to kill thee and thine with extreme poverty. To what friend to direct thee I know not, for all mine have left me in the true time of trial ; and I plainly perceive that my death was determined from the first day. Most sorry I am, God knows, that, being thus surprised with death, I can leave you in no better estate. God is my witness, I meant you all my office of wines, or all that I could have purchased by selling it, half my stuff, and all my jewels, but some one for the boy. But God hath prevented all my resolutions, even that great God that ruleth all in all. B. if you can live free from want, care for no more ; the rest is but vanity. Love God, and begin betimes to repose yourself on him ; and therein shall you find true and lasting riches, and endless comfort. For the rest, when you have travailed, and wearied your

thoughts over all sorts of worldly cogitation, you shall but sit down by sorrow in the end. Teach your son also to love and fear God, while he is yet young, that the fear of God may grow up with him. And then God will be a husband to you, and a father to him ; a husband, and a father, which cannot be taken from you.

Bayly oweth me 200*l.*, and Adrian Gilbert 600*l.* In Jersey, also, I have much money owing me. Besides, the arrears of the wines will pay my debts ; and, howsoever you do, for my soul's sake pay all poor men.

When I am gone, no doubt, you shall be sought to by many ; for the world thinks that I was very rich. But take heed of the pretences of men, and their affections. For they last not, but in honest and worthy men ; and no greater misery can befall you in this life, than to become a prey, and afterwards to be despised. I speak not this, God knows, to dissuade you from marriage : for it will be best for you, both in respect of the world and of God. As for me, I am no more yours, nor you mine. Death has cut us asunder ; and God hath divided me from the world, and you from me.

Remember your poor child, for his father's sake, who chose you and loved you in his happiest time. Get those letters, if it be possible, which I writ to the lords, wherein I sued for my life. God is my witness, it was for you and yours that I desired life. But it is true, that I disdain myself for begging it ; for know it, dear wife, that your son is the son of a true man, and one who in *his own* respect despiseth death, and all *his misshapen* and ugly forms.

I cannot write much. God, he knoweth, how hardly I steal this time, while others sleep : and it is also high time that I should separate my thoughts from the world. Beg my dead body, which, living, was denied thee ; and either lay it at Sherborne, if the land continue, or in Exeter church, by my father and mother. I can say no more : time and death call me away.

The everlasting, powerful, infinite, and omnipotent God, who is goodness itself, the true life and true light, keep thee and thine ; have mercy on me, and teach me to forgive my persecutors and accusers ; and send us to meet in his glorious kingdom ! My dear wife, farewell ! Bless my poor boy, pray for me, and let my good God hold you both in his arms !

Written with the dying hand of sometime thy husband, but now, alas ! overthrown,

Yours that was, but now not my own,

WALTER RALEGH.

SIR WALTER RALEGH TO HIS WIFE.

I WAS loath to write, because I know not how to comfort you : and God knows, I never knew what sorrow meant till now. All that I can say to you is, that you must obey the will and providence of God ; and remember that the queen's majesty bare the loss of Prince Henry with a magnanimous heart, and the Lady Harrington of her only son. Comfort your heart, dearest Bess, *I shall sorrow for us both. And I shall sorrow the less, because I have not long to sorrow, because not long to live.*

I refer you to Mr. Secretary Winwood's letter, who will give you a copy of it, if you send for it. Therein you shall know what hath passed, which I have written by that letter; for my brains are broken, and it is a torment for me to write, especially of misery. I have desired Mr. Secretary to give my Lord Carew a copy of his letter. I have cleansed my ship of sick men, and sent them home, and hope that God will send us somewhat before we return. Command me to all at Lothbury. You shall hear from me, if I live, from Newfoundland, where I mean to clean my ships, and revictual; for I have tobacco enough to pay for it. The Lord bless and comfort you, that you may bear patiently the death of your most valiant son!

This 22d of March, from the Isle of Christopher's.

Yours,

WALTER RALEGH.

P. S. I protest before the majesty of God, that as Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Hawkins died heart broken when they failed of their enterprise, I could willingly do the like, did I not contend against sorrow for your sake, in hope to provide somewhat for you to comfort and relieve you. If I live to return, resolve yourself, that it is the care for you that hath strengthened my heart.

It is true that Keymis might have gone directly to the mine, and meant it. But after my son's death, he made them believe that he knew not the way, and excused himself upon the want of water in the river; and, counterfeiting many

impediments, left it unfound. When he came back, I told him “ he had undone me, and that my credit was lost for ever.” He answered, that “ when my son was lost, and that he left me so weak that he thought not to find me alive, he had no reason to enrich a company of rascals, who after my son’s death made no account of him.” He farther told me, that “ the English sent up into Guiana could hardly defend the Spanish town of St. Thome, which they had taken; and, therefore, for them to pass through thick woods it was impossible, and more impossible to have victuals brought them into the mountains.” And it is true, that the governor, Diego Palemeca, and other four captains being slain, whereof my son Wat slew one, Plessington (Wat’s serjeant) and John of Moroccoes (one of his men) slew two; I say, five of them slain in the entrance of the town, and the rest went off in a whole body. And each took more care to defend the passages to their mines, of which they had three within a league of the town, besides a mine that was about five miles off, than they did of the town itself.

Yet Keymis, at the first, was resolved to go to the mine. But when he came to the bankside to land, he had two men of his slain outright from the bank, and six others hurt; and Captain Thornhurst shot in the head, of which wound, and the accident thereof, he hath pined away these twelve weeks. Now when Keymis came back, and gave me the former reasons, which moved him not to open the mine (the one the *death of my son*; a second, the weakness of the

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English, and their impossibilities to work it and to be victualed ; a third, that it were a folly to discover it for the Spaniards ; and, lastly, my weakness, and being unpardoned), and that I rejected all these his arguments, and told him, that “ I must leave him to himself to answer it to the king and state ;” he shut himself into his cabin, and shot himself with a pocket-pistol, which broke one of his ribs ; and, finding that he had not prevailed, he thrust a long knife under his short ribs up to the handle, and died.

Thus much I have written to Mr. Secretary, to whose letters I refer you. But because I think my friends will rather hearken after you than any other to know the truth, I did after the sealing break open the letter again, to let you know in brief the state of that business ; which I pray you impart to my Lord of Northumberland, and Silvanus Scorie, and to Sir John Leigh.

For the rest, there was never poor man so exposed to the slaughter as I was. For being commanded upon my allegiance to set down, not only the country, but the very river by which I was to enter it, to name my ships' number, men, and my artillery ; this was sent by the Spanish ambassador to his master, the king of Spain. The king wrote his letters to all parts of the Indies, especially to the governor (Palameca) of Guiana, El Dorado, and Trinidad. Of which the first letter bore date March 19, 1617, at Madrid, when I had not yet left the Thames ; which letter I have sent to Mr. Secretary. I have also two other letters of the king's, which I reserve, and one of the council's. The king,

also, sent a commission to levy three hundred soldiers out of his garrison of Nuevo Regno de Granada and Porto Rico, with ten pieces of brass ordnance, to entertain us. He, also, prepared an armada by sea to set upon us. It were too long to tell you how we were preserved ; if I live, I shall make it known. My brains are broken, and I cannot write much. I live yet, and I told you why.

Whitney, for whom I sold all my plate at Plymouth, and to whom I gave more credit and countenance than to all the captains of my fleet, ran from me at the Granadas, and Wollaston with him. So as I have now but five ships, and one of those I have sent home : and in my fly-boat a rabble of idle rascals, which I know will not spare to wound me, but I care not. I am sure there is never a base slave in all the fleet hath taken the pains and care that I have done ; that hath slept so little, and travailed so much. My friends will not believe them ; and for the rest, I care not. God in heaven bless you, and strengthen your heart ! Yours,

WALTER RALEGH.

JAMES I. TO THE LORDS OF THE COUNCIL.

MY LORDS,

1617.

No worldly thing is so precious as time. Ye know what task I gave ye to work upon during my absence ; and what time was limited unto you for the performance thereof. This same *chancellor of Scotland* was used to tell me twenty

four years ago, that my house could not be kept upon epigrams : long discourses and fair tales will never repair my estate. *Omnis virtus in actione consistit.* Remember that I told you the shoe must be made for the foot ; and let that be the square of all your proceedings in the business. Abate superfluities in all things, and multitudes of unnecessary officers, wherever they may be placed : but for the household, wardrobe, and pensions, cut and carve as many as may agree with the possibility of my means. Exceed not your own rule of fifty thousand pounds for the household : if you can make it less, I will account it for good service : and that you may see I will not spare my own person, I have sent with this bearer a note of the superfluous charges concerning my mouth, having had the happy opportunities of this messenger, in an errand so nearly concerning his place. In this, I expect no answer in word, or writing, but only the real performance, for a beginning to relieve me out of my miseries. For now the ball is at your feet, and the world shall bear me witness, that I have put you fairly to it ; and so praying God to bless your labours, I bid your heartily farewell. Your own,

JAMES R.

JAMES I. TO THE LORDS OF THE COUNCIL.

MY LORDS,

1617.

I RECEIVED from you yesternight the bluntest letter that, I think, ever king received from his council. Ye write that the green cloth will do nothing, and ye offer me no advice. Why are

ye counsellors, if ye offer no counsel? An ordinary messenger might have brought me such an answer. It is my pleasure, that my charges be equally with my revenue; and it is just and necessary so to be. For this is a project must be made, and one of the main branches thereof is my house. This project is but to be offered unto you; and how it may be better laid than to agree with my honour and contentment, ye are to advise upon, and then have my consent. If this cannot be performed without diminishing the number of tables, diminished they must be; and if that cannot serve, two or three must be thrust in one. If the green cloth will not make a project for this, some other must do it: if ye cannot find them out, I must only remember two things; the time must no more be lost, and that there are twenty ways of abatement besides the house, if they be well looked into: and so farewell.

JAMES R.

JAMES I. TO LORD VERULAM.

MY VERY GOOD LORD,
I HAVE received your letter, and your book*, than the which you could not have sent a more acceptable present unto me. How thankful I am for it, cannot better be expressed by me than by a firm resolution I have taken: first, to read it through with care and attention, though I should steal some hours from my sleep, having otherwise as little spare time to read it as you

* *The Novum Organum Scientiarum.*

had to write it ; and then to use the liberty of a true friend, in not sparing to ask you the question in any point whereof I shall stand in doubt : as, on the other part, I will willingly give a due commendation to such places as, in my opinion, shall deserve it. In the mean time, I can with comfort assure you, that you could not have made choice of a subject more befitting your place, and your universal and methodical knowledge : and, in the general, I have already observed that you jump with me in keeping the midway between the two extremes ; as also, in some particulars, I have found that you agree fully with my opinion. And so praying God to give your work as good success as your heart can wish, and your labours deserve, I bid you farewell.

Oct. 16, 1620.

JAMES R.

JAMES I. TO PRINCE CHARLES AND THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM*.

MY SWEET BOYS,
YOUR letter by Cottington hath stricken me dead ; I fear it will very much shorten my days, and I am the more perplexed that I do not know how to satisfy the people's expectation here, neither do I know what to say to our council, for the fleet that stayed upon a wind this fortnight. Rutland and all aboard might now be stayed, and I know not what reason I shall pretend for the doing of it ; but as for my advice and directions

* The prince and duke were then in Spain, treating for the marriage of the prince with the infanta.

that ye crave, in case they will not alter their decree, it is, in a word, to come speedily away, if you can get leave, and give over all treaty. And this I speak without respect of any security they can offer you, except ye never look to see your old dad again, whom I fear ye shall never see, if ye see him not before winter. Alas! I now repent me sore that I ever suffered ye to go away. I care for match nor nothing so I may once more have you in my arms again ; God grant it, God grant it, God grant it ; Amen, amen, amen ! I protest ye shall be as heartily weleome as if ye had done all things ye went for ; so that I may once have you in my arms again ; and God bless you both, my only sweet son, and my only best sweet servant, and let me hear from you quickly with all speed, as ye love my life ; and so God send you a happy and joyful meeting in the arms of your dear dad.

From Greenwich, the 24th of June, 1623.

LADY MOUNTNORRIS TO THE EARL OF
STRAFFORD.

MY LORD,

I BESEECH your lordship, for the tender mercy of God, take off your heavy hand from my dear lord ; and for her sake* who is with God, be pleased not to make me and my poor infants miserable,

* Lady Mountnorris alludes to the first wife of Strafford, to whom she was nearly related. The arbitrary Strafford, who was then lord lieutenant of Ireland, had caused her husband to be sentenced to death, on a frivolous pretext. Mountnorris, indeed, escaped, but not through the mercy of Strafford.

as we must of necessity be by the hurt you do to him. God knows, my lord, I am a distressed poor woman, and know not what to say more, than to beg upon my knees, with my homely prayers and tears, that it will please the Almighty to incline your lordship's heart to mildness towards him: for if your lordship continue my lord in restraint, and lay disgraces upon him, I have too much cause to fear your lordship will bring a speedy end to his life and troubles, and make me and all mine ever miserable. Good my lord, pardon these woful lines of a disconsolate creature, and be pleased, for Christ Jesus' sake, to take this my humble suit into your favourable consideration, and to have mercy upon me and mine; and God will, I hope, reward it into the bosom of you, and your sweet children by my kinswoman; and for the memory of her, I beseech your lordship to compassionate the distressed condition of me, your lordship's most humble and disconsolate servant,

JANE MOUNTNORRIS.

JAMES HOWELL, ESQ. TO BEN JONSON.

To my honoured friend and father, Mr. B. Jonson.

FATHER BEN,

BEING lately in France, and returning in a coach from Paris to Rouen, I lighted upon the society of a knowing gentleman, who related to me a choice story, which peradventure you may make use of in your way.

Some hundred and odd years since, there was in France one Captain Coucy, a gallant gentleman of ancient extraction, and keeper of Coucy Castle, which is yet standing in good repair. He fell in love with a young gentlewoman, and courted her for his wife: there was reciprocal love between them, but her parents understanding of it, by way of prevention, they shuffled up a forced match betwixt her and one Monsieur Fayel, who was a great heir. Captain Coucy hereupon quitted France in great discontent, and went to the wars in Hungary, against the Turks, where he received a mortal wound not far from Buda. Being carried to his lodgings, he languished some days; but a little before his death he spoke to an ancient servant of his that he had many proofs of his fidelity and truth, but now he had a great business to intrust him with, which he conjured him by all means to do; which was, that after his death he should get his body to be opened, and then to take his heart out of his breast, and put it in an earthen pot, to be baked to powder; then to put the powder into a handsome box, with a bracelet of hair he had worn long about his left wrist, which was a lock of Madame Fayel's hair, and put it among the powder, together with a little note he had written with his own blood to her; and after he had given him the rites of burial, to make all the speed he could to France, and deliver the said box to Madame Fayel. The old servant did as his master had commanded him, and so went to France; and coming one day to Monsieur Fayel's house, he suddenly met

him with one of his servants, and examined him, because he knew he was Captain Coucy's servant; and finding him timorous, and faltering in his speech, he searched him, and found the said box in his pocket, with the note which expressed what was therein: he dismissed the bearer, with menaces that he should come no more near his house. Monsieur going in sent for his cook, and delivered him the powder, charging him to make a little well-relished dish of it, without losing a jot of it, for it was a very costly thing; and commanded him to bring it in himself, after the last course at supper. The cook bringing in the dish accordingly, Monsieur Fayel commanded all to avoid the room; and began a serious discourse with his wife, how since he had married her he observed she was always melancholy, and feared she was inclined to a consumption, therefore he had provided her a very precious cordial, which he was well assured would cure her: thereupon he made her eat up the whole dish; and afterwards, much importuning him what it was, he told her at last she had eaten Coucy's heart, and so drew the box out of his pocket, and showed her the note and the bracelet. In a sudden exultation of joy, she, with a far-fetched sigh, said, "This is a precious cordial indeed!" and so licked the dish, saying, "It is so precious that it is a pity to put ever any meat upon it." So she went to bed, and in the morning she was found stone dead.

This gentleman told me that this sad story is painted in Coucy Castle, and remains fresh to this day.

In my opinion, which vails to yours, this is choice and rich stuff for you to put upon your loom, and make a curious web of.

I thank you for the last regalo you gave me at your museum, and for the good company. I heard you censured lately at court, that you have lighted two fold upon Sir Inigo, and that you write with a porcupine's quill, dipped in too much gall. Excuse me that I am so free with you ; it is because I am in no common way of friendship. Yours,

J. H.

Westminster, May 3, 1635.

JAMES HOWELL, ESQ. TO BEN JONSON.

FATHER BEN,

THE fangs of a bear, and the tusks of a wild boar, do not bite worse, and make a deeper gash, than a goose quill sometimes; no, not the badger himself, who is said to be so tenacious of his bite, that he will not give over his hold till he feels his teeth meet, and his bones crack. Your quill hath proved so to Mr. Inigo Jones; but the pen wherewith you have so gashed him, it seems was made rather of a porcupine than a goose quill, it is so keen and firm. You know

Anser, apis, vitulus, populus et regna gubernant,
the goose, the bee, and the calf (meaning wax, parchment, and pen) rule the world; but of the three, the pen is most predominant. I know you have a commanding one, but you must not let it tyrannize in the manner you have done

lately. Some give out there was a hair in it, or that your ink was too thick with gall, else it would not have so bespattered and shaken the reputation of a royal architect: for reputation, you know, is like a fair structure, long a rearing, but quickly ruined. If your spirit will not let you retract, yet you should do well to repress any more copies of the satire: for to deal plainly with you, you have lost some ground at court by it, and, as I hear from a good hand, the king, who hath so great a judgment in poetry (as in all other things else), is not pleased with it. Dispense with this freedom, of

Your respectful son and servitor,

Westminster, July 3, 1635.

J. H.

SIR HENRY WOTTON TO KING CHARLES II.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY,
HAVING been informed that certain persons have, by the good wishes of the archbishop of Armagh, been directed hither with a most humble petition unto your majesty, that you will be pleased to make Mr. William Bedell*, now resident upon a small benefice in Suffolk, governor of your College at Dublin, for the good of that society; and myself being required to render unto your majesty some testimony of the said William Bedell, who was long my chaplain at Venice, in the time of my employment there; I am bound

* This was the pious and benevolent Bedell, who was subsequently Bishop of Kilmore.

in all conscience and truth (so far as your majesty will accept of my poor judgment) to affirm of him, that, I think, hardly a fitter man could have been propounded to your majesty in your whole kingdom, for singular erudition and piety, conformity to the rites of the church, and zeal to advance the glory of God; wherein his travels abroad were not obscure, in the time of the excommunication of the Venetians. For may it please your majesty to know, that this is the man whom Padre Paulo took, I may say, into his very soul, with whom he did communicate the inwardest thoughts of his heart; from whom he professed to have received more knowledge in all divinity, both scholastical and positive, than from any that he had practised in his days: of all which the passages were well known unto the king your father, of blessed memory. And so with your majesty's good favour, I will end this needless office: for the general fame of his learning, his life, and Christian temper, and those religious labours which himself hath dedicated to your majesty, do better describe him than I am able. Your majesty's most humble and faithful servant,

HENRY WOTTON.

SIR HENRY WOTTON TO JOHN MILTON.

SIR,

IT was a special favour when you lately bestowed upon me here the first taste of your acquaintance, though no longer than to make me know that I wanted more time to value it, and to enjoy it

rightly. And in truth, if I could then have imagined your farther stay in these parts, which I understood afterwards by Mr. H., I would have been bold, in our vulgar phrase, to mend my draught, for you left me with an extreme thirst, and to have begged your conversation again, jointly with your learned friend, at a poor meal or two, that we might have banded together some good authors of the ancient time, among which I observed you to have been familiar.

Since your going you have charged me with new obligations, both for a very kind letter from you, dated the sixth of this month, and for a dainty piece of entertainment that came therewith; wherein I should much commend the tragical part, if the lyrical did not ravish with a certain Doric delicacy in your songs and other odes, wherein I must plainly confess to have seen nothing parallel in our language. *Ipsa mollities.* But I must not omit to tell you, that I now only owe you thanks for intimating unto me, how modestly soever, the true artificer. For the work itself I had viewed some good while before with singular delight, having received it from our common friend Mr. R. in the very close of the late R.'s poems, printed at Oxford; whereunto it is added, as I now suppose, that the accessory might help out the principal, according to the art of stationers, and leave the reader *con la bocca dolce*.

Now, sir, concerning your travels, wherein I may challenge a little more privilege of discourse with you; I suppose you will not blanch Paris

in your way. Therefore I have been bold to trouble you with a few lines to Mr. M. B. whom you shall easily find attending young Lord S. as his governor; and you may surely receive from him good directions for shaping of your further journey into Italy, where he did reside by my choice some time for the king, after mine own recess from Venice.

I should think, that your best line will be through the whole length of France to Marseilles, and thence by sea to Genoa, whence the passage into Tuscany is as diurnal as a Gravesend barge. I hasten, as you do, to Florence or Sienna, the rather to tell you a short story, from the interest you have given me in your safety.

At Sienna I was tabled in the house of one Alberto Scipione, an old Roman courtier in dangerous times, having been steward to the Duca di Pagliano, who with all his family were strangled, save this only man, that escaped by foresight of the tempest. With him I had often much chat of those affairs; into which he took pleasure to look back from his native harbour; and at my departure towards Rome, which had been the centre of his experience, I had won confidence enough to beg his advice, how I might carry myself securely there, without offence of others, or of my own conscience: "Signor Arrigo mio," says he, "I pensieri stretti, & il viso sciolto;" that is, Your thoughts close, and your countenance loose, will go safely over the whole world. Of which Delphine oracle (for so I have found it) your judgment doth need no commentary; and therefore, sir, I will commend you

with it to the best of securities, God's dear love,
remaining your friend, as much at command as
any of longer date,

Eton, April 10, 1638.

H. WOTTON.

P. S. Sir, I have expressly sent this by my footboy, to prevent your departure without some acknowledgment from me of the receipt of your obliging letter, having myself through some business, I know not how, neglected the ordinary conveyance. In any part where I shall understand you fixed, I shall be glad and diligent to entertain you with some novelties, even for some fomentation of our friendship, too soon interrupted in the cradle.

JOHN LILBURNE TO OLIVER CROMWELL.

SIR,

IT has been my unhappiness to be undone, and of late in a manner destroyed, by men of gilded outsides, and, among the rest, I must plainly and truly tell you, I judge you the chief; and shall, if you please to give me so much liberty as to come and speak with you, easily evince it to your face, with that moderation as becomes a man that loves honesty and godliness, wheresoever he finds it, but that hates knavery and dissimulation in whatsoever he meets it. So I have used all the means in the world I could think of to unbowel my mind as a friend to you face to face, but cannot prevail with you any otherwise than to slight me and my desires. I have lately sent you a fair message by Captain

John White ; and by him I received a contemning answer, only he pressed me to know which way I could do you and your flattering darlings a displeasure. I have now at present sent him by Mr. Billers, a copy of this inclosed paper to send speedily to you with this message, that I do verily believe that that paper, printed with such a paraphrase upon it as I could easily make, for all your present conceived greatness, would easily pull you as low, before you are three months older, as I am. I have honoured you, and my good thoughts of you are not wholly gone, though I confess they are much weakened. Sir, I must earnestly beg it at your hands, that you will within a week order it so that I may either come and speak with you, or else that you would come and speak with me, that so I may, betwixt you and me, declare that, which truly my provocations and sufferings will hardly let me keep from public view. I have sent you this letter unsealed by this bearer, Mr. Hunt (who very much honours you), of purpose to make some additions to it, and to leave you (as my last to you) without all excuse, in case you slight this, as you have done my often former addresses to you, and I shall rest, sir,

Your true universal friend, as I have formerly been, when you will manifest yourself to be less for your own tottering greatness, and more for distributive justice, and the common, not factious good, of your native country, JOHN LILBURNE,

From the place of
my standing sen-
try, in my watch
tower at the Tow-
er of London, this
13th of August,
1647.

That neither loves baseness nor fears greatness.

The paper which was enclosed in the above letter was as follows :—

**LIEUTENANT GENERAL CROMWELL'S FAMILY IN
THE ARMY.**

Imprimis, Himself lieutenant-general and colonel of horse. 2dly, one of his own sons captain of the general's life guard. 3dly, the other son captain of a troop of horse in Colonel Harrison's regiment, both young, raw, and unexercised soldiers. 4thly, his brother-in-law, Desborough, colonel of the general's regiment of horse. 5thly, his son-in-law, Ireton, commissary-general of the horse, and colonel of horse. 6thly, his brother Ireton, major-general of horse, and captain of a troop of horse. 7thly, his cousin Whalley, colonel of horse. 8thly, and his brother, lately made judge advocate. And all these are the lieutenant's creatures at his beck and command; besides his cabinet junto, which are principally Colonel Robert Hammond, Colonel Nathaniel Rich, Colonel Harrison, and Scoutmaster-general Watson: and Commissary Staines and Mrs. Cromwell are said to be the cabinet junto for placing and displacing of officers in the Tower of London, who, it is said, have nominated Robert Spavin, the lieutenant-general's man, their chief favourite, to be the master of the armoury, in the place of Mr. Anthony Nicholls, one of the eleven impeached members; so that it is evident and plain, that Lieutenant-general Cromwell's chief design is not the good of the kingdom, and the promoting of universal and unbiased justice, but the advancement of himself and his own kindred and

friends ; which will undoubtedly destroy him, if he speedily looks not very well about him. For the principal power of the kingdom being in his hands (not in the general's nor the agitator's), all the grand oppressions, injustice, and delays in justice, will and must be laid upon his shoulders, seeing he has now power enough to help it, if he has a mind.

JOHN LILBURNE TO OLIVER CROMWELL.

SIR,

WHAT my comrade hath written by our trusty bearer might be sufficient for us both ; but to demonstrate unto you that I am no staggerer from my first principles that I engaged my life upon, nor from you, if you are what you ought to be, and what you are strongly reported to be ; although if I prosecuted or desired revenge for a hard and almost starving imprisonment, I could have had of late the choice of twenty opportunities to have paid you to the purpose ; but I scorn it, especially when you are low* ; and this assure yourself, that if ever my hand be upon you, it shall be when you are in your full glory, if then you shall decline from the righteous ways of truth and justice : which if you will fixedly and impartially prosecute, I am yours to the last drop of my heart's blood, for all your late severe hand towards me,

JOHN LILBURNE.

From Westminster, the 3d of August, 1648,
being the second day of my freedom.

* Cromwell was then contending with the Presbyterians, and labouring under an accusation against him in Parliament.

OLIVER CROMWELL TO HIS WIFE.

MY DEAREST,

I HAVE not leisure to write much, but I could chide thee, that, if many of thy letters, thou writest to me that I should not be unmindful of thee and of thy little ones. Truly if I love thee not too well, I think I err not on the other hand much. Thou art dearer to me than any creature; let that suffice. The Lord hath shown us an exceeding great mercy: who can tell how great it is! My weak faith has been upheld; I have been in my inward man marvellously supported, though, I assure thee, I grow an old man, and feel infirmities of age marvellously stealing upon me. Would my corruptions did as fast decrease! Pray on my behalf in the latter respect. The particulars of our late success, Harry Vane or Gil Pickering will impart to thee. My love to all dear friends. Thine, O. CROMWELL.

Dunbar, Sept. 4, 1650.

OLIVER CROMWELL TO GENERAL FLEETWOOD.

DEAR CHARLES,

ALTHOUGH I do not, so often as is desired (by me) acquaint you how it is with me, yet I doubt not of your prayers on my behalf, that in all things I may walk as becometh the gospel. Truly I never more needed all helps from my Christian friends than now: fain would I have my service accepted of the saints (if the Lord

will) but it is not so ; being of different judgments, and of each sort some seeking to propagate their own, that spirit of kindness that is to them all is hardly accepted of any. I hope I can say it, my life has been a willing sacrifice, and my hope is for them all ; yet it much falls out, as when the two Hebrews were rebuked, you know upon whom they turned their displeasure. But the Lord is wise, and will, I trust, make manifest that I am no enemy.

O how easy is mercy to be abused ! Persuade friends with you to be very sober : if the day of the Lord be so near (as some say) how should our moderation appear ! If every one, instead of contending, would justify his form by love and meekness, *wisdom would be justified of her children* ; but, alas ! I am in my temptation ready to say, "*O would I had wings like a dove ! then would I flee away and be at rest !*" But this, I fear, is my haste.

I bless the Lord I have somewhat keeps me alive, some sparks of the light of his countenance, and some sincerity above man's judgment. Excuse me thus unbowelling myself to you, and pray for me, and desire my friends to do so also. My love to thy dear wife, whom indeed I sincerely love, both naturally and upon the best account ; and my blessing, if it be worth any thing, upon thy little babe.

Sir George Ayscough, having occasions with you, desired my letters with you on his behalf ; if he come or send, I pray you show him what *favour* you can. Indeed, his services have been *considerable* for the state, and I doubt he has

not been answered with suitable respect : therefore again I desire you and the commissioners to take him into a very peculiar care, and help him so far as justice and reason will any ways afford. Remember my hearty affections to all the officers : the Lord bless you all ; so prayeth your truly loving father,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

OLIVER CROMWELL TO HIS SECRETARY.

You receive from me, this 28th instant, a petition of Marjery Beacham, desiring the admission of her son into the Charter House. I know the man, who was employed one day in a very important secret service, which he did effectually, to our very great benefit, and the commonwealth's. The petition is a brief relation of a fact, without any flattery. I have written under it a common reference to the commissioners ; but I mean a great deal more, that it shall be done, without their debate or consideration of the matter, and so do you privately hint to * * * * .

I have not the particular shining bauble or feather in my cap, for crowds to gaze at, or kneel to ; but I have power and resolution for foes to tremble at. To be short, I know how to deny petitions : and whatever I think proper, for outward form, to any officer or office, I expect that such my compliance with custom shall be also looked upon as an indication of my will and pleasure to have the thing done. See, therefore, that the boy is admitted. Thy true friend,

July 28, 1655.

OLIVER, V.

SIR MATTHEW HALE TO HIS CHILDREN.

DEAR CHILDREN,

May 20.

I INTENDED to have been at Alderly this Whitsuntide, desirous to renew those counsels and advices which I have often given you, in order to your greatest concernment; namely, the everlasting good and welfare of your souls hereafter, and the due ordering of your lives and conversations here.

And although young people are apt, through their own indiscretion, or the ill advice of others, to think these kind of entertainments but dry and empty matters, and the morose and needless interpositions of old men; yet give him leave to tell you, that very well knows what he says, these things are of more importance and concernment to you, than external gifts and bounties (wherein) nevertheless I have not been wanting to you according to my ability.

This was my intention in this journey; and though I have been disappointed therein, yet I thought good, by letters and messages, to do something that might be done that way for your benefit, that I had otherwise intended to have done in person.

Assure yourselves, therefore, and believe it from one that knows what he says, from one that can neither have any reason or end to deceive you, that the best gift I can give you is good counsel; and the best counsel I can give you is that which relates to your great import and concernment, namely, religion.

And, therefore, since I cannot at this time deliver it to you in person, I shall do it by this letter ; wherein I shall not be very large, but keep myself within the bounds proper for a letter, and to those things only at this time which may be most of present use and moment to you ; and by your due observance of these directions, I shall have a good character, both of your dutifulness to God, your obedience to your father, and also of your discretion and prudence : for it is most certain, that as religion is the best means to advance and rectify human nature, so no man shall be either truly wise or truly happy without it and the love of it ; no, not in this life, much less in that which is to come.

First, therefore, every morning and every evening upon your knees humbly commend yourselves to Almighty God in prayer, begging his mercy to pardon your sins, his grace to direct you, his providence to protect you ; returning him humble thanks for all his dispensations towards you, yea, even for his very corrections and afflictions ; entreating him to give you wisdom and grace to make a sober, patient, humble, profitable use of them, and in his due time to deliver you from them, concluding your prayers with the Lord's prayer. This will be a certain mean to bring your mind into a right frame, to procure you comfort and blessing, and to prevent thousands of inconveniences and mischiefs, to which you will be otherwise subjected.

Secondly. Every morning read seriously and reverently a portion of the Holy Scripture ; acquaint yourself with the history and doctrine

thereof: it is a book full of light and wisdom, will make you wise to eternal life, and furnish you with directions and principles to guide and order your life safely and prudently.

Thirdly. Conclude every evening with reading some part of the Scriptures, and prayer in your family.

Fourthly. Be strict and religious observers of the Lord's day; resort to your parish church twice that day, if your health will permit, and attend diligently and reverently to the public prayers and sermons. He cannot reasonably expect a blessing from God the rest of the week, that neglects his duty to God in the due consecration of this day to the special service and duty to God which this day requires.

Fifthly. Receive the sacrament at least three times in the year, and oftener, as there is occasion, in your parish church. The laws of the land require this, and the law of your Saviour requires it, and the law of duty and gratitude requires it of you. Prepare yourselves seriously for this service beforehand, and perform it with reverence and thankfulness: the neglect of this duty procures great inconvenience and strangeness; and commonly the neglect hereof ariseth from some conceited opinion that people inconsiderately take up, but most ordinarily from a sluggishness of mind and an unwillingness to fit and prepare the mind for it, or to leave some sinful or vain course that men are not willing to leave, and yet condemn themselves in the practice of it.

Sixthly. Beware of those that go about to

seduce you from that religion wherein you have been brought up hitherto, namely, the true Protestant religion. It is not unknown to any, that observe the state of things in the world, how many erroneous religions are scattered abroad in the world, and how industrious men of false persuasions are to make proselytes. There are Antinomians, Quakers, Anabaptists, and divers others that go about to mislead themselves and others : nay, although the laws of this kingdom, and especially the statute of 23 Eliz. cap. i. have inflicted the severest penalty upon those that go about to withdraw persons to the Romish religion from the religion established in England, as any man that reads that statue may find ; yet there are scattered up and down the world divers factors and agents, that under several disguises and pretences endeavour the perverting of weak and easy persons. Take heed of all such persuaders. And that you may know and observe the better, you shall ever find these artifices practised by them :—

1. They will use all flattering applications and insinuations to be master of your humour, and when they have gotten that advantage, they that seemed before to serve you will then command you.

2. They use all possible skill to raise in you jealousy and dislike towards those that may otherwise continue and keep you in the truth : as, to raise dislike in you against your minister ; nay, rather than fail, to raise dissensions among relations ; yea, to cast jealousies and surmises

among them, if it may be instrumental to corrupt them.

3. They will endeavour to withdraw people from the public ministry of God's word, encourage men to slight and neglect it, and when they have once effected this, they have a fair opportunity to infuse their own corrupt principles.

4. They will engage you by some means or other to them, either by some real, but most ordinarily by some pretended kindness or familiarity, that in a little time you shall not dare to displease them : you must do and speak what they will have you, because some way or other you are entangled with them, or engaged to them ; and then they become your governors, and you will not dare to contradict or disobey them.

These are some of those artifices whereby crafty and subtle seducers gain proselytes, and bring men under captivity.

Seventhly. Be very careful to moderate your passions, especially of choler and anger. It inflames the blood, disorders the brain, and, for the time, exterminates not only religion, but common reason : it puts the mind into confusion, and throws wildfire into the tongue, whereby men give others advantage against them ; it renders a man incapable of doing his duty to God, and puts a man upon acts of violence, unrighteousness, and injustice to men. Therefore keep your passions under discipline, and under as strict a chain as you would keep an unruly cursed mastiff. Look to it, that you give not too much lime at first ; but if it hath gotten any fire within you,

quench it frequently with consideration, and let it not break out into passionate or unruly words or actions, but whatever you do, let it not gangrene into malice, envy, or spite.

Eighthly. Send your children early to learn their Catechism, that they may take in the true principles of religion betimes, which may grow up with them, and habituate them both to the knowledge and practice of it; that they may escape the danger of corruption by error or vice, being antecedently seasoned with better principles.

Ninthly. Receive the blessings of God with very much thankfulness to him; for he is the root and fountain of all the good you do or can receive.

Tenthly. Bear all afflictions and crosses patiently: it is your duty; for afflictions come not from the dust. The great God of heaven and earth is he that sends these messengers to you, though possibly evil occurrences may be the immediate instruments of them. You owe to Almighty God an infinite subjection and obedience, and to expostulate with him is rebellion. And, as it is your duty, so it is your wisdom and your prudence: impatience will not discharge your yoke, but it will make it gall the worse, and sit the harder.

Eleventhly. Learn not only patience under your afflictions, but also profitably to improve them to your soul's good; learn by them, how vain and unprofitable things the world and the pleasures thereof are, that a sharp or a lingering sickness renders utterly tasteless. Learn how

vain and weak a thing human nature is, which pulled down to the gates of death, and clothed with rottenness and corruption, by a little disorder in the blood, in a nerve, in a vein, in an artery. And since we have so little hold of a temporal life, which is shaken and shattered by any small occurrence, accident, or distemper; learn to lay hold of eternal life, and of that covenant of peace and salvation which Christ hath brought for all that believe and obey the gospel of peace and salvation: there shall be no death, no sickness, no pain, no weakness; but a state of unchangeable and everlasting happiness. And if you thus improve affliction, you are gainers by it; and most certain it is, that there is no more profitable way, under heaven, to be delivered from affliction (if the wise God see it fit) than thus to improve it. For affliction is a messenger: and the rod hath a voice: and that is, to require mankind to be the more patient and the more humble, and more to acknowledge Almighty God in all our ways. And if men listen to this voice of the rod, and conform to it, the rod hath done his errand; and either will leave a man, or at least give a man singular comfort even under the sharpest affliction. And this affliction, which is but for a moment, thus improved, will work for us an exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

Twelfthly. Reverence your minister; he is a wise and a good man, and one that loves you, and hath a tender care and respect for you. Do not grieve him, either by neglect or disrespect. Assure yourselves, that if there be any person *that sets* you against him, or provokes or en-

courageth any of you to despise or neglect him, that person, whoever he be, loves not you nor the office he bears. And, therefore, as the laws of the land and the Divine Providence hath placed him at Alderly, to have a care of your souls, so I must tell you I do expect you should reverence and honour him for his own, for your, and for his office sake.

And now I have written this long epistle to you, to perform that office for me that I should have done in person, if I could have taken this journey. The epistle is long, but it had been longer, if I had had more time. And though, perchance some there may be in the world, that when they hear of it will interpret it to be but the excursions and morose rules of old age, unnecessary, and such as might have been spared; yet, I am persuaded, it will find better acceptance thereof from you that are my children. I am now on the shady side of threescore years. I write to you what you have often heard me in substance speak. And possibly, when I shall leave this world, you will want such a remembrancer as I have been to you. The words that I now, and at former times have written to you, are words of truth and soberness; and words and advices that proceed from a heart full of love and affection to you all. If I should see you do amiss in any thing, and should not reprove you; or if I should find you want counsel or direction, and should not give it, I should not perform the trust of a father: and, if you should not thankfully receive it, you would be somewhat defective in the duty you owe to God and me as

children. As I have never spared my purse to supply you, according to my abilities and the reasonableness of occasions, so I have never been wanting to you in good and prudent counsels. And the God of heaven give you wisdom, constancy, and fidelity in the observance of them.

I am your ever loving father,

MATTHEW HALE.

LORD ROOS TO THE MARQUIS OF DOR-CHESTER*.

SIR,

February 25, 1659.

SURE you were among your gallypots and glister pipes when you gave your chollor so violent a purge, to the fouling of so much innocent paper, and your own reputation (if you had any, which the wise very much doubt). You had better been drunk, and set in stocks for it, when you sent the post with a whole pacquet of chartells to me, in which you have discovered so much vapouring nonsense and rayling, that it is wholesomer for your credit to have it thought the effect of drink than your own natural talent, imperfect minde and memory : for if you understand any thing in your own trade, you could not but know that the hectic of your own brain is more desperate than

* This choice specimen of patrician vituperation was addressed by Lord Roos to his father in law, the Marquis of Dorchester, in consequence of the marquis having published a letter, respecting the differences which had arisen between Lord Roos and his wife. Butler, the author of Hudibras, is said to have assisted Lord Roos in the composition of this *goodly epistle*.

the tertian fits of mine, which are easily cured with a little sleep ; but yours is past the remedy of a mortar and braying. But I wonder with what confidence you can accuse me with the discovery of private passages between us, when you are so open yourself, that every man sees through you ; or how could I disclose perfectly any thing in your epistles to my father and mother, which was not before very well known to your tutors and schoolmasters, whose instructions you used in compiling those voluminous works ? Let any man judge whether I am so likely to divulge secrets as you, who cannot forbear printing and publishing. Your letters are now cried in the streets of London, with ballads on the Rump ; and Hewson's Lamentations ; and the lord of Dorchester's name makes a greater noyse in a close alley than "kitchen stiffe," or "work for a tinker ;" and all this by your own industry, who are not ashamed at the same instant to pretend to secrecy, with no less absurdity than you commit when, accusing me for using foul language, you doe outdoe Billingsgate yourself. But now you begin to vapour, and to tell us you have fought before ; so I have heard you have, with your wife and poet ; but if you come off with no more honour than when you were beaten by my Lord Grandison, you had better have kept that to yourself, if it were possible for you to conceale any thing ; but I cannot but laugh at the untoward course you take to render yourself formidable, by bragging of your fights, when you are terrible only in your medicines. If you had told us how many you had killed that way, and how many

you had cut in pieces, besides calves and dogs, a right valiant man that has any wit would tremble to come near you ; and if by your threatening to ramme your sword down my throat, you do not mean your pills, which are a more dangerous weapon, the worst is passed, and I am safe enough ; for as to your feats of armes, there is no half quarter of a man that is so wretched that would venture to give you battayl ; but you are most unsufferable in your unconscionable engrossing of all trades. It is not enough that you are already as many things as many of your own receipts ; that you are a doctor of the civil law, and a barrister of the common, a bencher of Gray's Inne, a professour of phisick, and a fellow of the colledge ; a mathematician, Caldean, a schoolman, and a piece of a grammarian (as your last work can shew were it construed), a philosopher, poet, translator, antisocordist, solliciter, broker, and usurer ; besides a marquis, earl, viscount, and baron ; but you must, like Dr. Suttle, professe quarrelling too, and publish yourself an Hector ; of which calling there are so many already, that they can hardly live one by another. Sir, truly there is no conscience in it, considering you have not only a more sure and safe way of killing men already than they have, but a plentiful estate beside ; so many trades, and yet have so little conscience to eat the bread out of their mouths, they have great reason to lay it to heart ; and I hope some of these will demand reparation of you, and make you give them compounding dinners too, as you have done to the rest of your fraternities. And now be your own judge, whether

any one man can be bound in honour to fight with such an hydra as you are; a monster of many heads, like the multitude, or the devil that called himself legion. Such an encounter would be no duell, but war; which I never heard that any one man ever made alone; and I must levy forces ere I can meet you; for if every one of your capacities had but a second, you would amount to a brigade, as your letter does to a declaration; in which I cannot omit, that in one respect you have dealt very ingenuously, and that is, in publishing to the world that all your heroical resolutions are built upon your own opinion of my want of courage; this argues you well studied in the dimensions of quarrelling; among which one of the chiefest shews how to take measure of another man's valour, by comparing it with your own, to make your approaches accordingly; but as the least mistake betrays you to an infallible beating, so you had fared, and perhaps had had the honour which you seem to desire, of falling by my sword, if I had not thought you a thing fitter for any man's contempt than anger.

ROOS.

THE REV. WILLIAM MOMPESON TO HIS CHILDREN, GEORGE AND ELIZABETH.

DEAR HEARTS,
THIS brings you the doleful news of your dearest mother's death; the greatest loss that could befall you. I am deprived of a kind and loving consort, and you are bereaved of the most indul-

gent mother that ever poor little children had. But we must comfort ourselves in God, with this consideration,—the loss is only ours ; our sorrow is her gain, which should sustain our drooping spirits. I assure myself that her rewards and her joys are unutterable. Dear children, your blessed mother lived an holy life, and made a comfortable end, though by means of the sore pestilence, and she is now invested with a crown of righteousness.

My children, I think it may be useful to you to have a narrative of your dear mother's virtues, that the knowledge thereof may teach you to imitate her excellent qualities. In the first place, let me recommend to you her piety and devotion, which were according to the exact principles of the church of England. In the next place, I can assure you, she was composed of modesty and humility, which virtues did possess her dear soul in a most exemplary manner. Her discourse was ever grave and meek, yet pleasant also ; a vaunting and immodest word was never heard to come out of her mouth. Again, I can set out in her two other virtues, with no little confidence, viz. charity and frugality. She never valued any thing she had, when the necessities of a poor neighbour did require it, but had a bountiful spirit towards all distressed and indigent persons ;—yet she was never lavish or profuse, but carefully, constantly, and commendably frugal. She never liked the company of tattling women, and abhorred the wandering custom of going from house to house, that wastefully spending of *precious time*, for she was ever busied in useful

occupations. Yet, though thus prudent, she was always kind and affable; for, while she avoided those whose company could not instruct or benefit her, and would not unbosom herself to any such, she dismissed and avoided them with civility.

I do believe, my dear hearts, upon sufficient grounds, that she was the kindest wife in the world, and think from my soul that she loved me ten times better than she did herself; for she not only resisted my earnest entreaties that she would fly with you, dear children, from this place of death, but, some few days before it pleased God to visit my house, she perceived a green matter to come from the issue in my leg, which she fancied a symptom that the distemper raging amongst us had gotten a vent that way, from whence she assured herself that I was passed the malignity of the disease, whereat she rejoiced exceedingly, amidst all the danger with which her near approach to me was attended, whom she believed to be infected.

Now I will tell you my thoughts of this business. I think she was mistaken in the nature of that discharge which she saw; certainly it was the salve that made it look so green; yet her rejoicing on that account was a strong testimony of her love to me; for it is clear she cared not for her own peril, so I were safe.

Farther, I can assure you, my sweet babes, that her love to you was little inferior to that which she felt for me; since, why should she thus ardently desire my longer continuance in this world of sorrows, but that you might have the protection and comfort of my life?

You little imagine with what delight she used

to talk of you both, and the pains she took when you sucked your milk from her breasts is almost incredible. She gave a strong testimony of her love for you when she lay upon her deathbed. A few hours before she expired, I brought her some cordials, which she told me plainly she was not able to take. I entreated she would take them, for your dear sakes. At the mention of your names, she, with difficulty, lifted herself and took them, which was to let me understand that, while she had any strength left, she would embrace an opportunity of testifying her affection to you.

Now I will give you an exact account of the manner of her death. It is certain she had, for some time, had symptoms of a consumption, and her flesh was considerably wasted thereby. However, being surrounded with infected families, she doubtless got the distemper from them. Her natural strength being impaired, she could not struggle with the disease, which made her illness so very short. Upon being seized, she showed much contrition for the errors of her life, and often cried out,—“One drop of my Saviour’s blood, to save my soul!”

At the beginning of her sickness, she earnestly desired me not to come near her, lest I should receive harm thereby; but I can assure you I did not desert her, but, thank God, stood to my resolution not to leave her in her sickness, who had been so tender a nurse to me in her health. Blessed be God, that he enabled me to be so helpful and consoling to her, for which she was *not a little thankful.*

No worldly business was, during her illness,

any disturbance to her ; for she only minded making her call and election sure ; and she asked pardon of her maid servant for having sometimes given her an angry word.

I gave her several sweating antidotes, which had no kind operation, but rather scalded and inflamed her more, whereupon her dear head was distempered, which put her upon many incoherencies. I was much troubled thereat, and propounded to her several questions in divinity, as by whom, and upon what account, she expected salvation, and what assurances she had of the certainty thereof. Though in all other things she talked at random, yet, to these religious questions, she gave me as rational and welcome answers as I could desire ; and, at those times, I bade her repeat after me certain prayers and ejaculations, which she always did with much devotion, which was no little comfort and admiration to me, that God should be so good and gracious to her.

A little before her dear soul departed, she desired me to pray with her again. I went to her, and asked her how she did ? Her answer was, that she was but looking when the good hour should come. Thereupon we went to prayers, and she made her responses from the common prayer book as perfectly as if she had been in perfect health, and an amen to every pathetic expression. When we had ended our prayers for the visitation of the sick, we made use of those out of the Whole Duty of Man ; and when I heard her say nothing, I urged,—My dear, dost thou mind ? She answered, “ Yes,” and it was *the last word* she spoke.

I question not, my dear hearts, that the reading of this account will cause many a salt tear to spring from your eyes; yet let this comfort you,—your dear mother is a saint in heaven.

I could have told you of many more of her excellent virtues; but I hope you will not in the least question my testimony, if, in a few words, I tell you that she was pious and upright in all her conversation.

Now, to that most blessed God, who bestowed upon her all these graces, be ascribed all honour, glory, and dominion, the just tribute of all created beings, for evermore. Amen.

Egham, August 31, 1666. WILLIAM MOMPESON.

THE REV. WILLIAM MOMPESON TO SIR
GEORGE SAVILLE.

Egham, Sept. 1, 1666.

HONOURED AND DEAR SIR,

THIS letter brings you the saddest tidings that ever my pen could write. The “destroying angel” has been in my habitation:—my dearest wife was striken, and is gone to her everlasting rest, invested, as I trust, with a crown of glory, having made a most pious and happy end.

Indeed, had she loved herself as well as she loved me, she had fled, at my entreaty, with her sweet babes, from the pit of destruction; but she was resolved to die a martyr to my interest. My drooping spirits are much refreshed with her joys, which, I assure myself, are unutterable.

This paper, sir, is to bid you an hearty farewell for ever, and to bring you my thanks for all

your noble favours ; and I hope you will believe a dying man, that I have as much love as honour for you ;—that I bend my feeble knees to the God of heaven, that you, my dear lady, her children, and their children, may be blessed with happiness, external, internal, and eternal ; and that the same blessings may fall upon Lady Sunderland and her family.

Dear sir, let your dying chaplain recommend this truth to you and yours,—that no happiness or solid comfort can be secured in this vale of tears, but from living a pious life. I pray you, dear sir, to retain this rule—Never to do that thing upon which you dare not first ask the blessing of God upon the success thereof.

Sir, I have made bold with your name in my will for an executor ; and I hope you will not take it ill. Others are joined with you, that will take from you all the trouble. Your favourable aspect will, I know, be a great comfort to my distressed orphans. I am not desirous that they should be great, but good ; and it is my earnest request, that they may be brought up in the fear and admonition of the Lord. Sir, I thank God that I am willing to shake hands in peace with all the world ; and I have comfortable assurances that he will accept me, for the sake of his Son ; and I find God more good than ever I imagined, and wish that his goodness were not so much abused and contemned.

I desire you would be pleased to make choice of an humble, pious man to succeed me in this parsonage. Could I see your face before I depart hence, I would inform you which way,

think he may live comfortably among these people, which would be a satisfaction to me before I die.

Dear sir, I beg your prayers, and those of your family, that I may not be daunted or appalled by the powers of hell; that I may have dying graces, and be found in a dying posture; and, with tears, I entreat, that when you are praying for fatherless and motherless infants, you would then remember my two pretty babes.

Sir, pardon the rude style of this paper, and if my head be discomposed, you cannot wonder at me; however, be pleased to believe that I am, dear sir, your most obliged, most affectionate, and grateful servant,

WILLIAM MOMPESSEN,

THE REV. WILLIAM MOMPESSEN TO JOHN
BEILBY, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,

Egham, Nov. 20, 1666.

I SUPPOSE this letter will seem no less than a miracle, proving that my habitation is *inter vivos*. —Being unwilling to affright you with a paper from my own hands, I have gotten a friend to transcribe these lines.

I know you are sensible of my lone condition, of my loss of the kindest wife in the world, whose life was truly inimitable, and her end most comfortable. She was in an excellent posture of preparation when death gave the summons, which filled me with assurances that she *is now invested with a crown of righteousness.*

By too sad experience I find the maxim veri-

fied, *Bonum magis carendo quam fruendo cernitur.* Had I been thankful as my condition did deserve of me, I might yet have had my dearest in my bosom. But now, farewell all happy days! and God grant that I may repent of my great ingratitude!

The condition of this place hath been so dreadful, that I persuade myself it exceeded all history and example. I may truly say, our town was become a Golgotha, the place of skulls; and, had there not been a small remnant of us left, we had been as Sodom, and like unto Gomorrah. My ears never heard such doleful lamentations,—my nose never smelt such noisome smells,—and my eyes never beheld such ghastly spectacles. Here have been seventy-six families visited within my parish, out of which died two hundred and fifty-nine persons.

Blessed be God, our fears are now over, none having died of the infection since the eleventh of October, nor is there any one under present suspicion, and all the pesthouses have been several weeks empty.

I intend, if it please God, to spend most of this week in seeing all woollen clothes fumed and purified, as well for the satisfaction as the safety of the country. Here hath been such burying of goods, as the like surely was never known; and, indeed, I think in this we have been too precise. For my own part, I have hardly left apparel to shelter my body from the cold, and have wasted more than need, for example's sake merely.

As to myself, I never was in better health than during the whole time of this dreadful visita-

tion ; neither can I think that I had any certain symptom of the disease. My man servant had the distemper. Upon the tumour appearing, I gave him several chymical antidotes, which had a very kind operation ; and, with the blessing of God, they kept the venom from the heart, and after the tumour broke he was very well. My maid hath continued in health, which was a great mercy ; for, had she quailed, I should have been ill set to have washed and got provisions for myself.

I know I have had your prayers, and question not but I have fared the better for them ; and conclude that the prayers of good people have rescued me from the jaws of death. Certainly I had been in the dust, if omnipotency had not been conquered by holy violence.

I have largely tasted the goodness of my Creator ; since, blessed be God, the grim looks of Death did never yet affright me. I always had a firm faith that my dear babes would do well, which made me willing to leave this unkind and froward world. Yet I hope I shall esteem it a mercy that my desires of being, like my dear wife, translated to a better place, were frustrated. God grant that I may wait with patience for my change, and make a right use of his punishments and of his mercies ; for, if the first have been severe, so have the last been sweet and comfortable ! I perceive, by a letter from Mrs. Newby, that you have much and most kindly concerned yourself for my welfare. Indeed, I made no question of possessing your true affection. Be assured, that, in the midst of my great troubles, you were often in my thoughts.

Be pleased, sir, to accept the grateful present-
ment of my kindest respects, imparting the same
to your good wife, and to all my dear relations.

A line from your hand would be welcome to,
dearest sir, your sorrowful and truly affectionate
nephew,

WILLIAM MOMPESON.

THE EARL OF ROCHESTER* TO HIS WIFE.

MY MOST NEGLECTED WIFE,
TILL you are a much respected widow, I find you
will scarce be a contented woman; and to say
no more than the plain truth, I do endeavour so
fairly to do you that last good service, that none
but the most impatient would refuse to rest
satisfied.

What evil enemy to my repose does inspire my
Lady Warr to visit you once a year, and leave
you bewitched for eleven months after? I thank
my God that I have the torment of the stone
upon me (which are no small pains), rather than
my unspeakable one of being an eyewitness to
your uneasiness. Do but propose to me any
reasonable thing upon earth I can do to set you
at quiet; but it is like a mad woman to lie roar-
ing out of pain, and never confess in what part it
is. These three years have I heard you continu-
ally complaining, nor has it ever been in my

* These letters are from the pen of that Earl of Rochester
who is equally known for his wit and his licentiousness. They
are not dated, but the last but one, which refers to the death
of the duchess of Orleans, must have been written in 1670.

power to obtain the knowledge of any considerable cause. I am confident I shall not have the affliction three years hence; but that repose I must owe to a surer friend than you. When that time comes, you will grow wiser, though I fear not much happier.

I kiss my dear wife a thousand times, as far as imagination and wish will give me leave. Think upon me as long as it is pleasant and convenient to you to do so, and afterwards forget me; for though I would fain make you the author and foundation of my happiness, I could not be the cause of your constraint and disturbance, for I love not myself soe much as I doe you, neither do I value my own satisfaction as I doe yours. Farewell.

ROCHESTER.

THE EARL OF ROCHESTER TO HIS WIFE.

DEARE WIFE,

I HAVE noe news for you but that London grows very tiresome, and I long to see you, but things are now reduced to that extremity on all sides, that a man dares not turne his back for feare of being hanged, an ill accident to be avoyded by all prudent persons, and therefore by your humble servant,

ROCHESTER.

Wood and firing, which were the subject matter of your last, I tooke order for before, and make noe question but you are served in that before this, Mr. Cary seldom fayling in any thing he undertakes.

THE EARL OF ROCHESTER TO HIS WIFE.

I AM very glad to heare news from you, and I think it very good when I hear you are well ; pray be pleased to send me word what you are apt to be pleased with, that I may show you how good a husband I can bee ; I would not have you so formall as to judge of the kindness of a letter by the length of it, but believe of every thing that it is as you would have it.

'Tis not an easy thing to bee entirely happy ; but to be kind is very easy, and that is the greatest measure of happiness. I say not this to put you in mind of being kind to mee ; you have practised that soe long, that I have a joyful confidence you will never forget itt ; but to shew that I myself have a sense of what the methods of my life seemed so utterly to contradict, I must not be too wise about my own follyes, or else this letter had bin a book dedicated to you, and published to the world ; it will be more pertinent to tell you, that very shortly the king goes to Newmarket, and then I shall wait on you at Adderbury ; in the mean time, think of any thing you would have me doe, and I shall thank you for the occasion of pleasing you.

Mr. Morgan I have sent on this errant, because he playes the rogue here in towne so extremely, that he is not to be endured ; pray if he behaves himself soe at Adderbury, send me word, and let him stay till I send for him ; pray let Ned come up to town, I have a little business with him, and *hee shall bee back in a weeke,*

Wonder not that I have not writt to you all this while, for it was hard for mee to know what to write upon several accounts, but in this I will only desire you not to be too much amazed at the thoughts my mother has of you, since being meare imaginations, they will as easily vanish as they were groundlessly erected; for my own part, I will make it my endeavour they may. What you desired of mee in your other letter, shall punctually have performed. You must, I thinke, obey my mother in her commands to wait on her at Aylesbury, as I tould you in my last letter. I am very dull at this time, and therefore thinke it pity in this humour to testify my selfe to you any farther; only, dear wife, I am, your humble servant,

ROCHESTER.

THE EARL OF ROCHESTER TO HIS WIFE.

I CANNOT deny to you but that heroick resolutions in women are things of the which I have never bin transported with greate admiration, nor can bee, if my life lay on't, for I thinke it is a very impertinent virtue; besides, consider how men and women are compounded, that as with heate and cold, so greatness and meanness are necessary ingredients that enter both into the making up of every one that is borne; now when heat is predominant, we are termed hott; when cold is, we are called cold; though in the mixture both take their places, else our warmth would be a burning, and our coldness an excessive freezing;

so greatness or virtue, that spark of primitive grace, is in every one alive ; and likewise meanness of vice, that seed of original sin, is in a measure also ; for if either of them were totally absent, men and women must be imperfect angels, or absolute divills ; now from the predominance of either of these qualities in us, we are termed good or bad ; but yet as contrarietyes, though they both reside in one body, must they ever be opposite in place ; thence I infer, that as heate in the feete makes cold in the head, soe may it bee with probability expected too, that greatness and meanness should be as oppositely seated, and then an heroick head is liker to be ballanced with an humble taile ; besides reason, experience has furnished mee with many examples of this kind,—my Lady Morton, Nell Villers, and twenty others, whose honour was ever so excessive in their heads, that they suffered a want of it in every other part ; thus it comes about, madam, that I have no very great estime for a high-spirited lady,—therefore should be glad that none of my friends thought it convenient to adorne their other perfections with that most transcendent accomplishment ; it is tolerable only in a waiting gentlewoman, who, to prove herself lawfully descended from Sir Humphrey, her great uncle, is allowed the affectation of a high spirit and a naturall inclination towards a gentile converse : that now is a letter ; and to make it a kinde one, I must assure you of all the dotage in the world ; and then to make it a civil one, down at the bottom, with a greater space

between, I must write, madam, your most humble servant,

ROCHESTER.

I have too much respect for you to come neare you whilst I am in disgrace, but when I am a favourite again, I will waite on you.

THE EARL OF ROCHESTER TO HIS WIFE.

DEAR WIFE,

I RECEIVED the three pictures, and am in a great fright, least they should be like you; by the bigness of the head I should apprehend you far gone in the rickets; by the severity of the countenance somewhat inclined to prayer and prophecy; yet there is an alacrity in the plump cheek that seems to signify sack and sugar, and the sharp-sighted nose has borrowed quickness from the sweet-swelling eye. I never saw a chin smile before, a mouth frown, and a forehead mump; truly the artist has done his part (God keep him humble), and a fine man he is if his excellencies do not puff him up like his pictures. The next impertinence I have to tell you is, that I am coming down to you. I have got horses, but want a coach, when that defect is supplied, you shall quickly have the trouble of your humble servant.

Receive my duty to my lady, and my humble service to my sister, my brother, and all the Betties, not forgetting Madam Jane.

THE EARL OF ROCHESTER TO HIS WIFE.

DEAR WIFE,

I RECOVER so slowly, and relapse so continually, that I am almost weary of myself; if I had the least strength, I would come to Adderbury, but in the condition I am, Kensington and back is a voyage I can hardly support. I hope you excuse my sending you no money; for, till I am well enough to fetch it myself, they will not give me a farthing; and if I had not pawned my plate, I believe I must have starved in my sickness. Well, God bless you and the children, whatever becomes of, your humble servant,

ROCHESTER.

THE EARL OF ROCHESTER TO HIS WIFE.

MY WIFE,

THE difficulties of pleasing your ladyship doe increase soe fast upon me, and are growne so numerous, that, to a man less resolved than myself never to give it over, itt would appear a madness ever to attempt itt more, but through your frailtys myne ought not to multiply; you may, therefore, secure yourself that it will not be easy for you to put me out of my constant resolutions to satisfy you in all I can; I confess there is nothing will so much contribute to my assistance in this as your dealing freely with mee, for since you have thought it a wise thing to trust me less, and have reserves, it has bin *out of my power to make the best of my proceed-*

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ings effectual to what I intended them ; at a distance I am likeliest to learn your mind, for you have not a very obliging way of delivering itt by word of mouth ; if, therefore, you will let me know the particulars in which I may be usefull to you, I will shew my readiness as to my own part, and if I fail of the success I wish, it shall not be the fault of, your humble servant,

ROCHESTER.

I intend to be at Adderbury some time next week.

THE EARL OF ROCHESTER TO HIS WIFE.

PRAY do not take it ill that I have writ to you so seldom since my coming to town ; my being in waiting upon the sad accident of Madame's death (for which the king endures the highest affliction imaginable) would not allow me time or power to write letters. You have heard the thing, but the barbarousness of the manner you may guess at by my relation. Monsieur, since the banishment of the Chevalier de Lorrain (of which he suspected Madame to be the author), has ever behaved himself very ill to her in all things, threatening her upon all occasions, that if she did not get Lorrain recalled, she might expect from him the worst that could befal her. It was not now in her power to perform what he expected : so that she returning to Paris, he immediately carried her away to St. Cloud, where *having remained fifteen days in good health, she having been bathing one morning, and finding*

herself very dry, called for some succory water (a cordial julep she usually took upon these occasions), and being then very merry, discoursing with some of the ladies that were with her, she had no swallowed this succory water, but immediately falling into Madame de Chattellon's arms, she cried she was dead, and sending for her confessor, after eight hours infinite torment in her stomach and bowels, she died the most lamented (both in France and England) since dying has been in fashion. But I will not keep you too long upon this doleful relation : it is enough to make most wives in the world very melancholy : but I thank you for my cheeses, my sugar of roses, and all my good things. Pray let it not be necessary for me to put you too often in mind of what you ought not to be less forward in doing than in advising. I hope you will give me no occasion to explain myself: for if I am put upon that, you will find me very troublesome. I received no letter from you with one inclosed to your mother, nor do I believe you writ any. Besides, I find by another circumstance, that the returns of letters betwixt London and Adderbury are very tedious. If you write to me, you must direct to Lincoln's Inn Fields, the house next to the Duke's Play House, in Portugal Row ; there lives your humble servant,

ROCHESTER.

THE EARL OF ROCHESTER TO HIS SON.

I HOPE, Charles, when you receive this, and know that I have sent this gentleman to be your tutour, you will be very gladd to see I take such care of you, and be very gratefull, which is best shown in being obedient and diligent. You are now grown big enough to be a man, and you can be wise enough ; for the way to be truely wise is to serve God, learne your book, and observe the instructions of your parents first, and next your tutour, to whom I have entirely resigned you for this seven yeare, and according as you imploy that time, you are to bee happy or unhappy for ever ; but I have so good an opinion of you, that I am glad to thinke you will never deceive me ; dear child, learn your book and be obedient, and you shall see what a father I will be to you. You shall want no pleasure while you are good, and that you may be soe are my constant prayers.

ROCHESTER.

THE HON. HENRY SIDNEY TO LADY VAUGHAN.

London, February 2, 1670.

IF my Lady Vaughan had persisted any longer in her silence, I was chosen by her friends at Charing Cross to chide her ; and though her writing once to her poor, beggarly, ill-favoured sister (Lady Northumberland) has taken away my commission to rebuke her, it shall not hinder me, having had once orders, to write to her, hoping that my letters may be as welcome as

Mr. Muddman's : and, in order to making them so, I will begin my gazette by informing you that Sir William—that worthy, ancient gentleman!—pushes his addresses to his widow with his wonted vigour, and with so good success, that he is become my greatest envy, who cannot carry the hopes of my poor friend for his widow with half so much encouragement. I am almost at my wit's ends about it; and I doubt I shall at last utterly despair, and make doleful ditties on the cruelty of your sex. We say in town that her cousin Tishy is not half so cruel to Mr. Cheek ; but that the wedding clothes are making, and that, by consent of parents, all things are to be accomplished, and had been so already, but for the unfortunate death of poor Mr. Oliver, my Lady Manchester's chaplain, who slept sweetly in the Lord on Saturday night last, and has occasioned so great mourning in that family, that ombre and weddings have been forbid for a week. On the other side, my lord chamberlain has been in mortification for the loss of his poor brother, Hatton Rich, who, not making a very Christian end, has been the occasion of great grief to all his pious relations. He has bequeathed all his worldly goods to his nieces by my late lord of Warwick, and has left nothing to my Lord Mandeville and Mr. Roberts, which is much wondered at by all that know these two worthy gentlemen.—To go on with dismal stories, your ladyship must know, that one Major Cary (brother to a young maid of honour of the same name) coming in a good ship out of Holland, did not like his passage ; but whether it was that

he thought to swim sooner ashore, or that he was in love with some seanymph, he took his career from the side of the ship, and leapt into the sea very frankly, though with the same usage others find upon that element, for we hear no more of him ; and it is shrewdly suspected Neptune has put him into Bedlam, in his kingdom, since we were so unkind as not to do so much for him here. The expedition of Wild Street, I am sure, is too famous not to have reached you long since. There are very few more steps yet made into the discovery of it ; but, I doubt not, he that revenges murder will shortly bring all to light, and them to condign punishment who have had their hands in the blood of the innocent. My Lady Northumberland is grown so flippant since her adventure at court (of which she has already informed your ladyship), that now she trips it every day in St. James's Park, meets the person you wot of, and ogles and curtsies do pass at that rate, that her friends, knowing not what to make of it, only pray that her honour may be safe. Now comes the difficult matter—to know from whom this letter comes : that is to be a secret, only it is one that kisses Lady Vaughan's hands, and Mr. Russell's, and will come himself and let them know. In the mean time they may guess as they please, but shall have no more light from me, but that the two first letters are

H. S.

LADY R. VAUGHAN* TO MR. RUSSELL.

London, September 23, 1672.

IF I were more fortunate in my expression, I could do myself more right when I would own to my dearest Mr. Russell what real and perfect happiness I enjoy, from the kindness he allows me every day to receive new marks of, such as, in spite of the knowledge I have of my own wants, will not suffer me to mistrust I want his love, though I do merit, to so desirable a blessing ; but, my best life, you that know so well how to love and to oblige, make my felicity entire, by believing my heart possessed with all the gratitude, honour, and passionate affection to your person, any creature is capable of, or can be obliged to ; and this granted, what have I to ask but a continuance (if God see fit) of these present enjoyments ? if not, a submission, without murmur, to his most wise dispensations and unerring providence ; having a thankful heart for the years I have been so perfectly contented in : he knows best when we have had enough here ; what I most earnestly beg from his mercy is, that we both live so as, which ever goes first, the other may not sorrow as for one of whom they have no hope. Then let us cheerfully expect to be together to a good old age ; if not, let us not doubt but he will support us under what trial he will inflict upon them. These are necessary

* Lady Vaughan retained the name of her first husband, Lord Vaughan, till Mr. Russell succeeded to his title, in 1678, by the death of his brother.

meditations sometimes, that we may not be surprised above our strength by a sudden accident, being unprepared. Excuse me if I dwell too long upon it; it is from my opinion that if we can be prepared for all conditions, we can with the greater tranquillity enjoy the present; which I hope will be long; though when we change, it will be for the better, I trust, through the merits of Christ. Let us daily pray it may be so, and then admit of no fears; death is the extremest evil against nature it is true; let us overcome the immoderate fear of it, either to our friend or self, and then what light hearts we may live with! But I am immoderate in my length of this discourse, and consider this is to be a letter. To take myself off, and alter the subject, I will tell you the news came on Sunday night to the Duke of York, that he was a married man; he was talking in the drawing-room, when the French ambassador brought the letters in, and told the news; the duke turned about and said, "Then I am a married man." It proved to be to the Princess of Modena; for it was rather expected to be Canaples' niece; she is to have a 100,000 francs paid here; and now we may say she has more wit than ever woman had before; as much beauty, and greater youth than is necessary; he sent his daughter, Lady Mary, word the same night, he had provided a playfellow for her. Mr. Neale, who interrupts me in this my most pleasant employment, tells me, my Lord Mulgrave has the garter given him. The duke of Monmouth goes this week, and more regiments, as they talk now. The emperor has made a

declaration, or remonstrance, how the French have made the first breaches, so forced him to war; that he has declared; but I do not find that the Swede joins yet with the French. The Lady Northumberlands have met at Northumberland House. After some propositions offered by my sister to the other, which were discoursed yesterday before my Lord Chancellor, between the elder lady and Mr. Montagu, Lord Suffolk by; my sister offers to deliver up the child, upon condition she will promise she shall have her on a visit for ten days or a month sometimes, and that she will enter into bonds not to marry the child without the mother's consent, nor till she is of years of consent; and, on her part, Mr. Montagu and she will enter into the same bonds, that when she is with them, or at no time, they will marry or contract any marriage for her, without the grandmother's consent; but she was stout yesterday, and would not hear patiently; yet went to Northumberland House, and gave my sister a visit. I hope for an accommodation. My sister urges it is hard her child (that if she has no other children must be her heir) should be disposed of without her consent; and in my judgment it is hard; yet I fancy I am not very apt to be partial. If the weather be with you as it is with us, there never was a more dismal time for the country; it is happy you have some society besides hawks. I hope Friday will bring the chiefest desire in the world by your

R. VAUGHAN.

My Lady Bellasys is going to France for a *consumption*.

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LADY R. VAUGHAN TO MR. RUSSELL.

London, 1675.

THE few hours we have been parted seem too many to me, to let this first post night pass, without giving my dear man a little talk, which must be an account how I have spent my time; for intelligence I have none, and my heart and thoughts are all known to Mr. Russell. Therefore, to return to my present design, I am to tell you, though I intended to dine where I am now, at Leicester House, yet your father coming to see our miss (*their eldest child*) carried me to dinner to Bedford House to eat Devonshire fish, and after wanting gamesters, I must play one hour; but before I had done one quarter, Lord Suffolk came, and I desired to resign to him, having won my lord five pounds and myself thirty shillings; so I came to my sister, and found her in great trouble, the child seeming indeed to be very ill, and the doctor directing a vomit, and whilst it was getting ready he went to see my Lady Jones' children, and whilst he was there her youngest boy died, played with him when he came in, and only flushed in his face and died instantly. My sister's girl is better to-day; our's fetched but one sleep last night, and was very good this morning. My Lord Stamford left his wife this morning at four o'clock, and is gone to his uncle Gray. This Mr. Darcy told me this morning; but you will suppose I have not bettered my information since, being at this day at Leicester House; the Lord Huntington's is a

better fortune than he was by the death of the Lord Stanhope, 1500*l.* a year coming to him. Mr. Grimes, that was at Wickham, was married yesterday to Dol. Howard, the maid of honour. Madam Mazarin is not arrived yet; but I hear Madam Tremblet is. My uncle told Sir Harry Vernon yesterday he was *une des incurables*.

If you are not mightily delighted, I hope you will not stay the longest of your time from your

R. VAUGHAN.

The doctor presents his services to you. He has been to see the child. No city news, he says; but the monied men likely to be undone again, all calling in their money, and they not able to pay so suddenly.

Harry Saville is in a kind of disgrace with the duke (*of York*). When the king dined at the duke of Albermarle's, after dinner, the duke, talking to Saville, asked if he meant not to invite the king to the business of the day. Saville wondered what he meant. The duke told him he need not; for sure it was his constant endeavour to get the king to drink more than any that wished him well would do. Saville denied it. "Then go away," replies the other; so he did. And the next day, the king reproaching him for not staying, he told the occasion; so there is great anger. I write in the nursery, and Lady Harvey is just rushed by, and no sister at home; so I may be engaged, but I think not, for she is started back again, a perfect vision! I am going to see poor Lady Jones.

LADY R. VAUGHAN TO MR. RUSSELL.

London, Feb. 11th, 1675.

EVERY new promise of Mr. Russell's unalterable kindness is a most unspeakable delight to my thoughts; therefore I need use no more words to tell you how welcome your letter was to me; but how much welcomer Monday will be, I hope you do imagine. Your father sent me the inclosed, but says withal, that the news at court from France this morning was, Messina was relieved. For weddings and deaths, and that sort of news, I know not the least. Her grace of Cleveland has set the day for France to be within ten days. The duchess of Portsmouth is melancholy, as some persons will have it, and with reason. You will easily conclude your sister Allington is so, when I tell you her boy has the measles; he had a cough two or three days, but was so well, she was with him in the Park last night, and this morning the measles appeared; but I hear nothing but he is very well with them; the doctor sees no ill symptom at all. Our girl is as you left her, I bless the mercy of God for it. I have silently retired to my little dressing room for this performance, the next being full of company at cards. The Lady Pultney one, introduced by Lady Southampton. I am engaged with Northumberland (*her sister*); but at nothing, nor to nothing upon earth entirely, but to my dear Mr. Russell, his I am with most passionate affection,

R. VAUGHAN,

I am an humble servant to all your company.

LADY R. VAUGHAN TO MR. RUSSELL.

Stratton, 24th August, 1676.

You bid me write to you on Thursday, but civility obliged me to that to answer yours, so that this is to show my obedience to your orders, and a little indulgence to my own self; since I do love to talk any way with Mr. Russell, though he does abuse poor me sometimes. You had like to have vexed me bravely by Jack Vaughan's letter, I was putting that up in my pocket to read two or three days after at leisure; I saw you had opened it, but as it was going up, finding one in it, it came in mind if he should have put in one, it might be for a trick, how it would vex me! so broke your seal, and was very happy by doing so. Oh, my best life, how long I think it since we were together! I can forgive you if you do not do so, upon condition you do not stay too long away. Your coach, by the grace of God, shall be at Bagshot on Wednesday night; and on Thursday will, I hope, bring my wishes to me. I know nothing there is to give you notice of from hence. The joiners will end their work to-day in the new room. There is no coping bricks till Monday: nor till you come to her, no entire satisfaction in the heart of your affectionate

R. VAUGHAN,

LADY R. RUSSELL TO LORD W. RUSSELL.

Tunbridge Wells, 1678.

AFTER a toilsome day, there is some refreshment to be telling our story to our best friends. I have seen your girl well laid in bed, and ourselves have made our suppers upon biscuits, a bottle of white wine, and another of beer, mingled my uncle's way, with nutmeg and sugar. None are disposing to bed, not so much as complaining of weariness. Beds and things are all very well here: our want is, yourself and good weather. But now I have told you our present condition: to say a little of the past,—I really do think, if I could have imagined the illness of the journey, it would have discouraged me: it is not to be expressed how bad the way is from Sevenoaks; but our horses did exceeding well, and Spencer, very diligent, often off his horse, to lay hold of the coach. I have not much more to say this night: I hope the quilt is remembered; and Frances must remember to send more biscuits, either when you come, or soon after. I long to hear from you, my dearest soul, and truly think your absence already an age. I have no mind to my gold plate; here is no table to set it on; but if that does not come, I desire you would bid Betty Foster send the silver glass I use every day. In discretion I haste to bed, longing for Monday, I assure you. From your

Past ten o'clock.

R. RUSSELL..

Lady Margaret says we are not glutted with company yet; you will let Northumberland know we are well; and Allie.

LADY R. RUSSELL TO LORD W. RUSSELL.

London, 4th January, 1679.

IT is now between eleven and twelve o'clock ; an hour, I guess, you are in full employment, and I at the most delightful I can choose, considering my present circumstances. If yours be not so easy to-day*, to-morrow, I hope, will make you some amends ; and by this day se'nnight, the remembrance of the toil past, and the expectation of the enjoyments at sweet Stratton, will recompense all. Your father sent me two letters to read this morning ; one was Tom Gregory's, the other Lord Bolingbroke's to him, with mighty compliments to you in it. Poor Lord Ailesbury had a doleful face yesterday†, Lady Mary told me. Since Tuesday night I heard nothing, but I will try this afternoon, add what I can get, but I would begin lest my time should be short in the evening. Mr. Montagu had a letter yesterday from the council board to be there at his leisure, to see his cabinets opened ; so to-morrow he goes. I have sent you my sister's (*Lady Northumberland's*) letter to read ; the poor man is delivered out of a peck of troubles, one may perceive. I would not end this epistle till I had coasted the town for news, but I met none at home to furnish me with any ; and being now at Montague House, find as little there. Sir Robert is in discontent to-day ; and swears if he knew

* The day of the election for Bedfordshire.

† On account of his son's failure at the Bedfordshire election.

as much as he does to-day a fortnight ago, he would have been a parliament man, whatever it had cost him : he is out of favour, he says. Sir William Temple, it is believed, will be the other secretary, and not Mr. Hide. To give you all reports, my Lord Bath, they say, is to be treasurer ; and some other remove, I heard, as not unlikely, but have forgot it ; and here is such a buzz at cards, and with the child, that I can remember none ; and to help, Mr. Stukely is come in. Your sister (*Lady Margaret*) is well, but I hear nothing of sister Alinton ; their porter has been missed a week ; they have changed the lock, and I hope take care ; I send to them to know if they take care to watch, but I get no good answer ; you know my concern. They will let me say no more ; our girls are very well and good. I am my Lord Russell's creature entirely,

Thursday night.

R. RUSSELL.

Williamson is gone with his lady into the country.

LADY R. RUSSELL TO LORD W. RUSSELL.

London, April 3, 1680.

To be absent from the best and most loved thing and friend in the world, and now, I may almost say, the only one I have in it, must cause some alteration in a person sensible of her condition ; but for any other, I praise God I can complain of none. I have kept close to my easy chair this very ill stormy day ; but been uneasy in my thoughts for the two travellers. God grant you

keep from cold, and preserve you from all other ills! I have staid till past eight to get news, and now Lady Southampton and Mr. Darcy is come in, so I must shorten my converse with my best and only true joy. Charlton is, I believe, out of town, and so is all the world to me, I think, for I have seen nobody but your father and brother Ned: all I can hear is, the king has forbid the duke of Monmouth to see Nell (*Nell Gwynne*); that is, I should say, Nelly to see him. The princess of Orange is not likely to last long, as is said. Lady Inchiquin was here last night: she meant to go to-day, and get a doctor to go with her. There is a report that the witness whom they secured about this Irish plot is got away: this is our neighbour's news, Lady Southampton brought it. I hope, by Tuesday, to do better things. Our girls are, I hope, as well as you can wish them. The widow and I are going to a partridge and Woburn rabbits. My sister Allington is not very well yet, but no fear, I hope, of miscarrying. Good night, my dearest love, I am inviolably yours,

R. RUSSELL.

LADY R. RUSSELL TO LORD W. RUSSELL.

London, 1680. Ten o'clock, Sunday night.
My thoughts being ever best pleased when I, in some kind or other, entertain myself with the dearest of men, you may be sure I do most willingly prepare this for Mr. Chandler. If I do bear to-morrow from you, it will be a great plea-

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sure to know you got well to Stratton, though I fear for you every day, knowing you will frisk out abroad. Mr. James (*Russell*) I hope airs your rooms well with good fires. Your father sighs with the prospect of his journey. Mrs. Herbert, the doctors conclude, cannot live : Scarborough only has some hopes : he is now called in. Mr. Montagu was to see her, and says she is as her sister Denham was. The Lord Shrewsbury is like to lose both eyes. It is very true the gentleman that was put into the messenger's hands is gone ; but, as I have it from a privy counsellor, he was first put there, by his own desires, for safety, pretending fear of his life, but is now sent into Ireland with the messenger, as I gather, to be hanged for other crimes, he being, as my author has it, the greatest rogue alive, and witnessed to be so by a man Lord Essex brought to see him, who he was confident must know him ; and so he did, saying he would not, for a world, be one hour alone with him, so dangerous a man he was ; at which character Lord Essex was much confounded, having appeared so much before for him, and seemed to credit his informations. Another witness, he named, is sent for out of Ireland, where he is in gaol for horrid crimes ; they are both Tories, so was the fellow they pretend was poisoned, another villain also, for this person Lord Essex brought knows them all : this man was kept so private, none ever saw him since the messenger took him, but themselves, nor know what is become of him, but *those so happily informed as myself*. A lady *out of the city* told me it is certain there was

before the mayor yesterday examinations of some apprentices concerning a new plot, and that five did take their oaths it was to put the lords out of the Tower, and burn them and the Duchess of Portsmouth together : this is the latest design I hear of : if any other discoveries be made between this and Tuesday night, I hope I shall not fail to be your informer, and after that, that you will quickly be mine again : I long for it truly, my dear. Lady Southampton was to see the marquesse of Winchester to day : she says her lord will try how Bourbon waters agree with him before she goes : so my lady is to follow : she wants to go with him, she says ; I know who could not be so shook off. Now they say, none must come to court that sees the duke of Monmouth. The dinner at the club in the city has more angered the king than anything yet. Mr. Craford has stole a young woman worth 2000*l.* out of a window. Her mother had employed him to persuade her against a match she was not willing to consent to, and so he did most effectually. Miss (*their daughter*) says she means to write herself, so I have no messages ; but she knows not, I think, of this express ; for, truly, I had forgot it till, as I supped, they remembered me. I am so well pleased to be alone, and scribbling, that I never consider the matter. Pardon, my dear love (as you have a thousand other failings), all the nonsense of this, and accept the passionate, kind intentions of your

R. RUSSELL.

The painting cannot be done till Wednesday :

he can get no men to work. Lady Die is pretty well, they send me word from her house. Lauderdale is only troubled with rheumatism. It is so cold, I stirred not to-day to chapel.

LADY R. RUSSELL TO LORD W. RUSSELL.

London, June 12, 1680.

MY dearest heart, flesh and blood cannot have a truer and greater sense of their own happiness than your poor but honest wife has. I am glad you find Stratton so sweet; may you live to do so one fifty years more; and, if God pleases, I shall be glad I may keep your company most of these years, unless you wish other at any time; then I think I could willingly leave all in the world, knowing you would take care of our brats: they are both well; and your great one's letter she hopes came to you. Charlton dined at Lord Leicester's to-day with the great men, yet brings no news. The three chits go down to Althorpe, if they can be spared. There is great talk of a new plot. Duke Monmouth, Lord Shaftesbury, and many concerned. Lord Essex named one: in a few days we shall know what can be made out. Sister Northumberland and Lady Mary are here, and also Charlton; so that the chat is not in a low voice; and they stay to call for ombra, a less pleasing exercise. I hope you think it is to your ever obedient and affectionate wife,

R. RUSSELL.

LADY R. RUSSELL TO LORD W. RUSSELL.

London, 6th September, 1680.

My girls and I being just risen from dinner, Miss Rachael followed me into my chamber, and seeing me take the pen and ink, asked me what I was going to do. I told her I was going to write to her papa. "So will I," said she; "and while you write, I will think what I have to say;" and truly, before I could write one word, she came and told me she had done; so I set down her words; and she is hard at the business, as I am not, one would conclude, by the pertinence of this beginning: but my dear man has taken me for better and worse in all conditions, and knows my soul to him; so expressions are but a pleasure to myself, not him, who believes better things of me than my ill rhetoric will induce him to do by my words. To this minute I am not one jot wiser as to intelligence (whatever other improvements my study has made me), but I hope the afternoon's conversation will better me that way. Lady Shaftesbury sends me word, if her lord continues as well as he was this morning, I shall see her; and my sister was visiting yesterday. I will suck the honey from them all, if they be communicative. I have not seen Allington; Mr. James had a gentle fit, no cold, and is pretty well to-day; if it holds, he sends me word. Pray talk of his nurae, that she that is, may not be thought the occasion of my not liking her. I have staid till Mr. Cheeke is come in, and he helps me to

nothing but a few half crowns, I expect, at backgammon; unless he may read my letter, he vows he would tell me none, if he knew any; and doubting it is not worth his perusal, I hasten to shut it up. Lord Shaftesbury was alone, so his lady came not. I hear my sister and Lady Harvey went thither this afternoon; but she has not called here to-night. Your birds came safe to feast us to-morrow. I am yours, my dear love,

R. RUSSELL.

LADY R. RUSSELL TO LORD W. RUSSELL.

London, September 17, 1680.

THOSE moments of true pleasure I proposed, at the opening of your letter, were hugely disappointed; first, when I found less than one would dispatch in the reading of it; and secondly, yet more, that I could not prolong my delight, as usual, by reflections on those expressions I receive as the joy of my unworthy life, which can never be very miserable in any accident of it, whilst my affectionate heart can think you mine, as I do now. But your headache over night, and a dinner at Bedford the next day, gives me more than ordinary longings for a new report of your health, in this crazy time. The maid, in our house, died last night. Poor Lord Shaftesbury continues ill. As I was at dinner yesterday, the doctor, coming to the maid, was sent for to him, so I did not see him, to inquire what he thought of him; though I fancy it was the first

time he had been sent for, and so he knew nothing of his condition. I doubt he had a double fit yesterday, as I can understand by messages. He has taken the Jesuits' powder five times since yesterday morning. Lord Halifax came to town on Thursday, and next morning his coach stood at Sir Thomas Chitcley's. The town says he is to hear all sides, and then choose wisely. He kissed the duchess's (*Portsmouth*) hand last night ; and she is gone this morning to tell the news at Newmarket (*to the king*). My brother James walked over to-day to show me how fair he looks, now he has a swelled face ; but talks of Woburn on Monday, hating the place he has been sick in. Lady Newport, my sister Allington tells me, is ill : was taken with a coldness in her head, and drowsiness ; but was better to day, and talks cheerfully. Lord Lauderdale, it is plain, his humble servants say, is not out of favour, but, being weary of business, transfers it to a son-in-law. My sister Allington desires you to bring her some larks from Dunstable. I forgot to send her of mine ; so have not confessed I had any, unless she hears otherwise of them. Sir John Barnardistone, at Hackney, that was cut for the stone, is dead. Dispose, I beseech you, of my duty and service, and all other ways, as you please, in all particulars, of your ever faithful, obedient, passionately affectionate wife,

R. RUSSELL.

LADY R. RUSSELL TO LORD W. RUSSELL.

London, March, 1681.

I HOPE my dearest did not interpret amiss any action of mine from seven o'clock Thursday night to nine on Friday morning ; I am certain I had sufficient punishment for the ill conduct I used, of the short time then left us to spend together, without so terrible an addition : besides, I was really sorry I could not scribble as you told me you designed I should, not only that I might please myself with remembering I had done you some little service at parting, but possibly I might have prevailed for the laying by a smart word or so, which will now pass current, unless you will oblige a wife, after eleven years, by making such a sacrifice to her now and then, upon occasions offered. I hope, as I write this, you are safe near Oxford*, though it is not noon ; but being to meet Lady Inchiquin at dinner at Montague House, I thought this the best time to dispatch this affair with pleasure. If any thing offers itself, fit to be inserted, I shall gladly do it ; but I doubt it. Charlton, going to-day to his lady's at Barnet, he promised me, if he knew any thing before he set out, he would impart it. Lord Cavendish keeps a soldier at his back † still. Vendôme, another nephew, is come over ; so they say he shall take Lord

* The parliament met this year at Oxford, on March the twenty-first.

† This must probably have been to prevent an intended duel from some dispute at play.

Cavendish's concern; but fighting must be in the end: what Lord Mordant has done can never be put up; nor he will not submit. We conclude nothing but the great earl of Aylesbury can assist this matter: he must come up of necessity.

The report of our nursery, I humbly praise God, is very good. Master (*her son*) improves really, I think, every day. Sure he is a goodly child; the more I see of others, the better he appears: I hope God will give him life and virtue: misses and their mamma walked yesterday after dinner to see their cousin Alington. Miss Kate wished she might see him*; so I gratified her little person. Unless I see cause to add a note, this is all at this time from yours only entirely,

R. RUSSELL.

Look to your pockets: a printed paper says you will have fine papers put into them, and then witnesses to swear.

LADY R. RUSSELL TO LORD W. RUSSELL.

Stratton, 1681. Thursday morning.

A MESSENGER, bringing things from Alsford this morning, gives me the opportunity of sending this by the post. If he will leave it at Frimley, it will let you know we are all well; if he does not, it may let such know it as do not care, but satisfy no one's curiosity in any other point; for, having said thus much, I am ready to conclude,

* A new born son of Lady Alington's.

with this one secret, first, that as thy precious self is the most endearing husband, I believe, in the world, so I am the most grateful wife, and my heart most gladly passionate in its returns. Now you have all, for this time, from your

R. RUSSELL.

Boy is asleep, girls singing abed. Lord Marquis (*of Winchester*) sent a compliment yesterday, that he heard one of the girls had the measles; and if I would remove the rest, he would leave his house at an hour's warning. I hope you deliver my service to Mr. James.

LADY R. RUSSELL TO LORD W. RUSSELL.

Stratton, 20th September, 1681.

To see any body preparing and taking their way to see what I long to do a thousand times more than they, makes me not endure to suffer their going, without saying something to my best life; though it is a kind of anticipating my joy when we shall meet, to allow myself so much before the time: but I confess I feel a great deal, that, though I left London with great reluctance (as it is easy to persuade men a woman does), yet that I am not like to leave Stratton with greater. They will tell you how well I got hither, and how well I found our dear treasure here: your boy will please you; you will, I think, find him improved, though I tell you so beforehand. They fancy he wanted you; for as soon as I alighted he followed, calling papa; but, I suppose, it is

the word he has most command of; so was not disengaged by the little fellow. The girls were fine, in remembrance of the happy twenty-ninth of September*; and we drank your health, after a red deer pie; and at night your girls and I supped on a sack posset: nay, master (*her son*) would have his room; and for haste burnt his fingers in the posset; but he does but rub his hands for it. It is the most glorious weather here that ever was seen. The coach shall meet you at the cabbage garden: be there by eight o'clock, or a little after; though I guess you can hardly be there so soon, day breaks so late; and indeed the mornings are so misty, it is not wholesome to be in the air so early. I do propose going to my neighbour Worsley to-day. I would fain be telling my heart more things—any thing to be in a kind of talk with him; but, I believe, Spencer stays for my dispatch: he was willing to go early; but this was to be the delight of this morning, and the support of the day. It is performed in bed, thy pillow at my back; where thy dear head shall lie, I hope, to-morrow night, and many more, I trust in his mercy, notwithstanding all our enemies or ill wishers. Love, and be willing to be loved by,

R. RUSSELL.

I have not seen your brother; yet I wish matters go well.

* Lord Russell's birth-day.

LADY R. RUSSELL TO LORD W. RUSSELL.

Stratton; 20th October, 1681. Saturday night.

THE hopes I have, my dearest life, that this will be the concluding epistle, for this time, makes me undertake it with more cheerfulness than my others. We are very busy in preparing, and full of expectation to see a coach come for us: just at twelve this morning I heard one was not altogether so welcome as Mr. Whithead will be: it proved Lady Worsley; but miss, who had me by the hand, would not quit it, but led me to her dinner, and told my Lady Worsley I said I would dine with her; then she would dine there too; and miss consented she should: so we took your table to my chamber, and pleased all parties, I hope, I being so, now it is over. I put her to work as soon as we had eaten. We laid up all your pears: I intend them to go by Monday's carrier. Your hawks we know not what to do with, but stay they must, I say, till we are gone, and horses come back; but your new dog I hope you will think of, for what to do with him I know not: I have a mind to have him led along with the waggon; for then he will be safe going through towns, and Betty Forster may take care of him at nights; but I hope you will tell us your mind to-morrow, if you can think of any thing but parliamentary affairs. I pray God direct all your consultations there; and, my dearest dear, you guess my mind. A word to *the wise*. I never longed more earnestly to be *with you*, for whom I have a thousand kind and

grateful thoughts. You know of whom I learned this expression ; if I could have found one more fit to speak the passion of my soul, I should send it you with joy ; but I submit with great content to imitate, but never shall attain to any equality, except that of sincerity : and I will ever be (by God's grace) what I ought, and profess, thy faithful, affectionate, and obedient wife,

R. RUSSELL.

I seal not this till Sunday morning, that you might know all is well then. Miss sends me word she is so, and hopes to see papa quickly ; so does one more.

LADY R. RUSSELL TO LORD W. RUSSELL.

Stratton, November, 1681. - Monday, ten o'clock.
I HAVE felt one true delight this morning already, being just come from our nurseries, and now am preparing for another : these being my true moments of pleasure, till the presence of my dearest life is before my eyes again : how I long for it I will not go about to tell you ; nor how I take your abusing me about my perfections : you should leave those things to your brother to say when occasion serves. On Friday, he may know how soon he may be put to his best language * ; for Wednesday is the day of trial, and the report to be made on Friday ; but now we have choice of old and young. There is a young, handsome, well-natured, discreet gentlewoman, solely at the

* This seems to have been, either in jest or earnest, some intended proposal of marriage to be made by Mr. James Russell,

disposal of Mr. W., with 7000*l.*, a Lady Nines' daughter, here in the west. I name her, because possibly you may see somebody may have known something of them; and this coming by the carrier, I thought it would make no discovery. I put a note into the box of pears last night, intending then not to write to-day; but I have no power to let it alone; and, as an inducement to myself to make it more reasonable, I consider I need not send again to-morrow to Basingstoke, since you will have both on Wednesday morning; that is, unless there should be any change, as I trust in God there will not; so that look for no news by the post: if there be any cause, you shall hear. The pears, I sent you word how they are distinguished: all the south are in paper and linen. I am something discouraged as to good news, you having had Sir William* so long, and give me not a word of comfort; nor, truly, I found none in the news-letter, but increase of witnesses against Lord Shaftesbury. My service to the ladies that met you. Poor Lady Shaftesbury writes me word, she finds her brother the same man. No fault must be found with the ministers, though they feel the sad effects of their malice and cruelty. The carrier is ready to go: he promises, by twelve o'clock, to be with you. Your's entirely,

R. RUSSELL.

Miss brings me her mite; but there has been almost wet eyes about it; she thinks it so ill done †.

* Sir W. Jones, who had been attorney general.

† A letter from the child is enclosed.

LADY R. RUSSELL TO LORD W. RUSSELL.

Stratton, November 22, 1681.

As often as you are absent, we are taught, by experience, who gives life to this house and family ; but we dodge on in a dull way, as well as we can. Our eldest master (*Mr. James Russell*) walks contentedly to Mitcheldever and back again, then talks with Richard, then sits down to a woodcock and toasts : but the highest gusto I find he has, is going to bed at ten, and expecting to sleep there till eleven next morning, without being disturbed ; which he was in fear not to do when you are at home ; and he complains you are not content to wake him, but throw off his clothes to boot. I think he expects a return to his visit before he makes another*. This is a day of care ; for Richard is gone upon Dun, both to the he and she : so at night we expect to know something ; then he will spur up that way, I suppose. If the mountain come not to us, Mahomet will go to it. I just come from our little master : he is very well ; so I left him, and saw your girls a lacing. Miss Kate says, Sure papa is upon the road. I wish for Wednesday, that I may know if I am to hope he will be so this week. If you should buy the new stuff for my closet, do not let them make chairs : for now I think cane will do best in a small room. Pray remember the door be turned against the wood places in my chamber. One remembrance more,

* This, and what follows, again alludes to the proposal of marriage mentioned in the last letter.

my best life ; be wise as a serpent, harmless as a dove. So farewell, for this time, yours,

R. RUSSELL.

Mr. James and I desire Thomson* every week.

LADY R. RUSSELL TO LORD W. RUSSELL.

Stratton, September 25, 1682.

I STAID till I came from church, that I might, as late as I could, tell you all your concerns here are just as you left them. The young man as mad (*her son*), winking at me, and striking with his drumstick whatever comes to his reach. If I had written before church, whilst my morning draught was in my head, this might have entertained you better ; but, now those fumes are laid, I find my spirits more dull than usual, as I have more cause ; the much dearer and pleasanter part of my life being absent from me : I leave my Lord Russell to guess who that is. I had a letter last post from Mrs. Lacon : pray tell her so, and that you had the paper about the King of Poland† ; for she is very inquisitive to know, it being so new, she says Charlton had not seen it. I know nothing new since you went ; but I know, as certainly as I live, that I have been, for twelve years, as passionate a lover as ever woman was, and hope to be so one twelve years more ; happy still, and entirely yours,

R. RUSSELL.

* Probably a newspaper of that time.

† " This (says the editor of the Letters) was, probably, a report that the duke of York was to be made king of Poland." May it not be an allusion to Lord Shaftesbury, who was said to aspire to the Polish crown ? R. A. D.

**THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF SUNDERLAND.
TO THE EARL OF HALIFAX.**

June 20th, 1680.

WHAT measures soever you take of my kindness and good will, I fear, my dear lord, you cannot but think me impertinent in writing so many letters to you. By this post you will receive my son's desire to meet him: on Tuesday he intends to go. He says you will, he knows, be well satisfied with what is already done and intended. My brother Harry will go to Althorpe: he longs to see you, he says, and more of your friends: I saw them both yesterday, and they told me so. My son had a sore mouth that vexed him, with the ill news from Tangiers, that the fort is taken. Our men must get it back again: a terrible scene, they say, that will be. My Lord Middleton is to go to the emperor as envoy. I am told by our ministers we are assured of his declaring at the Diet to be in league with us and the Dutch; and my brother says, he does not doubt but, by Michaelmas, almost all the princes of Europe will do so too. He says, that from this city did come letters to the States of Holland, to persuade them not to make a league with us; for we were in so ill condition by the divisions amongst ourselves, if they quitted France for us, they were ruined. This did stagger them awhile. It is certain the mutineers[†] are out of their wits, and may be ashamed of the lies they have told: either they

* This lady was the Sacharissa celebrated by Waller.

† Thus the courtiers of that day called those in opposition to their measures.

have so ill intelligence, that they cannot for that be fit for great undertakings, or too little truth to be so. Sir William Jones invited my brother Harry to dinner; and he told him some of the truths he will tell you. The man lifted up his eyes and hands in such a wonder, as if he had been in the Indies; and he tells nothing but what was known from him before; but they said it was all lies and cheat: now they cannot deny it, they are turning it to ill consequence. Yesterday my brother Smith dined at my Lord Shaftesbury's, and thought him pettish and out of humour extremely. Mr. Hampden came in before dinner, and said, "My lord, have we a league with the Dutch?"—"Yes," says my lord. Says Hampden, "This will be all turned against us: we shall have the Prince of Orange with an army here." They are so mad, they know not what they say. He whispered to my Lord Shaftesbury, and Smith heard him say, "I am afraid this will fool the Parliament." These are good Englishmen and Protestants! I have been too long upon politics, considering that you will know more in a few days than I shall do this twelve-month, by those who will tell you true, that I am ashamed I have written so much. I am never better pleased than when I am told those things will be done that my Lord Halifax will approve; for then I am sure that is good for the nation; and my son being for those ways too, is a satisfaction to me. Tom Pelham and Ned Montague are so out of countenance for the lies they have told me, and not believing the truths I told them, they believe every word my brother Harry says.

Here is my secret ; I fear Mr. Pierpoint will not prove a good husband : he is yet fond of her, but so unquiet in his house, and so miserable, the servants say, in all that is not for show, that they are all weary, and coming away. He calls the women all the ill names that are, and meddles with every thing in the kitchen much. I have not spoken with her alone a great while. All this is at Montague's, and will soon be every where. Yesterday, I heard he would put away her woman, for saying, God bless her mistress, she would be glad never to see her master again. She is very melancholy ; but there is not a word of dislike to any thing of her behaviour. I believe she does not know what to do in a house. The King was yesterday here, though the day before there was a council at Windsor. My Lord President was there, and my Lord of Essex. My dear lord, though the length of my letter does not show the great haste I am in, the sense will. I am, yours, with all the affection you can think,

D. S.

WILLIAM PENN TO THE INDIANS.

1689.

THERE is a great God, and power, which hath made the world, and all things therein, to whom you and I, and all people owe their being and well being, and to whom you and I must one day give an account for all that we have done in this world.

This great God has written his law in our

hearts, by which we are taught and commanded to love, and to keep, and to do good to one another. Now this great God hath been pleased to make me concerned in your part of the world ; and the king of the country where I live hath given me a great province therein : but I desire to enjoy it with your love and consent, that we may always live together as neighbours and friends ; else what would the great God do to us, who hath made us (not to devour and destroy one another but) to live soberly and kindly together in the world ? Now I would have you well observe, that I am very sensible of the unkindness and injustice which have been too much exercised towards you by the people of these parts of the world, who have sought themselves to make great advantages by you, rather than to be examples of goodness and patience unto you. This I hear hath been a matter of trouble unto you, and caused great grudging and animosities, sometimes to the shedding of blood ; which hath made the great God angry. But I am not such a man, as is well known in my own country. I have a great love and regard to you, and desire to win and gain your love and friendship by a kind, just, and peaceable life ; and the people I send you are of the same mind, and shall in all things behave themselves accordingly ; and if in any thing any shall offend you or your people, you shall have a full and speedy satisfaction for the same, by an equal number of just men on both sides, that by no means you may have just occasion of being offended against them.

I shall shortly come to see you myself, at

which time we may more largely and freely confer and discourse of these matters. In the mean time I have sent my commissioners to treat with you about land, and a firm league of peace. Let me desire you to be kind to them and to the people, and to receive the presents and tokens which I have sent you as a testimony of my good will to you, and of my resolution to live justly, peaceably, and friendly with you.

I am, your loving friend,

WILLIAM PENN.

DR. TILLOTSON TO THE DUKE OF SHREWS-BURY.

MY LORD,

IT was a great satisfaction to me to be any ways instrumental in the gaining your lordship to our religion*, which I am really persuaded to be the truth. But I am, and always was, more concerned, that your lordship would continue a virtuous and good man than become a Protestant, being assured that the ignorance and errors of men's understanding will find a much easier forgiveness with God than the faults of the will. I remember that your lordship once told me, that you would endeavour to justify the sincerity of your change by a conscientious regard to all other parts and actions of your life. I am sure you cannot more effectually condemn your own act than by being a worse man after your profession

* The Duke of Shrewsbury was bred in the Roman Catholic religion, from which he was converted, chiefly by the arguments of Dr. Tillotson.

to have embraced a better religion. I will certainly be one of the last to believe any thing of your lordship that is not good; but I always feared I should be one of the first that should hear it. The time I last waited upon your lordship, I had heard something that afflicted me very sensibly; but I hoped it was not true, and was therefore loath to trouble your lordship about it. But having heard the same from those who, I believe, bear no ill will to your lordship, I now think it my duty to acquaint you with it. To speak plainly, I have been told, that your lordship is of late fallen into a conversation dangerous both to your reputation and virtue, two of the tenderest and dearest things in the world. I believe your lordship to have a great command and conduct of yourself; but I am very sensible of human frailty, and of the dangerous temptations to which youth is exposed in this dissolute age. Therefore I earnestly beseech your lordship to consider, besides the high provocation of Almighty God, and the hazard of your soul, whenever you engage in a bad course, what a blemish you will bring upon a fair and unspotted reputation, what uneasiness and trouble you will create to yourself from the severe reflections of a guilty conscience; and how great a violence you will offer to your good principles, your nature, and your education, and to a mind the best made for virtuous and worthy things. And do not imagine you can stop when you please. Experience shows us the contrary, and that nothing is more vain than for men to think they can set bounds to themselves in any thing that is bad. I

hope in God, no temptation has yet prevailed on your lordship so far as to be guilty of any loose act. If it has, as you love your soul, let it not proceed to a habit. The retreat is yet easy and open, but will every day become more difficult and obstructed. God is so merciful, that upon your repentance and resolution of amendment, he is not only ready to forgive what is past, but to assist us by his grace to do better for the future. But I need not enforce these considerations upon a mind so capable of, and easy to receive good counsel. I shall only desire your lordship to think, again and again, how great a point of wisdom it is, in all our actions, to consult the peace of our minds, and to have no quarrel with the constant and inseparable companion of our lives. If others displease us, we may quit their company; but he that is displeased with himself is unavoidably unhappy because he has no way to get rid of himself.

My lord, for God's sake, and your own, think of being happy, and resolve by all means to save yourself from this untoward generation. Determine rather upon a speedy change of your condition than to gratify the inclinations of your youth in any thing but what is lawful and honourable; and let me have the satisfaction to be assured from your lordship, either that there has been no ground for this report; or that there shall be none for the future; which will be the welcomest news to me in the world. I have only to beg of your lordship to believe, that I have not done this to satisfy the formality of my profession; but that it proceeds from the truest affection and good

will, that one man can possibly bear to another. I pray God every day for your lordship, with the same constancy and fervour as for myself, and do most earnestly beg that this counsel may be acceptable and effectual. I am, &c.

DR. TILLOTSON TO MR. NICHOLAS HUNT.

SIR,

Edmonton, Jan. 16, 1688.

I AM sorry to understand by Mr. Janeway's letter to my son, that your distemper grows upon you, and that you seem to decline so fast. I am very sensible how much easier it is to give advice against trouble, in the case of another, than to take it in our own.

It hath pleased God to exercise me of late with a very sore trial in the loss of my dear and only child, in which I do perfectly submit to his good pleasure, firmly believing that he always does that which is best. And yet, though reason be satisfied, our passion is not so soon appeased; and, when nature has received a wound, time must be allowed for the healing of it. Since that God hath thought fit to give me a nearer summons, and a closer warning of my own mortality, in the danger of an apoplexy; which yet, I thank God for it, hath occasioned no very melancholy reflexions. But this, perhaps, is more owing to natural temper than philosophy and wise consideration.

Your case I know is very different, who are of a *temper* naturally melancholy, and under a dis-

temper apt to increase it; for both which, great allowances ought to be made. And yet, methinks, both reason and religion do offer us considerations of that solidity and strength, as may very well support our spirits under all frailties and infirmities of the flesh; such as these:

That God is perfect love and goodness; that we are not only his creatures, but his children, and as dear to him as to ourselves; that he does not afflict willingly, or grieve the children of men; and that all evils and afflictions, which befall us, are intended for the cure and prevention of greater evils of sin and punishment; and therefore we ought not only to submit to them with patience, as being deserved by us, but to receive them with thankfulness, as being designed by him to do us that good, and to bring us to that sense of him and ourselves, which nothing else would perhaps have done: that the sufferings of this present time are but short and light, compared with that extreme and endless misery, which we have deserved, and with that "exceeding and eternal weight of glory" which we hope for in the other world: that, if we be careful to make the best preparations for death and eternity, whatever brings us nearer to our end brings us nearer to our happiness; and how rugged soever the way be, the comfort is that it leads us to our Father's house, where we shall want nothing that we can wish. When we labour under a dangerous distemper which threatens our life, what would we not be content to bear, in order to a perfect recovery, could we but be assured of it? And should we not be willing to endure much more, in order to

perfect happiness and that eternal life which God, that "cannot lie," hath promised? Nature, I know, is fond of life, and apt to be still lingering after a long continuance here. And yet a long life, with the usual burthens and infirmities of it, is seldom desirable. It is but the same thing over again, or worse; so many more nights and days, summers and winters, a repetition of the same pleasures, but with less pleasure and relish every day; a return of the same or greater pain and trouble, but with less strength and patience to bear them.

These and the like considerations I use to entertain myself withal, not only with contentment but comfort, though with great inequality of temper at several times, and with much mixture of human frailties, which will always stick to us while we are in this world. However, by these kinds of thoughts death will become more familiar to us, and we shall be able by degrees to bring our minds close to it without starting at it. The greatest tenderness I find in myself is with regard to some near relations, especially the dear and constant companion of my life, which, I must confess, doth very sensibly touch me. But then I consider, and so I hope will they also, that this separation will be but a very little while; and that though I shall leave them in a bad world, yet under the care and protection of a good God, who can be more and better to them than all other relations, and will certainly be so to those that love him and hope in his mercy.

I shall not advise you what to do, and what *use to make* of this time of your visitation. I

have reason to believe, that you have been careful in the time of your health to prepare for the evil day, and have been conversant in those books which give the best directions to this purpose; and have not, as too many do, put off the great work of your life to the end of it. And then you have nothing to do but, as well as you can under your present weakness and pains, to renew your repentance for all the errors and miscarriages of your life, and earnestly to beg God's pardon and forgiveness of them for his sake, who is the propitiation for our sins: to comfort yourself in the goodness and promises of God, and the hope of that happiness you are ready to enter into; and, in the meantime, to exercise faith and patience for a little while. And be of good courage, since you see land. The storm which you are in will soon be over; and then it will be as if it had never been, or rather the remembrance of it will be pleasant.

I do not use to write such long letters; but I do heartily compassionate your case, and I should be glad if I could suggest any thing that might help to mitigate your trouble, and make that sharp and rugged way, through which you are to pass into a better world, a little more smooth and easy. I pray God to fit us both for that great change, which we must once undergo; and, if we be but in any good measure fit for it, sooner or later makes no great difference. I commend you to the "Father of all mercies, and the God of all consolation," beseeching him to increase your faith and patience, and to stand by you in your last and great conflict: that, "when you walk

through the valley of the shadow of death, you may fear no evil;" and when your heart fails, and your strength fails, you may find him "the strength of your heart and your portion for ever."

Farewell, my good friend; and whilst we are here let us pray for one another, that we may have a joyful meeting in another world. I rest, sir, your truly affectionate friend and servant,

J. TILLOTSON.

ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON TO BISHOP BURNET.

MY LORD, Lambeth House, Oct. 23, 1694.

I HAVE with great pleasure and satisfaction read over the great volume* you sent me, and am astonished to see so vast a work begun and finished in so short a time. In the article of the Trinity you have said all that, I think, can be said upon so obscure and difficult an argument. The Socinians have just now published an answer to us all; but I have not had a sight of it. The negative articles against the church of Rome you have very fully explained, and with great learning and judgment. Concerning these you will meet with no opposition among ourselves. The greatest danger was to be apprehended from the points in difference between the Calvinists and Remonstrants, in which you have shown not only great skill and moderation, but great prudence in contending yourself to represent both sides impartially, without any positive declaration of your

* The Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England.

own judgment. The account given of Athanasius's creed seems to me nowise satisfactory. I wish we were well rid of it. I pray God long to preserve your lordship to do more such services to the church. I am, my lord, yours most affectionate,

JO. CANT.

JOHN DRYDEN TO HIS COUSIN.

To the fair hands of Madam Honor Dryden these crave admittance.

MADAM,

Camb. May 23, 1655.

If you have received the lines I sent by the reverend Levite, I doubt not but they have exceedingly wrought upon you; for being so long in a clergyman's pocket, assuredly they have acquired more sanctity than their author meant them. Alas, madam! for aught I know, they may become a sermon ere they could arrive at you; and believe it, having you for the text, it could scarcely prove bad, if it light upon one that could handle it indifferently. But I am so miserable a preacher, that though I have so sweet and copious a subject, I still fall short in my expressions; and instead of an use of thanksgiving, I am always making one of comfort, that I may one day again have the happiness to kiss your fair hand; but that is a message I would not so willingly do by letter, as by word of mouth.

This is a point, I must confess, I could willingly dwell longer on; and in this case whatever I say you may confidently take for gospel. But I must hasten. And indeed, madam (beloved X

had almost said), he had need hasten who treats of you ; for to speak fully to every part of your excellencies, requires a longer hour than most parsons have allotted them. But, in a word, yourself hath been the best expositor upon the text of your own worth, in that admirable comment you wrote upon it ; I mean your incomparable letter. By all that's good (and you, madam, are a great part of my oath), it hath put me so far besides myself, that I have scarce patience to write prose, and my pen is stealing into verse every time I kiss your letter. I am sure the poor paper smarts for my idolatry ; which, by wearing it continually near my breast, will at last be burnt and martyred in those flames of adoration which it hath kindled in me. But I forget, madam, what rarities your letter came fraught with, besides words. You are such a deity that commands worship by providing the sacrifice. You are pleased, madam, to force me to write, by sending me materials, and compel me to my greatest happiness. Yet, though I highly value your magnificent present, pardon me, if I must tell the world they are imperfect emblems of your beauty ; for the white and red of wax and paper are but shadows of the vermillion and snow in your lips and forehead ; and the silver of the inkhorn, if it presume to vie whiteness with your purer skin, must confess itself blacker than the liquor it contains. What do I then more than retrieve your own gifts, and present you with that paper, adulterated with *blots*, which you gave spotless ?

For, since 'twas mine, the white hath lost its hue,
To show 'twas ne'er itself, but whilst in you :
The virgin wax hath blusht itself to red,
Since it with me hath lost its maidenhead.
You, fairest nymph, are wax : oh ! may you be
As well in softness, as in purity !
Till fate and your own happy choice reveal,
Whom you so far shall bless, to make your seal.

Fairest Valentine, the unfeigned wish of your
humble votary,

JO. DRYDEN.

JOHN DRYDEN TO JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF
ROCHESTER.

MY LORD,

Tuesday [July, 1673].

I HAVE accused myself this month together for
not writing to you. I have called myself by the
names I deserved, of unmannerly and ungrateful:
I have been uneasy and taken up the resolutions
of a man who is betwixt sin and repentance, con-
vinced of what he ought to do, and yet unable
to do better. At the last I deferred it so long,
that I almost grew hardened in the neglect; and
thought I had suffered so much in your good
opinion, that it was in vain to hope I could
redeem it. So dangerous a thing it is to be in-
clined to sloth, that I must confess once for all, I
was ready to quit all manner of obligations, and
to receive, as if it were my due, the most hand-
some compliment, couched in the best language I
have read, and this too from my lord of Rochester,
without showing myself sensible of the favour.

If your lordship could condescend so far to say all those things to me, which I ought to have said to you, it might reasonably be concluded that you had enchanted me to believe those praises, and that I owned them in my silence. It was this consideration that moved me at last to put off my idleness. And now the shame of seeing myself overpaid so much for an ill dedication, has made me almost repent of my address. I find it is not for me to contend any way with your lordship, who can write better on the meanest subject, than I can on the best. I have only engaged myself in a new debt, when I had hoped to cancel a part of the old one; and should either have chosen some other patron, whom it was in my power to have obliged by speaking better of him than he deserved, or have made your lordship only a hearty dedication of the respect and honour I had for you, without giving you the occasion to conquer me, as you have done, at my own weapon.

My only relief is, that what I have written is public, and I am so much my own friend as to conceal your lordship's letter; for that which would have given vanity to any other poet, has only given me confusion.

You see, my lord, how far you have pushed me: I dare not own the honour you have done me, for fear of showing it to my own disadvantage. You are that *rerum natura* of your own Lucretius:—

Ipsa suis pollens opibus, nihil indiga nostri.

You are above any incense I can give you,

and have all the happiness of an idle life, joined with the good nature of an active. Your friends in town are ready to envy the leisure you have given yourself in the country ; though they know you are only their steward, and that you treasure up but so much health as you intend to spend on them in winter. In the meantime you have withdrawn yourself from attendance, the curse of courts ; you may think on what you please, and that as little as you please ; for, in my opinion, thinking itself is a kind of pain to a witty man : he finds so much more in it to disquiet than to please him. But I hope your lordship will not omit the occasion of laughing at the great duke of Buckingham, who is so uneasy to himself by pursuing the honour of lieutenant-general, which flies him, that he can enjoy nothing he possesses ; though at the same time he is so unfit to command an army, that he is the only man in the three nations who does not know it : yet he still piques himself, like his father, to find another Isle of Rhé in Zealand ; thinking this disappointment an injury to him, which is indeed a favour, and will not be satisfied but with his own ruin and with ours. 'Tis a strange quality in a man to love idleness so well as to destroy his estate by it ; and yet at the same time to pursue so violently the most toilsome and most unpleasant part of business. These observations would soon run into lampoon, if I had not forsworn that dangerous part of wit ; not so much out of good nature, but lest, from the inborn vanity of poets, I should show it to others, and betray myself to a worse mischief than what

I do to my enemy. This has been lately the case of Ethereza; who translating a satire of Boileau's, and changing the French names for English, read it so often, that it came to their ears who were concerned; and forced him to leave off the design, ere it was half finished. Two of the verses I remember:—

I call a spade a spade ; Eaton a bully ;
Frampton a pimp ; and brother John a cully.

But one of his friends imagined these names not enough for the dignity of a satire, and changed them thus :—

I call a spade a spade ; Dunbar, a bully ;
Brounckard, a pimp ; and Aubrey Vere, a cully.

Because I deal not in satire, I have sent your lordship a prologue and epilogue which I made for our players, when they went down to Oxford. I hear they have succeeded ; and by the event your lordship will judge how easy 'tis to pass any thing upon an university, and how gross flattery the learned will endure. If your lordship had been in town, and I in the country, I durst not have entertained you with three pages of a letter ; but I know they are very ill things that can be tedious to a man who is fourscore miles from Covent Garden. 'Tis upon this confidence that I dare almost promise to entertain you with a thousand *bagatelles* every week, and not to be serious in any part of my letter but that wherein I take leave to call myself your lordship's most obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

JOHN DRYDEN TO LAURENCE HYDE, EARL OF ROCHESTER.

MY LORD,

[Perhaps August, 1663.]

I KNOW not whether my Lord Sunderland has interceded with your lordship for half a year of my salary ; but I have two other advocates, my extreme wants, even almost to arresting, and my ill health, which cannot be repaired without immediate retiring into the country. A quarter's allowance is but the Jesuits' powder to my decease ; the fit will return a fortnight hence. If I durst, I would plead a little merit, and some hazards of my life from the common enemies ; my refusing advantages offered by them, and neglecting my beneficial studies, for the king's service : but I only think I merit not to starve. I never applied myself to any interest contrary to your lordship's ; and on some occasions, perhaps not known to you, have not been unserviceable to the memory and reputation of my lord, your father. After this, my lord, my conscience assures me I may write boldly, though I cannot speak to you. I have three sons growing to man's estate ; I breed them all up to learning, beyond my fortune ; but they are too hopeful to be neglected, though I want. Be pleased to look upon me with an eye of compassion : some small employment would render my condition easy. The king is not unsatisfied of me ; the duke has often promised me his assistance ; and your lordship is the conduit through which their favours pass : either in the customs, or the appeals of

the excise, or some other way, means cannot be wanting, if you please to have the will. 'Tis enough for one age to have neglected Mr. Cowley, and starved Mr. Butler; but neither had the happiness to live till your lordship's ministry. In the mean time, be pleased to give me a gracious and speedy answer to my present request of half a year's pension for my necessities. I am going to write somewhat by his majesty's command, and cannot stir into the country for my health and studies, till I secure my family from want. You have many petitions of this nature, and cannot satisfy all; but I hope, from your goodness, to be made an exception to your general rules, because I am, with all sincerity, your lordship's most obedient, humble servant,

JOHN DRYDEN,

JOHN DRYDEN TO JACOB TONSON,

MR. TONSON. Monday morning [Sept. 1684].

THE two melons you sent I received before your letter, which came four hours after : I tasted one of them, which was too good to need an excuse ; the other is yet untouched. You have written divers things which gave me great satisfaction ; particularly that the History of the League is commended : and I hope the only thing I penned in it is not found out. Take it altogether, and I dare say without vanity, 'tis the best translation of any history in English, though I cannot say 'tis the best history ; but this is no fault of mine. I am glad my lord duke of Ormond has one : I

did not forget him, but I thought his own sorrows were too fresh upon him to receive a present of that nature. For my Lord Roscommon's Essay, I am of your opinion, that you should reprint it, and that you may safely venture on a thousand more. In my verses before it, pray let the printer mend his error, and let the line stand thus:

That here his conquering ancestors were nursed.

Charles his copy is all true. The other faults my Lord Roscommon will mend in the book, or Mr. Chetwood for him, if my lord be gone for Ireland; of which pray send me word.

Your opinion of the Miscellanies is likewise mine: I will for once lay by the Religio Laici till another time. But I must also add, that since we are to have nothing but new, I am resolved we will have nothing but good, whom-ever we may disoblige. You will have of mine four odes of Horace, which I have already translated; another small translation of forty lines from Lucretius; the whole story of Nisus and Euryalus, both in the fifth and ninth of Virgil's Eneids: and I care not who translates them beside me; for let him be friend or foe, I will please myself, and not give off in consideration of any man. There will be forty lines more of Virgil in another place, to answer those of Lucretius: I mean those very lines which Montague has compared in those two poets; and Homer shall sleep on for me,—I will not now meddle with him. And for the act which remains of the opera, I believe I shall have no leisure to

mind it, after I have done what I proposed : for my business here is to unweary myself, after my studies, not to drudge.

I am very glad you have paid Mr. Jones, because he has carried himself so gentlemanlike to me ; and, if ever it lies in my power, I will requite it. I desire to know whether the Duke's House are making clothes and putting things in readiness for the singing opera, to be played immediately after Michaelmas. For the actors in the two plays which are to be acted of mine this winter, I had spoken with Mr. Betterton by chance at the coffeehouse the afternoon before I came away ; and I believe that the persons were all agreed on, to be just the same as you mentioned ; Octavia was to be Mrs. Butler, in case Mrs. Cooke went not on the stage : and I know not whether Mrs. Percival, who is a comedian, will do well for Benzayda.

I came hither for health, and had a kind of hectic fever for a fortnight of the time : I am now much better. Poor Jack is not yet recovered of an intermitting fever, of which this is the twelfth day ; but he mends, and now begins to eat flesh : to add to this, my man, with overcare of him, is fallen ill too, of the same distemper ; so that I am deep in doctors, 'pothecaries, and nurses : but though many in this country fall sick of fevers, few or none die. Your friend, Charles, continues well. If you have any extraordinary news, I should be glad to hear it. I will answer Mr. Butler's letter next week ; for it requires no haste. I am yours,

JOHN DRYDEN.

JOHN DRYDEN TO JACOB TONSON.

MR. TONSON,

August 30 [1693].

I AM much ashamed of myself, that I am so much behind with you in kindness. Above all things I am sensible of your good nature, in bearing me company to this place, wherein, besides the cost, you must needs neglect your own business ; but I will endeavour to make you some amends ; and therefore I desire you to command me something for your service. I am sure you thought my Lord Radcliffe * would have done something : I guessed more truly that he could not ; but I was too far engaged to desist ; though I was tempted to it, by the melancholic prospect I had of it. I have translated six hundred lines of Ovid ; but I believe I shall not compass his seven hundred and seventy-two lines under nine hundred more of mine. This time I cannot write to my wife, because he who is to carry my letter to Oundle, will not stay till I can write another. Pray, sir, let her know that I am well ; and for fear the few damsons should be all gone, desire her to buy me a sieve full, to preserve whole, and not in mash.

I intend to come up at least a week before Michaelmas ; for Sir Matthew is gone abroad, I suspect a wooing, and his caleche is gone with him : so that I have been but thrice at Tichmarsh, of which you were with me once. This disappointment makes the place wearisome to me, which otherwise would be pleasant.

* To whom the third Miscellany is dedicated.

About a fortnight ago I had an intimation from a friend, by a letter, that one of the secretaries, I suppose Trenchard, had informed the queen that I had abused her government (those were the words) in my epistle to my Lord Radcliffe; and that, thereupon, she had commanded her historiographer, Rymer, to fall upon my plays; which, he assures me, he is now doing. I doubt not his malice, from a former hint you gave me; and if he be employed, I am confident 'tis of his seeking; who, you know, has spoken slightly of me in his last critique: and that gave me occasion to snarl again. In your next, let me know what you can learn of this matter. I am Mr. Congreve's true lover, and desire you to tell him how kindly I take his often remembrances of me: I wish him all prosperity, and hope I shall never lose his affection; nor yours, sir, as being your most faithful, and much obliged servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

I had all your letters.—Sir Matthew had your book, when he came home last, and desired me to give you his acknowledgments.

JOHN DENNIS TO JOHN DRYDEN.

DEAR SIR,

March 3 [1693-4].

You may see already by this presumptuous greeting, that encouragement gives as much assurance to friendship as it imparts to love. You may see too, that a friend may sometimes proceed to acknowledge affection, by the very same degrees

by which a lover declares his passion. This last at first confesses esteem, yet owns no passion but admiration. But as soon as he is animated by one kind expression, his look, his style, and his very soul are altered. But as sovereign beauties know very well, that he who confesses he esteems and admires them, implies that he loves them, or is inclined to love them ; a person of Mr. Dryden's exalted genius can discern very well, that when we esteem him highly, 'tis respect restrains us if we say no more. For where great esteem is without affection, 'tis often attended with envy, if not with hate ; which passions detract even when they commend, and silence is their highest panegyric. 'Tis indeed impossible, that I should refuse to love a man who has so often given me all the pleasure that the most insatiable mind can desire : when at any time I have been dejected by disappointments, or tormented by cruel passions, the recourse to your verses has calmed my soul, or raised it to transports which made it contemn tranquillity. But though you have so often given me all the pleasure I was able to bear, I have reason to complain of you on this account, that you have confined my delight to a narrow compass. Suckling, Cowley, and Denham, who formerly ravished me in every part of them, now appear tasteless to me in most ; and Waller himself, with all his gallantry, and all that admirable art of his turns, appears three quarters prose to me. Thus 'tis plain, that your Muse has done me an injury ; but she has made me amends for it. For she is like those extraordinary women, who, besides the regularity of

their charming features, besides their engaging wit, have secret, unaccountable, enchanting graces; which though they have been long and often enjoyed, make them always new and always desirable.—I return you my most hearty thanks for your obliging letter. I had been very unreasonable if I had repined that the favour arrived no sooner. 'Tis allowable to grumble at the delaying a payment; but to murmur at the deferring a benefit is to be impudently ungrateful beforehand. The commendations which you give me exceedingly soothe my vanity. For you with a breath can bestow or confirm reputation; a whole numberless people proclaims the praise which you give, and the judgment of three mighty kingdoms appears to depend upon yours. The people gave me some little applause before; but to whom, when they are in the humour, will they not give it? and to whom, when they are froward, will they not refuse it? Reputation with them depends upon chance, unless they are guided by those above them. They are but the keepers, as it were, of the lottery which Fortune sets up for renown; upon which Fame is bound to attend with her trumpet, and sound when men draw the prizes. Thus I had rather have your approbation than the applause of Fame. Her commendation argues good luck, but Mr. Dryden's implies desert. Whatever low opinion I have hitherto had of myself, I have so great a value for your judgment, that, for the sake of that, I shall be willing henceforward to believe that I am not wholly desertless; but that you may find me still more supportable, I shall en-

deavour to compensate whatever I want in those glittering qualities, by which the world is dazzled, with truth, with faith, and with zeal to serve you ; qualities which, for their rarity, might be objects of wonder, but that men dare not appear to admire them, because their admiration would manifestly declare their want of them. Thus, sir, let me assure you that though you are acquainted with several gentlemen whose eloquence and wit may capacitate them to offer their service with more address to you, yet no one can declare himself, with greater cheerfulness, or with greater fidelity, or with more profound respect than myself, sir, your most, &c.

JOHN DENNIS.

JOHN DRYDEN TO MR. DENNIS.

[Probably March, 1693-4.]

MY DEAR MR. DENNIS,
WHEN I read a letter so full of my commendations as your last, I cannot but consider you as the master of a vast treasure, who having more than enough for yourself, are forced to ebb out upon your friends. You have indeed the best right to give them, since you have them in propriety ; but they are no more mine when I receive them, than the light of the moon can be allowed to be her own, who shines but by the reflexion of her brother. Your own poetry is a more powerful example, to prove that the modern writers may enter into comparison with the an-

cients, than any which Perrault could produce in France ; yet neither he, nor you, who are a better critic, can persuade me that there is any room left for a solid commendation at this time of day, at least for me.

If I undertake the translation of Virgil, the little which I can perform will show, at least, that no man is fit to write after him, in a barbarous modern tongue. Neither will his machines be of any service to a Christian poet. We see how ineffectually they have been tried by Tasso, and by Ariosto. 'Tis using them too dully, if we only make devils of his gods : as if, for example, I would raise a storm, and make use of *Aeolus*, with this only difference of calling him prince of the air ; what invention of mine would there be in this ? or who would not see Virgil through me ; only the same trick played over again by a bungling juggler ? Boileau has well observed, that it is an easy matter in a Christian poem for God to bring the devil to reason. I think I have given a better hint for new machines in my preface to Juvenal ; where I have particularly recommended two subjects, one of King Arthur's conquest of the Saxons, and the other of the Black Prince in his conquest of Spain. But the guardian angels of monarchies and kingdoms are not to be touched by every hand : a man must be deeply conversant in the Platonic philosophy to deal with them ; and therefore I may reasonably expect that no poet of our age will presume to handle those machines, for fear of discovering his own ignorance ; or if he should,

he might perhaps be ingrateful enough not to own me for his benefactor.

After I have confessed thus much of our modern heroic poetry, I cannot but conclude with Mr. Rymer, that our English comedy is far beyond anything of the ancients: and, notwithstanding our irregularities, so is our tragedy. Shakspeare had a genius for it; and we know, in spite of Mr. Rymer, that genius alone is a greater virtue (if I may so call it) than all other qualifications put together. You see what success this learned critic has found in the world, after his blaspheming Shakspeare. Almost all the faults which he has discovered are truly there; yet who will read Mr. Rymer, or not read Shakspeare? For my own part I reverence Mr. Rymer's learning, but I detest his ill nature and his arrogance. I, indeed, and such as I, have reason to be afraid of him, but Shakspeare has not.

There is another part of poetry in which the English stand almost upon an equal foot with the ancients; and it is that which we call Pindaric; introduced, but not perfected, by our famous Mr. Cowley: and of this, sir, you are certainly one of the greatest masters. You have the sublimity of sense as well as sound; and know how far the boldness of a poet may lawfully extend. I could wish you would cultivate this kind of ode; and reduce it either to the same measures which Pindar used, or give new measures of your own. For, as it is, it looks like a vast tract of land newly discovered: the soil is wonderfully fruitful, but unmanured; overstocked with inhabitants, but almost all savages,

without laws, arts, arms, or policy. I remember poor Nat. Lee, who was then upon the verge of madness, yet made a sober and a witty answer to a bad poet, who told him, "It was an easy thing to write like a madman."—"No," said he, "it is very difficult to write like a madman, but it is a very easy matter to write like a fool." Otway and he are safe by death from all attacks, but we poor poets inhabitant (to use Mr. Cowley's expression) are at the mercy of wretched scribblers: and when they cannot fasten upon our verses, they fall upon our morals, our principles of state and religion. For my principles of religion, I will not justify them to you: I know yours are far different. For the same reason I shall say nothing of my principles of state. I believe you in yours follow the dictates of your reason, as I in mine do those of my conscience. If I thought myself in an error, I would retract it. I am sure that I suffer for them; and Milton makes even the devil say, that no creature is in love with pain. For my morals betwixt man and man, I am not to be my own judge. I appeal to the world, if I have deceived or defrauded any man: and for my private conversation, they who see me every day can be the best witnesses, whether or no it be blameless and inoffensive. Hitherto I have no reason to complain that men of either party shun my company. I have never been an impudent beggar at the doors of noblemen: my visits have indeed been too rare to be unacceptable; and but just enough to testify my gratitude for their bounty, which I have frequently received, but always unasked, *as themselves will witness.*

I have written more than I needed to you on this subject; for I dare say you justify me to yourself. As for that which I first intended for the principal subject of this letter, which is my friend's passion and design of marriage, on better consideration I have changed my mind: for having had the honour to see my dear friend Wycherly's letter to him on that occasion, I find nothing to be added or amended. But as well as I love Mr. Wycherly, I confess I love myself so well that I will not show how much I am inferior to him in wit and judgment, by undertaking any thing after him. There is Moses and the Prophets in his council. Jupiter and Juno, as the poets tell us, made Tiresias their umpire in a merry dispute, which fell out in heaven betwixt them. Tiresias, you know, had been of both sexes, and therefore was a proper judge; our friend Mr. Wycherly is full as competent an arbitrator: he has been a bachelor, and married man, and is now a widower. Virgil says of Ceneus:—

— Nunc vir, nunc foemina, Ceneus,
Rursus et in veterem fato revoluta figuram.

Yet I suppose he will not give any large commendations to his middle state; nor, as the sailor said, will be fond after a shipwreck to put to sea again. If my friend will adventure after this, I can but wish him a good wind, as being his, and, my dear Mr. Dennis, your most affectionate and most faithful servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

JOHN DRYDEN TO JACOB TONSON.

MR. TONSON, October the 29th [1695].

SOME kind of intercourse must be carried on betwixt us, while I am translating Virgil. Therefore I give you notice that I have done the seventh Eneid in the country; and intend some few days hence, to go upon the eighth: when that is finished, I expect fifty pounds in good silver; not such as I have had formerly. I am not obliged to take gold*, neither will I; nor stay for it beyond four and twenty hours after it is due. I thank you for the civility of your last letter in the country; but the thirty shillings upon every book remains with me. You always intended I should get nothing by the second subscriptions, as I found from first to last. And your promise to Mr. Congreve, that you had found a way for my benefit, which was an encouragement to my pains, came at last, for me to desire Sir Godfrey Kneller and Mr. Closterman to gather for me. I then told Mr. Congreve that I knew you too well to believe you meant me any kindness: and he promised me to believe accordingly of you, if you did not. But this is past; and you shall have your bargain, if I live and have my health. You may send me word what you have done in my business with the earl of Derby; and I must have a place for the duke of Devonshire. Some of your friends will be glad to take back their three guineas. The

* Both the gold and silver coin were at this time much depreciated.

countess of Macclesfield gave her money to Will. Plowden before Christmas ; but he remembered it not, and paid it not in. Mr. Aston tells me my Lord Derby expects but one book. I find my Lord Chesterfield and my Lord Petre are both left out ; but my Lady Macclesfield must have a place, if I can possibly : and Will. Plowden shall pay you in three guineas, if I can obtain so much favour from you : I desire neither excuses nor reasons from you ; for I am but too well satisfied already. The notes and prefaces shall be short ; because you shall get the more by saving paper,

JOHN DRYDEN.

JOHN DRYDEN TO JACOB TONSON.

SIR,

Friday forenoon, [Feb. 1695-6?]

I RECEIVED your letter very kindly, because indeed I expected none ; but thought you as very a tradesman as Bentley *, who has cursed our Virgil so heartily. I shall lose enough by your bill upon Mr. Knight ; for after having taken it all in silver, and not in half crowns neither, but shillings and sixpences, none of the money will go ; for which reason I have sent it all back again, and as the less loss will receive it in guineas at twenty-nine shillings each. 'Tis troublesome to be a loser, but it was my own fault to accept it this way, which I did to avoid more trouble.

I am not sorry that you will not allow any thing towards the notes ; for to make them good

* Richard Bentley, a bookseller and printer.

would have cost me half a year's time at least. Those I write shall be only marginal, to help the unlearned, who understand not the poetical fables. The prefaces, as I intend them, will be somewhat more learned. It would require seven years to translate Virgil exactly. But I promise you once more to do my best in the four remaining books, as I have hitherto done in the foregoing. Upon trial I find all of your trade are sharpers, and you not more than others ; therefore I have not wholly left you : Mr. Aston does not blame you for getting as good a bargain as you could, though I could have got a hundred pounds more : and you might have spared all your trouble, if you had thought fit to publish the proposals for the first subscriptions ; for I have guineas offered me every day, if there had been room ; I believe, modestly speaking, I have refused already twenty-five. I mislike nothing in your letter, therefore, but only your upbraiding me with the public encouragement, and my own reputation concerned in the notes ; when I assure you I could not make them to my mind in less than half a year's time. Get the first half of Virgil transcribed as soon as possibly you can ; that I may put the notes to it ; and you may have the other four books which lie ready for you, when you bring the former ; that the press may stay as little as possibly it can. My Lord Chesterfield has been to visit me, but I durst say nothing of Virgil to him, for fear there should be no void place for him : if there be, let me know ; and tell me whether you have made room for the duke of Devonshire. Having no

silver by me, I desire my Lord Derby's money, deducting your own. And let it be good, if you desire to oblige me, who am not your enemy, and may be your friend,

JOHN DRYDEN.

Let me hear from you as speedily as you can.

JOHN DRYDEN TO HIS SONS.

Sept. the third, our style [1697].

DEAR SONS,

BEING now at Sir William Bowyer's, in the country, I cannot write at large, because I find myself somewhat indisposed with a cold, and am thick of hearing, rather worse than I was in town. I am glad to find, by your letter of July 26th, your style, that you are both in health; but wonder you should think me so negligent as to forget to give you an account of the ship in which your parcel is to come. I have written to you two or three letters concerning it, which I have sent by safe hands, as I told you; and doubt not but you have them before this can arrive to you. Being out of town, I have forgotten the ship's name, which your mother will inquire, and put it into her letter, which is joined with mine. But the master's name I remember: he is called Mr. Ralph Thorp; the ship is bound to Leghorn, consigned to Mr. Peter and Mr. Thomas Ball, merchants. I am of your opinion, that by Tonson's means almost all our letters have miscarried for this last year. But, however, he has missed of his design in the

dedication, though he had prepared the book for it ; for in every figure of Eneas he has caused him to be drawn like King William, with a hooked nose.

After my return to town, I intend to alter a play of Sir Robert Howard's, written long since, and lately put by him into my hands : it is called The Conquest of China by the Tartars. It will cost me six weeks' study, with the probable benefit of a hundred pounds. In the mean time I am writing a Song for St. Cecilia's Feast, who, you know, is the patroness of music. This is troublesome, and no way beneficial ; but I could not deny the stewards of the feast, who came in a body to me to desire that kindness, one of them being Mr. Bridgman, whose parents are your mother's friends. I hope to send you thirty guineas between Michaelmas and Christmas, of which I will give you an account when I come to town. I remember the counsel you give me in your letter ; but dissembling, though lawful in some cases, is not my talent ; yet, for your sake, I will struggle against the plain openness of my nature, and keep in my just resentments against that degenerate order. In the mean time, I flatter not myself with any hopes, but do my duty, and suffer for God's sake ; being assured, beforehand, never to be rewarded, though the times should alter.—Towards the latter end of this month, September, Charles will begin to recover his perfect health, according to his nativity, which, casting it myself, I am sure is true ; and all things hitherto have happened accordingly to the very time that I have pre-

dicted them : I hope at the same to recover more health, according to my age. Remember me to poor Harry, whose prayers I earnestly desire. My Virgil succeeds in the world beyond its desert or my expectation. You know the profits might have been more ; but neither my conscience nor my honour would suffer me to take them : but I can never repent of my constancy, since I am thoroughly persuaded of the justice of the cause for which I suffer. It has pleased God to raise up many friends to me amongst my enemies, though they who ought to have been my friends are negligent of me. I am called to dinner, and cannot go on with this letter, which I desire you to excuse, and am your most affectionate father,

JOHN DRYDEN.

JOHN DRYDEN TO JACOB TONSON.

MR. TONSON,

[Dec. 1697.]

You were no sooner gone, but I felt in my pocket, and found my Lady Chudleigh's verses ; which this afternoon I gave Mr. Walsh to read in the Coffeehouse. His opinion is the same with mine, that they are better than any which are printed before the book : so thinks also Mr. Wycherly. I have them by me ; but do not send them, till I hear from my Lord Clifford, whether my lady will put her name to them or not : therefore I desire they may be printed last of all the copies, and of all the book. I have also written this day to Mr. Chetwood, and let him know that the book is immediately going to the press again.

My opinion is, that the printer should begin with the first Pastoral, and print on to the end of the Georgics, or farther, if occasion be, till Dr. Chetwood corrects his preface, which he writes me word is printed very false. You cannot take too great care of printing this edition exactly after my amendments ; for a fault of that nature will disoblige me eternally.

I am glad to hear from all hands, that my Ode is esteemed the best of all my poetry, by all the town : I thought so myself when I writ it ; but being old, I mistrusted my own judgment. I hope it has done you service, and will do more. You told me not, but the town says you are printing Ovid *de Arte Amandi*. I know my translation is very uncorrect ; but at the same time I know nobody else can do it better, with all their pains. If there be any loose papers left in the Virgil I gave you this morning, look for them, and send them back by my man. I miss not any yet ; but 'tis possible some may be left, because I gave you the book in a hurry. I vow to God, if Everingham takes not care of this impression, he shall never print any thing of mine, hereafter ; for I will write on, since I find I can.

I desire you to make sure of the three pounds of snuff, the same of which I had one pound from you. When you send it any moraing, I will pay you for all together. But this is not the business of this letter.—When you were here, I intended to have sent an answer to poor Charles his letter ; but I had not then the letter which my chirurgeon promised me, of his advice, to prevent a rupture, which he fears. Now I have

the surgeon's answer, which I have enclosed in my letter to my son. This is a business of the greatest consequence in the world : for you know how I love Charles, and therefore I write to you with all the earnestness of a father, that you will procure Mr. Francia to enclose it in his packet this week : for a week lost may be my son's ruin ; whom I intend to send for next summer, without his brother, as I have written him word : and if it please God that I must die of over study, I cannot spend my life better than in saving his. I value not any price for a double letter : let me know it, and it shall be paid : for I dare not trust it by the post : being satisfied by experience, that Ferrand will do by this as he did by two letters which I sent my sons, about my dedicating to the king : of which they received neither. If you cannot go yourself, then send a note to Signior Francia, as earnestly as you can write it, to beg that it may go this day, I mean Friday. I need not tell you how much herein you will oblige your friend and servant,

J. D.

JOHN DRYDEN TO MRS. STEWARD.

MADAM,

Nov. 23, 1698.

To take acknowledgments of favours for favours done you, is only yours. I am always on the receiving hand ; and you who have been pleased to be troubled so long with my bad company, instead of forgiving, which is all I could expect, will turn it to a kindness on my side. If your

house be often so molested, you will have reason to be weary of it, before the ending of the year; and wish Cotterstock were planted in a desert, a hundred miles off from any poet.—After I had lost the happiness of your company, I could expect no other than the loss of my health, which followed, according to the proverb, that misfortunes seldom come alone. I had no woman to visit but the parson's wife; and she who was intended by nature as a helpmate for a deaf husband, was somewhat of the loudest for my conversation; and for other things, I will say no more than that she is just your contrary, and an epitome of her own country. My journey to London was yet more unpleasant than my abode at Tichmarsh; for the coach was crowded up with an old woman, fatter than any of my hostesses on the road. Her weight made the horses travel very heavily; but to give them a breathing time, she would often stop us, and plead some necessity of nature, and tell us—we were all flesh and blood: but she did this so frequently, that at last we conspired against her; and that she might not be inconvenienced by staying in the coach, turned her out in a very dirty place, where she was to wade up to the ankles, before she could reach the next hedge. When I was rid of her, I came sick home, and kept my house for three weeks together; but, by advice of my doctor, taking twice the bitter draught, with senpa in it, and losing at least twelve ounces of blood, by cupping on my neck, I am just well enough to go abroad in the afternoon; but am much afflicted that I have you a companion of

my sickness : though I 'scaped with one cold fit of an ague, and yours, I fear, is an intermitting fever. Since I heard nothing of your father, whom I left ill, I hope he is recovered of his real sickness, and that your sister is well of her's, which was only in imagination. My wife and son return you their most humble service, and I give mine to my cousin Steward. Madam, your most obliged and most obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

JOHN DRYDEN TO MRS. STEWARD.

MADAM,

Dec. 12—98.

ALL my letters being nothing but acknowledgements of your favours to me, 'tis no wonder if they are alike : for they can but express the same thing, I being eternally the receiver, and you the giver. I wish it were in my power to turn the scale on the other hand, that I might see how you, who have so excellent a wit, could thank on your side. Not to name myself or my wife, my son Charles is the great commander of your last received present: who being of late somewhat indisposed, uses to send for some of the same sort, which we call here marrow puddings, for his supper ; but the taste of yours has so spoiled his markets here, that there is not the least comparison betwixt them. You are not of an age to be a sibyl, and yet I think you are a prophetess ; for the direction on your basket was for him ; and he is likely to enjoy the greatest part of them : for I always think the young are

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more worthy than the old, especially since you are one of the former sort, and that he mends upon your medicine.—I am very glad to hear my cousin, your father, is coming or come to town; perhaps this air may be as beneficial to him as it has been to me; but you tell me nothing of your own health, and I fear Cotterstock is too aguish for this season. My wife and son give you their most humble thanks and service; as I do mine to my cousin Steward, and am, madam, your most obliged, obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

JOHN DRYDEN TO MRS. STEWARD.

MADAM,

Candlemas Day, 1698 [-9].

OLD men are not so insensible of beauty as, it may be, you young ladies think. For my own part, I must needs acknowledge that your fair eyes had made me your slave before I received your fine presents. Your letter puts me out of doubt that they have lost nothing of their lustre, because it was written with your own hand; and not hearing of a fever or an ague, I will please myself with the thoughts that they have wholly left you. I would also flatter myself with the hopes of waiting on you at Cotterstock some time next summer; but my want of health may perhaps hinder me. But if I am well enough to travel as far northward as Northamptonshire, you are sure of a guest, who has been too well used not to trouble you again.

My son, of whom you have done me the favour

to inquire, mends of his indisposition very slowly ; the air of England not agreeing with him hitherto so well as that of Italy. The Bath is proposed by the doctors, both to him and me : but we have not yet resolved absolutely on that journey ; for that city is so close and so ill situated, that perhaps the air may do us more harm than the waters can do us good : for which reason we intend to try them here first ; and if we find not the good effect which is promised of them, we will save ourselves the pains of going thither. In the mean time, betwixt my intervals of physic and other remedies which I am using for my gravel, I am still drudging on : always a poet, and never a good one. I pass my time sometimes with Ovid, and sometimes with our old English poet, Chaucer ; translating such stories as best please my fancy ; and intend besides them to add somewhat of my own : so that it is not impossible, but ere the summer be passed, I may come down to you with a volume in my hand, like a dog out of the water, with a duck in his mouth.—As for the rarities you promise, if beggars might be choosers, a part of a chine of honest bacon would please my appetite more than all the marrow puddings ; for I like them better plain ; having a very vulgar stomach. My wife and your cousin, Charles, give you their most humble service, and thanks for your remembrance of them. I present my own to my worthy cousin, your husband, and am, with all respect, madam, your most obliged servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

JOHN DRYDEN TO MRS. STEWARD.

MADAM,

March the 4th, 1698 [-9].

I HAVE reason to be pleased with writing to you, because you are daily giving me occasions to be pleased. The present which you made me this week I have received; and it will be part of the treat I am to make to three of my friends about Tuesday next: my cousin Dryden, of Chesterton, having been also pleased to add to it a turkey hen with eggs, and a good young goose; besides a very kind letter, and the news of his own good health, which I value more than all the rest; he being so noble a benefactor to a poor and so undeserving a kinsman, and one of another persuasion in matters of religion. Your inquiry of his welfare, and sending also mine, have at once obliged both him and me. I hope my good cousin Stewart will often visit him, especially before hunting goes out, to be a comfort to him in his sorrow for the loss of his dear brother, who was a most extraordinary well natured man, and much my friend. Exercise, I know, is my cousin Dryden's life, and the oftener he goes out will be the better for his health. We poor Catholicks daily expect a most severe proclamation to come out against us; and at the same time are satisfied that the king is very unwilling to persecute us, considering us to be but a handful, and those disarmed; but the Archbishop of Canterbury [Tennison] is our heavy enemy, and *heavy indeed he is in all respects.*

This day was played a revived comedy of Mr. Congreve's, called The Double Dealer, which was never very taking. In the play bill was printed, "Written by Mr. Congreve; with several expressions omitted." What kind of expressions those were, you may easily guess, if you have seen the Monday's Gazette, wherein is the king's order for the reformation of the stage; but the printing an author's name in a play bill is a new manner of proceeding, at least in England.—When any papers of verses in manuscript, which are worth your reading, come abroad, you shall be sure of them; because, being a poetess yourself, you like those entertainments. I am still drudging at a book of Miscellanies, which I hope will be well enough; if otherwise, three score and seven may be pardoned. Charles is not yet so well recovered as I wish him; but I may say, without vanity, that his virtue and sobriety have made him much beloved in all companies. Both he and his mother give you their most humble acknowledgments of your remembering them. Be pleased to give mine to my cousin Stewart, who am both his and your most obliged, obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

You may see I was in haste by writing on the wrong side of the paper.

JOHN DRYDEN TO THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES MONTAGUE.

SIR,

[October, 1699.]

THESE verses* had waited on you with the former, but that they wanted that correction which I have given them, that they may the better endure the sight of so great a judge and poet. I am now in fear that I have purged them out of their spirit; as our Master Busby used to whip a boy so long, till he made him a confirmed blockhead. My cousin Dryden saw them in the country; and the greatest exception he made to them was, a satire against the Dutch valour in the last war. He desired me to omit it (to use his own words) "out of the respect he had to his sovereign." I obeyed his commands, and left only the praises, which I think are due to the gallantry of my own countrymen. In the description which I have made of a parliament man, I think I have not only drawn the features of my worthy kinsman, but have also given my own opinion of what an Englishman in parliament ought to be; and deliver it as a memorial of my own principles to all posterity. I have consulted the judgment of my unbiased friends, who have some of them the honour to be known to you; and they think there is nothing which can justly give offence in that part of the poem. I say not this to cast a blind on your judgment (which I could not do, if I endeavoured it), but

* The Epistle to his cousin, John Dryden, Esq. of Chesterton.

to assure you, that nothing relating to the public shall stand without your permission : for it were to want common sense to desire your patronage, and resolve to disoblige you : and as I will not hazard my hopes of your protection, by refusing to obey you in anything I can perform with my conscience and my honour, so I am very confident you will never impose any other terms on me.— My thoughts at present are fixed on Homer : and by my translation of the first Iliad, I find him a poet more according to my genius than Virgil, and consequently hope I may do him more justice, in his fiery way of writing ; which, as it is liable to more faults, so it is capable of more beauties than the exactness and sobriety of Virgil. Since 'tis for my country's honour as well as for my own, that I undertake this task, I despair not of being encouraged in it by your favour, who am, sir, your most obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

JOHN DRYDEN TO MRS. STEWARD.

MADAM,

Nov. 7th, 1699.

EVEN your expostulations are pleasing to me ; for though they show you angry, yet they are not without many expressions of your kindness ; and therefore I am proud to be so chidden. Yet I cannot so far abandon my own defence, as to confess any idleness or forgetfulness on my part. What has hindered me from writing to you, was neither ill health, nor a worse thing, ingratia-

tude ; but a flood of little businesses, which yet are necessary to my subsistence, and of which I hoped to have given you a good account before this time : but the court rather speaks kindly of me, than does any thing for me, though they promise largely ; and perhaps they think I will advance as they go backward, in which they will be much deceived : for I can never go an inch beyond my conscience and my honour. If they will consider me as a man who has done my best to improve the language, and especially the poetry, and will be content with my acquiescence under the present government, and forbearing satire on it, that I can promise, because I can perform it : but I can neither take the oaths, nor forsake my religion : because I know not what church to go to, if I forsake the Catholic ; they are all so divided amongst themselves in matters of faith, necessary to salvation, and yet all assuming the name of Protestants. May God be pleased to open your eyes, as he has opened mine ! Truth is but one ; and they who have once heard of it can plead no excuse if they do not embrace it. But these are things too serious for a trifling letter.

If you desire to hear any thing more of my affairs, the earl of Dorset and your cousin Montague have both seen the two poems, to the duchess of Ormond, and my worthy cousin Dryden, and are of opinion that I never writ better. My other friends are divided in their judgments, which to prefer ; but the greater part are for those to my dear kinsman ; which I have

corrected with so much care, that they will now be worthy of his sight, and do neither of us any dishonour after our death.

There is this day to be acted a new tragedy, made by Mr. Hopkins, and, as I believe, in rhyme. He has formerly written a play in verse, called Boadicea, which you fair ladies liked; and is a poet who writes good verses without knowing how or why; I mean, he writes naturally well, without art, or learning, or good sense. Congreve is ill of the gout at Barnet Wells. I have had the honour of a visit from the earl of Dorset, and dined with him.—Matters in Scotland are in a high ferment, and next door to a breach betwixt the two nations; but they say from court, that France and we are hand and glove. 'Tis thought the king will endeavour to keep up a standing army, and make the stir in Scotland his pretence for it: my cousin Dryden, and the country party, I suppose will be against it; for when a spirit is raised, 'tis hard conjuring him down again.—You see I am dull by my writing news; but it may be, my cousin Creed may be glad to hear what I believe is true, though not very pleasing. I hope he recovers health in the country, by his staying so long in it. My service to my cousin Steward and all at Oundle. I am, fair cousin, your most obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

JOHN DRYDEN TO MRS. ELIZABETH
THOMAS, JUN.

MADAM,

Nov. 12, 1699.

THE letter you were pleased to direct for me, to be left at the Coffeehouse last summer, was a great honour; and your verses were, I thought, too good to be a woman's: some of my friends, to whom I read them, were of the same opinion. 'Tis not over gallant, I must confess, to say this of the fair sex; but most certain it is, that they generally write with more softness than strength. On the contrary, you want neither vigour in your thoughts, nor force in your expressions, nor harmony in your numbers; and methinks I find much of Orinda in your manner; to whom I had the honour to be related, and also to be known. But I continued not a day in the ignorance of the person to whom I was obliged; for, if you remember, you brought the verses to a bookseller's shop, and inquired there how they might be sent to me. There happened to be in the same shop a gentleman, who hearing you speak of me, and seeing a paper in your hand, imagined it was a libel against me, and had you watched by his servant, till he knew both your name and where you lived, of which he sent me word immediately. Though I have lost his letter, yet I remember you live somewhere about St. Giles's, and are an only daughter. You must have passed your time in reading much better books than mine; or otherwise you could *not have arrived* to so much knowledge as I find *you have*. But whether sylph or nymph, I know

not ; those fine creatures, as your author, Count Gabalis, assures us, have a mind to be christened, and since you do me the favour to desire a name from me, take that of Corinna, if you please ; I mean not the lady with whom Ovid was in love, but the famous Theban poetress, who overcame Pindar five times, as historians tell us. I would have called you Sappho, but that I hear you are handsomer. Since you find I am not altogether a stranger to you, be pleased to make me happier, by a better knowledge of you ; and instead of so many unjust praises which you give me, think me only worthy of being, madam, your most humble servant and admirer,

JOHN DRYDEN.

JOHN DRYDEN TO MRS. ELIZABETH
THOMAS, JUN.

MADAM,

THE great desire which I observe in you to write well, and those good parts which God Almighty and Nature have bestowed on you, make me not to doubt, that by application to study, and the reading of the best authors, you may be absolute mistress of poetry. 'Tis an unprofitable art to those who profess it ; but you, who write only for your diversion, may pass your hours with pleasure in it, and without prejudice ; always avoiding (as I know you will) the licence which Mrs. Behn * allowed herself, of writing loosely,

[Nov. 1699.]

* Mrs. Thomas had mentioned, in her letter to Dryden, that in her verses she had made Mrs. Behn her model. She meant, *she says*, to imitate only her numbers.

and giving, if I may have leave to say so, some scandal to the modesty of her sex. I confess I am the last man who ought, in justice, to arraign her, who have been myself too much a libertine in most of my poems; which I should be well contented I had time either to purge, or to see them fairly burned. But this I need not say to you, who are too well born, and too well principled, to fall into that mire.

In the mean time, I would advise you not to trust too much to Virgil's *Pastorals*; for as excellent as they are, yet Theocritus is far before him, both in softness of thought, and simplicity of expression. Mr. Creech has translated that Greek poet, which I have not read in English. If you have any considerable faults, they consist chiefly in the choice of words, and the placing them so as to make the verse run smoothly; but I am at present so taken up with my own studies, that I have not leisure to descend to particulars; being, in the mean time, the fair Corinna's most humble and most faithful servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

P. S. I keep your two copies, till you want them, and are pleased to send for them.

JOHN DRYDEN TO MRS. STEWARD.

MADAM,

Thursday, Dec. the 14th, 1699.

WHEN I have either too much business, or want of health to write to you, I count my time is lost, or at least my conscience accuses me that I spend it ill. At this time my head is full of cares, and my body ill at ease. My book (the Fables) is printing, and my bookseller makes no haste. I had last night at bed time an unwelcome fit of vomiting ; and my son, Charles, lies sick upon his bed with the colic, which has been violent upon him for almost a week. With all this, I cannot but remember that you accused me of barbarity, I hope, in jest only, for mistaking one sheriff for another, which proceeded from my want of hearing well. I am heartily sorry that a chargeable office (the shrievalty) is fallen on my cousin Steward. But my cousin Dryden comforts me, that it must have come one time or other, like the small pox ; and better have it young than old. I hope it will leave no great marks behind it, and that your fortune will no more feel it, than your beauty by the addition of a year's wearing. My cousin, your mother, was here yesterday, to see my wife, though I had not the happiness to be at home.—Both the Iphi-genias have been played with bad success ; and being both acted against the other in the same week, clashed together, like two rotten ships which could not endure the shock, and sunk to rights.—The king's proclamation against vice

and profaneness is issued out in print; but a deep disease is not to be cured with a slight medicine. The parsons, who must read it, will find as little effect from it, as from their dull sermons: 'tis a scarecrow, which will not fright many birds from preying on the fields and orchards. The best news I hear is, that the land will not be charged very deep this year: let that comfort you for your shrievalty, and continue me in your good graces, who am, fair cousin, your most faithful, obliged servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

JOHN DRYDEN TO MRS. STEWARD.

MADAM,

Thursday, April the 11th, 1703.

THE ladies of the town have infected you at a distance: they are all of your opinion, and like my last book of poems (the Fables) better than any thing they have formerly seen of mine. I always thought my verses to my cousin Dryden were the best of the whole; and to my comfort, the town thinks them so; and he, which pleases me most, is of the same judgment, as appears by a noble present he has sent me, which surprised me, because I did not in the least expect it.—I doubt not but he received what you were pleased to send him; because he sent me the letter which you did me the favour to write me.—At this very instant I hear the guns; which, going off, give me to understand that the king is going to the parliament, to pass acts, and consequently to

prorogue them : for yesterday I heard that both he and the lords have given up the cause, and the house of commons have gained an entire victory ; though, under the rose, I am of opinion that much of the confidence is abated on either side, and that whensoever they meet next, it will give that house a further occasion of encroaching on the prerogative and the lords ; for they who bear the purse will rule. The parliament being risen, my cousin Dryden will immediately be with you, and, I believe, return his thanks in person.—All this while I am lame at home, and have not stirred abroad this month at least. Neither my wife nor Charles are well, but have entrusted their service in my hand. I humbly add my own to the unwilling high sheriff, and wish him fairly at an end of his trouble.

The latter end of last week, I had the honour of a visit from my cousin, your mother, and my cousin Dorothy, with which I was much comforted.—Within this month there will be played for my profit an old play of Fletcher's, called the Pilgrim, corrected by my good friend Mr. Vanbrugh ; to which I have added a new Masque, and am to write a new prologue and epilogue. Southern's tragedy, The Revolt of Capua, will be played at Betterton's house within this fortnight. I am out with that company ; and therefore, if I can help it, will not read it before 'tis acted, though the author much desires I should. Do not think I will refuse a present from fair hands, for I am resolved to save my bacon*. I

* See the letter dated Candlemas Day, 1608.

beg your pardon for this slovenly letter*; but I have not health to transcribe it. My service to my cousin, your brother, who I hear is happy in your company; which he is not, who most desires it, and who is, madam, your most obliged, obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN †.

* The paper was blotted with ink in several places, and otherwise soiled.

† This great poet died on the first of May, only twenty days after this letter was written.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS

FROM THE MOST EMINENT
PROSE WRITERS.

PART X.

LETTERS.



I see you in the well known cleugh, beneath the solemn arch of tall, thick,
embowering trees. p. 215.

Chiswick:
PRINTED BY AND FOR C. WHITTINGHAM,
COLLGE HOUSE.

1827.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

PART X.

Letters,

OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

WILLIAM CONGREVE TO MR. PORTER.

Calais, Aug. 11th, O. S. 1700.

HERE is admirable Champagne for twelve pence a quart, and as good Burgundy for fifteen pence ; and yet I have virtue enough to resolve to leave this place to-morrow, for St. Omers, where the same wine is half as dear again, and may be not quite so good. Dear neighbours, Charles and Jacob, &c. I have never failed drinking your healths since we saw you, nor ever will till we see you again. We had a long passage, but delicate weather. We set sail from Dover on Saturday morning, four o'clock, and did not land here till six the same evening ; nor had we arrived even in that time, if a French open boat with oars had not been straggling towards us, when we were not quite half seas over, and

rowed us hither from thence in five hours, for the packet boat came not till this morning. When I come to Brussels, I shall have more to write to you ; till then I am most humbly and heartily yours,

W. CONGREVE.

My humble service to my neighbour, your mother, Mrs. Arne, Mrs. Travers, not forgetting the Alcayde, who, I hope, in my absence, may be reconciled to punch.

Poor Charles is just writing to Mrs. A. and straining very hard to send something, besides the ballad, to please her much.

WILLIAM CONGREVE TO MRS. PORTER.

Rotterdam, September 27, 1700.

I LEAVE you to judge whether Holland can be said to be wanting in gallantry, when it is customary there to enclose a *billet doux* to a lady in a letter to her husband. I have not so much as made mention of this to yours, and if you tell first, let the sin fall upon your head, instead of his. For my part, I keep the commandments ; I love my neighbour as myself, and, to avoid coveting my neighbour's wife, I desire to be coveted by her, which you know is quite another thing. About five weeks since I wrote a very passionate letter to you from Antwerp, which, I believe, you never received, for just now it is found carefully put up by my man, who has been drunk ever since. I understand you have not been in the country : I am glad of it ; for I

should very much apprehend the effects which solitude might have produced, joined with the regret which I know you feel for my absence. Take it for granted, that I sigh extremely. I would have written to the Alcayde, but that would make me regret that I was at a distance from her, which is pain I cannot bear. I would have written to your mother, but that I have changed my religion twice since I left England, and am at present so unsettled, that I think it fit to fix, before I endeavour to convert her to my opinion, which I design to do as soon as I know what it is. I have discoursed with friars and monks of all orders—with zealots, enthusiasts, and all sectaries of the reformed churches, and I had the benefit to travel twelve leagues together in Guelderland with a mad fanatic, in a waggon, who preached to me all the way things not to be written. Pray take care that Mr. Ebbut has good wine, for I have much to say to you over a bottle under ground; and I hope, within three weeks, to satisfy you, that no man in the face of the earth, or in the cellar, is more, dear neighbour, your faithful and affectionate humble servant, than

W. CONGREVE.

WILLIAM CONGREVE TO MR. PORTER.

SIR,

August 21.

I AM forced to borrow lady's paper, but I think it will contain all that I can well tell you from this place, which is so much out of the world, that nothing but the last great news could have

reached it. I have a little tried what solitude and retirement can afford, which are here in perfection. I am now writing to you from before a black mountain nodding over me, and a whole river in cascade falling so near me, that even I can distinctly see it. I can only tell you of the situation I am in ; which would be better expressed by Mr. Grace, if he were here. I hope all our friends are well, both at Salisbury and Windsor, where I suppose you spent the last week. Pray, whenever you write to them, give them my humble service. I think to go the next week to Mansfield race alone. I am told I shall see all the country. If I see any of your acquaintance, I will do you right to them. I hope Mr. Longueville's picture has been well finished. I am, dear sir, your most humble servant,

WILL. CONGREVE.

Ilam, near Ashbourn, in Derbyshire,
between six and seven in the morning.
Birds singing jolly ; breezes whistling, &c.

MATTHEW PRIOR TO THE EARL OF HALIFAX.

Paris, the 9th Aug. N. S. 1698.

RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR AND MY DEAR MASTER,
I CONGRATULATE your being made one of our
Lords Regents, with all the respect and duty of a
good subject. I remember I wrote six verses to
you ten years since, which had a spirit of pro-
phecy in them ; they had a literal sense then, and
are verified to have had a typical meaning like-
wise :—

Theseus still loved, and follow'd still his friend,
Whilst great Alcides upon earth remain'd :
But when the hero was to heaven received,
Most the youth wanted him, yet least he grieved,
Pleased that the friend was in the God improved,
He learn'd to worship what before he loved.

Really, master, I am mightily satisfied to see you in the place where you are ; as I should have been to have bawled out a *Montagu* in Tuttle Fields, and to have kept my aunt tight to your interests, who, I think, does not heartily forgive you, or Worseley's Mares, for breaking her windows in former days.

They say you are to be made a Scotch earl ;— an English duke, with all my soul !

All this time I am fluttering about Paris in a gilt chariot, with three footmen in gay coats ; so far it goes well : but the galloon maker, the tailor, the harness maker, the coachman, begin to grow very troublesome, &c. for I could write a quire upon this subject. Confess, however, my dear master, that greatness is very barren, and the glories of this world very empty, if Mr. Montagu in all his honours cannot help his friend Matt to five hundred pounds on this occasion.

I have written to Lord Portland and Mr. Secretary Vernon long politic letters, of the preparations these people make, in case the king of Spain should die ; and in all probability that sickly monarch will not linger out much more than this autumn. I wish the business of Schonenberg were made up, and that we had any body that might speak to them at Madrid. The

imperial minister there asks all, and can get nothing effected ; whilst the French ambassador is seemingly modest in his demands, and engaging the council underhand into his interests.

Every thing here is in profound tranquillity : the king's going from Marli to Meudon, and from Meudon to Versailles, is all one hears of.—The grand prieur affronted the prince of Conti, and was put into the Bastile for so doing ; he is at liberty again, and all is well.

We are to have a Hounslow Heath campaign the beginning of next month : Lord Jersey will not be here, or at least will not have had his audience, so I must get a cock horse.—N. B. a new expense.

This place is far from affording any pleasure : every body goes four times a week to the opera, to see Bellerophon kill the Chimera. *Sum paulo infirmior*, I confess ; and cannot love music to that degree, as to hear the same thing fifty times, and especially in the dogdays.

There is some tolerable satisfaction in the company of some of their men of learning ; but those who expect most preferment from court, are a little shy of being much with me.

The women here are all practical jades—*unam cognbras, omnes nôras* : they are all painted, and instructed, so that they look and talk like one another. They have nothing of nature, nor passion ; and the men neglect them, and make love to each other.

I do not doubt but that I shall stay here with my Lord Jersey a good while ; so that, if I had

my four pounds a day settled, and could but get something of my arrears paid, or some money advanced, I should be out of the hands of harpies, who make me pay so very deep for ready money, and in a way of being beforehand with my business, so as to get two thousand pounds beforehand. I have written you a rare rhapsody of a letter ; pardon it, my dear master, and write one word to me, three lines only, believing me to be, with the greatest truth and respect, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

M. PRIOR.

MATTHEW PRIOR TO THE EARL OF HALIFAX.

MY LORD, Paris, the 23—12 Oct. 1714.

THE answering my last letter is a point referable only to your own goodness. Friendship can no more be forced than love ; and those persons sometimes are the objects of both our indulgences in this kind, who may best have deserved our favour. I have, however, the satisfaction to believe, that you think me an honest man, and an Englishman. For my having acted as the queen's orders given me by her ministers enjoined, my dispatches sent to the court of England, the copies of my letters here, (I may add) the testimony of the duke of Shrewsbury, and all I have had to do with, and my own *mens conscientia recti*, will abundantly justify me. For the pride of my mind, pass ; there may be some defects and faults in it on that side : but for the integrity of it, and as to any underhand doings, before

God, angels, and men, I shall stand cleared : and you, my lord, may pass your word and honour upon that account. I will only add, that few men alive have more merit in this regard than myself ; and as long as the fourth article, either of Ryswick or of Utrecht, remain legible, I may as well be thought a Mahometan as a Jacobite. But as these are little reflections raised by the underlings, who had a mind to justify some of their masters being angry with me, so they will all fall half an hour after you are pleased to be my friend. Pray let that be within half an hour after you received this letter. And now, at the same time that I congratulate your being again first commissioner of the treasury, I must implore the immediate succour of your justice and humanity. I will complain as little as I can, and just as much as is absolutely necessary to let your lordship see the present state of my affairs ; and, I believe, in the duke of Shrewsbury's goodness has prevented me. Since my first being sent to this country I neither have had advance money, extraordinary allowance, or payment stated by privy seal, but upon a verbal power I always drew, as my occasions in the service required, upon the lord treasurer, who accordingly answered Cantillon's bills drawn upon Arthur. In this state, a bill, bearing date the 15th of July, for two thousand pounds, was accepted by my lord, and the payment thereof was ordered ; and upon what my lord of Oxford said upon that affair, Cantillon, as well as myself, thought it entirely satisfied ; somebody or other (for, by God, I know not who) wrests the staff from my

Lord of Oxford's hand, as it seems, to reign in his stead : how much any of these persons were my friend will appear from the very first act of their power, in that they prevailed with the queen to defer the giving out or satisfying those orders ; till, a little while after, the queen's death put this sum, which I expected was paid, among her majesty's debts : and I have since that time run on upon the same foot, expecting every day the Duke of Shrewsbury's assistance, and presuming to hear that this sum was paid, and that I might send another bill, which has been contracting since June last, and which in its course might have the like acceptance and discharge ; and which I must send, finding Contillon very scrupulous since the retardment which this bill already sent has met with, though the —— does not as yet refuse to supply me, which you may find by my being still alive ; but (as I have said) I hope the Duke of Shrewsbury has found remedy to this evil, as you will do by receiving this other bill, which I must send you, and by putting me upon such a foot as you may judge proper, as long as his majesty's commands enjoin my stay here. Give me leave in the meantime, my lord, to represent to you, that having been six weeks at Fontainebleau, the most expensive place upon earth except Paris itself, I returned hither, two days since, with eleven horses, thirteen servants, &c. in a pomp of woe that put me in mind of Patroclus's funeral, myself melancholy enough, though the horses did not weep ; but may be, they did not reflect that their provender was not paid for. In short, this whole affair is left to the Duke of Shrewsbury

and your lordship ; and, after all, my lord, pray do your part to let me see that I can have no better friends than you two ; and that you judged it reasonable, however the treasury was charged, that the plenipotentiary of England should not be left for debt in the chatelet at Paris.

I have two other things to desire, both which, I believe, you will think just. First, that our old fellow collegiate, and my *Fidus Achates*, Mr. Richard Shelton, whom my Lord of Oxford, after four years importunity on my part, made a Commissioner of the Stamp Office some months since, may, by your favour, be retained still in his employment : second, that Mr. Drift, who has been with me these fifteen years, and is now my secretary here, with leave from his then superiors (and my Lord of Oxford in particular) for his so being, may be safe in his place of first clerk, or under secretary, in the plantation office, where he has served for fourteen years past, and received from myself, as well whilst I was in, as when I had the misfortune to be put out of that commission, all the instruction I have been able to give him in the understanding and discharge of his business : your command to Mr. Popple, upon this account, will be sufficient ; and I will stand bound, as well for him as for 'Squire Shelton, that their acknowledgments and gratitude to your lordship shall be faithful and lasting. I have troubled you with a book, rather than a letter ; but you must remember I have the silence of a great many years to atone for : and a good many things, as you see, to ask. I am, with great respect, &c.

M. PRIOR.

MATTHEW PRIOR TO DEAN SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Westr. 25th April, 1721.

I KNOW very well that you can write a good letter if you have a mind to it; but that is not the question—a letter from you sometimes is what I desire. Reserve your tropes and periods for those whom you love less, and let me hear how you do, in whatever humour you are, whether lending your money to the butchers, protecting the weavers, treating the women, or construing *propria quæ maribus* to the country curate; you and I are so established authors that we may write what we will without fear of censure, and if we have not lived long enough to prefer the bagatelle to any thing else, we deserved to have our brains knocked out ten years ago. I have received the money punctually of Mr. Daniel Hayes, have his receipt, and hereby return you all the thanks that your friendship in that affair ought to claim, and your generosity does condemn; there's one turn for your good! The man you mentioned in your last has been in the country these two years, very ill in his health, and has not for many months been out of his chamber; yet what you observed of him is so true, that his sickness is all counted for policy, that he will not come up till the public distractions force somebody or other (whom God knows) who will oblige somebody else to send for him in open triumph, and set him *statu quo prius*: that in the mean time he has foreseen all that has happened, check-mated all the

ministry, and, to divert himself at his leisure hours, has laid all these lime twigs for his neighbour Coningsby that keeps that precious bird in the cage, out of which himself slipped so cunningly and easily.

Things and the way of men's judging them vary so much here that it is impossible to give you any just account of some of our friends' actions. Roffen is more than suspected of having given up his party as Sancho did his subjects, for so much a head, *l'un portant l'autre*. His cause, therefore, which is something originally like that of the Lutrin, is opposed or neglected by his ancient friends, and openly sustained by the ministry. He cannot be lower in the opinion of most men than he is; and I wish our friend Harley were higher than he is.

Our young Harley's vice is no more covetousness than plainness of speech is that of his cousin Tom. His lordship is really *amabilis*, and Lady Harriet *adoranda*.

I tell you no news, but that the whole is a complication of mistake in policy, and of knavery in the execution of it; of the ministers (I speak) for the most part, as well ecclesiastical as civil; this is all the truth I can tell you, except one, which I am sure you receive very kindly, that I am, ever, your friend and your servant,

M. PRIOR.

Friend Shelton, commonly called Dear Dick, is with me. We drink your health.—Adieu.

**LADY RUSSELL TO HER SON THE DUKE OF
BEDFORD.**

Stratton, July, 1706.

WHEN I take my pen to write this, I am, by the goodness and mercy of God, in a moderate and easy state of health—a blessing I have thankfully felt through the course of a long life, which (with a much greater help), the contemplation of a more durable state, has maintained and upheld me through varieties of providences and conditions of life. But all the delights and sorrows of this mixed state must end; and I feel the decays that attend old age creep so fast on me, that, although I may yet get over some more years, however, I ought to make it my frequent meditation, that the day is near when this earthly tabernacle shall be dissolved, and my immortal spirit be received into that place of purity, where no unclean thing can enter; there to sing eternal praises to the great Creator of all things. With the Psalmist I believe, “at his right hand there are pleasures for evermore;” and what is good and of eternal duration must be joyful above what we can conceive; as what is evil and of like duration, must be despairingly miserable. And now, my dear child, I pray, I beseech you, I conjure you, my loved son, consider what there is of felicity in this world, that can compensate the hazard of losing an everlasting easy being; and then deliberately weigh, whether or no the delights and gratifications of a vicious or idle course of life are such, that a wise or thoughtful man would choose

or submit to. Again, fancy its enjoyments at the height imagination can propose or suggest (which yet rarely or never happens, or if it does, as a vapour, soon vanishes); but let us grant it could, and last to fourscore years, is this more than the quickest thought to eternity? Oh, my child! fix on that word, eternity! Old Hobbs, with all his fancied strength of reason, could never endure to rest or stay upon thought, but ran from it to some miserable amusement. I remember to have read of some man, who, reading in the Bible something that checked him, he threw it on the ground; the book fell open, and his eye fixed on the word eternity, which so struck upon his mind, that he from a bad liver became a most holy man. Certainly, nothing besides the belief of reward and punishment can make a man truly happy in this life, at his death, and after death. Keep innocence, and take heed to the thing that is right; for that shall bring a man peace at the last—peace in the evening of each day, peace in the day of death, and peace after death. For my own part, I apprehend, I should not much care (if free from pain) what my portion in this world was,—if a life to continue, perhaps one year or twenty, or eighty; but then to bedust, not to know or be known any more,—this is a thought has something of horror in it to me, and always had; and would make me careless if it were to be long or short: but to live, to die, to live again, has a joy in it; and how inexpressible is that joy if we secure an humble hope to live ever happily, and this we may do if we take care to live agreeably to our rational faculties, which also best secures

health, strength, and peace of mind, the greatest blessings on earth. Believe the word of God, the Holy Scriptures, the promises and threats contained in them: and what most obstructs our doing so, I am persuaded, is fear of punishment. Look up to the firmament, and down to the deep, how can any doubt a divine power? And if there is, what can be impossible to infinite power? Then, why an infidel in the world? And if not such, who then would hazard a future state for the pleasure of sin a few days? No wise man, and, indeed, no man that lives would deserve to see good days; for the laws of God are grateful. In his Gospel the terrors of majesty are laid aside, and he speaks in the still and soft voice of his Son incarnate, the fountain and spring whence flow gladness. A gloomy and dejected countenance better becomes a galley-slave than a Christian, where joy, love, and hope should dwell. The idolatrous heathen performed their worship with trouble and terror; but a Christian, and a good liver, with a merry heart and lightsome spirit: for, examine and consider well whence is the hardship of a virtuous life? (whence we have moderated our irregular habits and passions, and subdued them to the obedience of reason and religion). We are free to all the innocent gratifications and delights of life; and we may lawfully, nay; further, I say we ought to rejoice in this beautiful world, and all the conveniences and provisions, even for pleasure, we find in it; and which, in much goodness, is afforded us to sweeten and allay the labours and troubles incident to this mortal state, nay, inseparable, I believe, by dis-

appointments, cross accidents, bad health, unkind returns for good deeds, mistakes even among friends, and, what is most touching, death of friends. But in the worst of these calamities, the thought of a happy eternity does not alone support, but also revive the spirit of a man; and he goeth forth to his labour with inward comfort, till the evening of his day (that is, life on earth), and, with the Psalmist, cries out, “I will consider the heavens even the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained. What is man, that thou art mindful of him? or the son of man, that thou shouldest so regard him?” Psalm viii. “Thou madest him lower than the angels, to crown him with glory.” Here is matter of praise and gladness. “The fool,” as the Psalmist expresses it, “hath said in his heart, there is no God.” Or, let us consider the man, who is content to own an invisible power, yet tries to believe, that when man has done living on this earth he lives no more: but I would ask if any of these unhappy creatures are fully persuaded, or that there does not remain in these men, at times (as in sickness, or sober thoughtfulness), some suspicion or doubt, that it may be other than they try to think? And although they may, to shun such a thought, or be rid of such a contemplation, run away from it to some unprofitable diversion, or, perhaps, suffer themselves to be rallied out of such a thought, so destructive to the way they walk in; yet, to be sure, that man does not feel the peace and tranquillity he does who believes a future state, and is a good man. *For, although this good man, when his mind may*

be clouded with some calamity very grievous to him, or the disorder of vapours to a melancholy temper, I say, if he is tempted to some suspicion that it is possible it may be other than he believes (pray observe), such a surmise or thought, nay, the belief, cannot drive him to any horror: he fears no evil, because he is a good man, and with his life all sorrows end too; therefore, it is not to be denied, he is the wisest man who lives by the Scripture rule, and endeavours to keep God's laws. First, his mind is in peace and tranquillity; he walks sure who keeps innocence, and takes heed to the thing that is right: 2dly, he is secure God is his friend, that Infinite Being; and he has said, "Come unto me ye that are heavy laden, my yoke is easy:" but guilt is certainly a heavy load, it sinks and damps the spirits. "A wounded spirit who can bear!" And the evil subtil spirit waits (I am persuaded) to drive the sinner to despair; but godliness makes a cheerful heart.

Now, O man! let not past errors discourage: who lives and sins not? God will judge the obstinate, profane, unrelenting sinner, but full of compassion to the work of his own hand, if they will cease from doing evil and learn to do well, pray for grace to repent, and endeavour, with that measure which will be given, if sincerely asked for; for at what time soever a sinner repents (but observe, this is no licence to sin, because at any time we may repent), for that day we may not live to see; and so, like the fool in the parable, our lamp be untrimmed when we are called upon. Remember, that to forsake vice is the beginning

of virtue : and virtue certainly is most conducive to content of mind and a cheerful spirit. He (the virtuous man) rejoiceth with a friend in the good things he enjoys ; fears not the reproaches of any ; no evil spirit can approach to hurt him here, or accuse him in the great day of the Lord, when every soul shall be judged according as they have done good or evil. Oh, blessed state ! fit for life, fit for death ! In this good state I wish and pray for all mankind ; but most particularly, and with all the ardour I am capable of, to those I have brought into the world, and those dear to them. Thus are my fervent and frequent prayers directed. That you may die the death of the righteous, and to this end, that Almighty God would endue you with all spiritual wisdom, to discern what is pleasing in his sight.

THE

DUKE OF WHARTON TO LADY JANE HOLT.

DEAR SISTER,

Madrid, June 19, N. S. 1726.

MY name has been so often mentioned of late in the public prints, and consequently the subject of private conversation, that my personal friends (you in particular) may with reason expect to know from myself, what steps I have taken, and what were the reasons of my present resolutions.

As to the reasons of my conduct, I do not think it proper to write them directly to you ; I must refer you to some papers you will see published through all Europe. I will not trust the good

manners or the good nature of my enemies, by writing any thing to you that might expose you to trouble ; for it would sharpen the prosecutions begun against me, if you should suffer the least inconvenience for your tenderness to me.

Whatever relates to myself gives me no uneasiness ; every virulent vote, every passionate reproach, and every malicious calumny against me, are so many real commendations of my conduct ; and while you and my sister Lucy are permitted to live quietly and securely, I shall think our family has met with no misfortune, and has no claim therefore to the compassion of its truest friends.

I know your concern and affection for me, and I write chiefly to give you comfort, not to receive any from you ; for, I thank God, I have an easy contented mind, and that I want no comfort. I have some hopes, I have no fears, which is more than some of your Norfolk neighbours can say of themselves. I desire your prayers for the success of my wishes, and the prosperity of my family. I scorn the false pretended compassion of my enemies, and it would grieve me much more to receive the real pity of my friends. I shall not wonder if, at first, you be affected with the warmth of the proceedings against me, and should show some concern at the attempts made to strip our family of its title, and to rob them of their estates ; but you will soon change your mind, when you consider that my real honour does not depend on Walpole, or his master's pleasure ; that a faction may attaint a man without corrupting his blood ; and that an estate seized for a time by violence

and arbitrary power is not irrecoverably lost. The word *late* is now become the most honourable epithet of the peerage; it is a higher title than that of Grace; and whenever you hear me spoke of in that manner, I beg you to think as I do, that I have received a mark of honour, a mark dignified by the Duke of Ormond, Earl Marishel, and others.

You that have often read Lord Clarendon's History, must needs know, that, during the reign of Cromwell and the Rump Parliament, the whole peerage of England was styled the late House of Lords. There was then no want of late dukes, late earls, and late bishops; and why should that now be reckoned a reproach to a single peer, which was then the distinguishing title to the whole body? Was that impious usurper Cromwell the fountain of honour? Had he who murdered one king any more power to taint the blood of his fellow subjects than his illustrious successor, who had fixed the price upon the head of another? For, as Lord Harcourt finely observes in his speech on Dr. Sacheverell, there is little or no difference between a wet martyrdom or a dry one. Can a high court at present, or a secret committee, tarnish the honour of a family? Is it a real disgrace to be condemned by Macclesfield, Harcourt, Townshend, or Trevor? Is it a dis-honour to be robbed of a private fortune, by those who have stripped the fatherless and widow, who have sold their country, who have plundered the public? No, my dear sister, assure yourself that this unjust prosecution is a lasting monument erected to the honour of our family; it will serve

to render it illustrious to after ages, and to atone for the unhappy mistakes of any of our misguided ancestors. If it should end with me, it would, however, have outlived the liberty of England.

Those honours, which we received at first from the Crown, can never be more gloriously interred than in the defence of the injured rights of the crown, than in the cause of the rightful monarch of Britain, the greatest of princes and the best of masters. But I forget myself by enlarging too far on a subject that may not be so conveniently mentioned in a letter to you. My zeal for my country, my duty to my sovereign, my affection to you, and my respect to my family, and its true honour, have carried on my pen further than I intended. I will only add, that no change in my circumstances ever shall lessen my tender concern for you or my sister Lucy, to whom I desire you should present my love; and charge her, as she values my friendship, never to marry without my consent. Be assured, that no distance of place, nor length of time, shall abate my affection for you: and my enemies shall find, whenever I return to England, it shall be with honour to myself, and with joy to my friends; to all those I mean who wish well to the church of England, and to their native country. Neither shall any thing ever tempt me to abandon that cause which I have deliberately embraced, or to forsake that religion wherein I was educated. Wherever I am, I shall always be, dear sister, your sincere friend and brother,

WHARTON.

JAMES THOMSON TO DR. CRANSTON.

DEAR SIR,

[1725 or 1726.]

I WOULD chide you for the slackness of your correspondence ; but having blamed you wrongfully last time, I shall say nothing till I hear from you, which I hope will be soon.

There's a little business I would communicate to you before I come to the more entertaining part of our correspondence.

I am going (hard task !) to complain, and beg your assistance. When I came up here I brought very little money along with me ; expecting some more upon the selling of Widehope, which was to have been sold that day my mother was buried. Now it is unsold yet, but will be disposed of as soon as it can be conveniently done ; though indeed it is perplexed with some difficulties. I was a long time living here at my own charges, and you know how expensive that is : this, together with the furnishing of myself with clothes, linen, one thing and another, to fit me for any business of this nature here, necessarily obliged me to contract some debts. Being a stranger here, it is a wonder how I got any credit, but I cannot expect it will be long sustained, unless I immediately clear it. Even now I believe it is at a crisis,—my friends have no money to send me, till the land is sold ; and my creditors will not wait till then. You know what the consequences would be. Now the assistance I would beg of you, and which I know, if in your power, you will not refuse me, is a letter of credit on

some merchant, banker, or such like person in London, for the matter of twelve pounds, till I get money upon the selling of the land, which I am at last certain of: if you could either give it me yourself, or procure it: though you owe it not to my merit, yet you owe it to your own nature, which I know so well as to say no more on the subject; only allow me to add, that when I first fell upon such a project (the only thing I have for it in my present circumstances), knowing the selfish inhumane temper of the generality of the world, you were the first person that offered to my thoughts, as one to whom I had the confidence to make such an address.

Now I imagine you seized with a fine romantic kind of melancholy on the fading of the year,— now I figure you wandering, philosophical and pensive, amidst brown withered groves; while the leaves rustle under your feet, the sun gives a farewell parting gleam, and the birds—

Stir the faint note and but attempt to sing.

Then again, when the heavens wear a more gloomy aspect, the winds whistle and the waters spout, I see you in the well known cleugh, beneath the solemn arch of tall, thick, embowering trees, listening to the amusing lull of the many steep, moss-grown cascades, while deep, divine contemplation, the genius of the place, prompts each swelling awful thought. I am sure you would not resign your place in that scene at an easy rate: none ever enjoyed it to the height you do, and you are worthy of it. There I walk in

spirit, and disport in its beloved gloom. This country I am in is not very entertaining ; no variety but that of woods, and them we have in abundance : but where is the living stream ? the airy mountain ? or the hanging rock ? with twenty other things, that elegantly please the lover of nature. Nature delights me in every form. I am just now painting her in her most lugubrious dress, for my own amusement, describing winter as it presents itself. After my first proposal of the subject,

I sing of winter, and his gelid reign ;
Nor let a rhyming insect of the spring
Deem it a barren theme, to me 'tis full
Of manly charms : to me, who court the shade,
When the gay seasons suit not, and who shun
The glare of summer. Welcome, kindred glooms !
Drear awful wintry horrors, welcome all ! &c.

After this introduction, I say, which insists for a few lines further, I prosecute the purport of the following ones :

Now can I, O departing Summer! choose
But consecrate one pitying line to you :
Sing your last temper'd days and sunny calms,
That cheer the spirits and serene the soul.

Then terrible floods, and high winds, that usually happen about this time of the year, and have already happened here (I wish you have not felt them too dreadfully), the first produced the enclosed lines ; the last are not completed.— Mr. Richleton's poem on Winter, which I still

have, first put the design into my head—in it are some masterly strokes that awakened me,—being on a present amusement, it is ten to one but I drop it whenever another fancy comes across. I believe it had been much more for your entertainment, if in this letter I had cited other people instead of myself; but I must refer that till another time. If you have not seen it already, I have just now in my hands an original of Sir Alexander Brands (the crazed Scots knight with the woful countenance), you would relish. I believe it might make Mis John catch hold of his knees, which I take in him to be a degree of mirth, only inferior to falling back again with an elastic spring. It is every (*here a word is obliterated*) printed in the Evening Post: so, perhaps you have seen these panegyrics of our declining bard: one on the princess's birthday; the other on his majesty, and in (*obliterated*) cantos; they are written in the spirit of a complicated craziness.

I was in London lately a night, and in the old playhouse saw a comedy acted, called Love makes a Man, or the Fop's Fortune, where I beheld Miller and Cibber shine to my infinite entertainment. In and about London this month of September, near a hundred people have died by accident and suicide. There was one blacksmith, tired of the hammer, who hung himself, and left written behind him this concise epitaph:

I, Joe Pope,
Lived without hope,
And died by a rope.

Or else some epigrammatic muse has belied him.

Mr. Muir has ample fund for politics in the present posture of affairs, as you will find by the public news. I should be glad to know that great minister's frame just now. Keep it to yourself—may whisper it to Mis John's ear. Far otherwise is his lately mysterious brother, Mr. Tait, employed. Started a superannuated fortune, and just now upon the full scent. It is comical enough to see him, from amongst the rubbish of his controversial divinity and politics, furbishing up his ancient rusty gallantry. Yours, sincerely,

J. T.

Remember me to all friends, Mr. Richles, Mis John, Br. John, &c.

JAMES THOMSON TO MR. ROSS.

DEAR ROSS,

London, Nov. 6, 1736.

I OWN I have a good deal of assurance, after asking one favour of you, never to answer your letter till I ask another. But not to mince the matter more to a friend, and all apologies apart, hearken to my request. My sisters have been advised by their friends to set up at Edinburgh a little milliner's shop, and if you can conveniently advance to them twelve pounds on my account, it will be a particular favour.

That will set them agoing, and I design from time to time to send them goods from hence; my whole account I will pay you when you come up here, not in poetical paper credit, but in the solid money of this dirty world. I will not draw upon

you in case you be not prepared to defend your-self: but if your purse be valiant, please to inquire for Jean or Elizabeth Thomson, at the Rev. Mr. Gusthart's; and if this letter be not sufficient testimony of the debt, I will send you whatever you shall desire. It is late, and I would not lose this post. Like a laconic man of business, therefore, I must here stop short; though I have several things to impart to you, and through your canal, to the dearest, truest, heartiest youth that treads on Scottish ground.

The next letter I write you shall be washed clean from business in the Castalian fountain.

I am whipping and spurring to finish a tragedy for you this winter, but am still at some distance from the goal, which makes me fear being distanced. Remember me to all friends, and above them all, heartily, heartily to Mr. Forbes: though my affection to him is not fanned by letters, yet it is as high as when I was his brother in the Virtù, and played at chess with him in a post chaise. I am, dear Ross, most sincerely and affectionately yours,

JAMES THOMSON.

JAMES THOMSON TO MR. ROSS.

DEAR SIR,

London, Jan. 12, 1737.

HAVING been entirely in the country of late, finishing my play, I did not receive yours till some days ago. It was kind in you not to draw rashly upon me, which at present had put me into danger; but very soon, that is to say, about two months hence,

I shall have a golden buckler, and you may draw boldly. My play is received at Drury Lane Play-house, and will be put into my Lord Chamberlain's or his deputy's hands to-morrow. May we hope to see you this winter, and to have the assistance of your hands, in case it is acted?—What will become of you if you don't come up? I am afraid the *Creepy* and you will become acquainted.

Forbes, I hope, is cheerful and in good health—shall we never see him? or shall I go to him before he comes to us? I long to see him, in order to play out that game of chess which we left unfinished. Remember me kindly to him, with all the zealous truth of old friendship. *Petite** came here two or three days ago: I have not yet seen the round man of God to be. He is to be personified a few days hence. How a gown and cassock will become him! and with what a holy leer he will edify the devout females!

There is no doubt of his having a call, for he is immediately to enter upon a tolerable living. God grant him more, and as fat as himself.

It rejoices me to see one worthy, honest, excellent man raised at least to an independency. Pray make my compliments to my Lord President, and all friends. I shall be glad to hear more at large from you. Just now I am with the Alderman, who wishes you all happiness, and desires his service to Joe. Believe me to be ever most affectionately yours,

JAMES THOMSON.

* The Rev. Patrick Murdock, the "oily man of God," characterized con amore in the Castle of Indolence.

JAMES THOMSON TO MR. LYTTELTON.

DEAR SIR,

London, July 14, 1743.

I HAD the pleasure of yours some posts ago, and have delayed answering it hitherto, that I might be able to determine when I could have the happiness of waiting upon you.

Hagley is the place in England I most desire to see; I imagine it to be greatly delightful in itself, and I know it to be so in the highest degree by the company it is animated with. Some reasons prevent my waiting upon you immediately; but if you will be so good as to let me know how long you design to stay in the country, nothing shall hinder me from passing three weeks or a month with you before you leave it.

As this will fall in autumn, I shall like it the better; for I think that season of the year the most pleasing, and the most poetical; the spirits are not then dissipated with the gaiety of spring, and the glaring light of summer, but composed into a serious and tempered joy.

The year is perfect. In the mean time I will go on with correcting the Seasons, and hope to carry down more than one of them with me.

The Muses, whom you obliging say I shall bring along with me, I shall find with you: the muses of the great simple country, not the little fine-lady muses of Richmond-hill. I have lived so long in the noise, or at least the distant din of the town, that I begin to forget what retirement is; with you I shall enjoy it in its highest elegance and purest simplicity.

The mind will not only be soothed into peace, but enlivened into harmony. My compliments attend all at Hagley, and particularly her (*Lady Lyttelton*) who gives it charms to you it never had before. Believe me to be ever with the greatest respect, most affectionately yours,

JAMES THOMSON.

JAMES THOMSON TO MR. PATTERSON*.

DEAR PATTERSON,

1748.

IN the first place, and previous to my letter, I must recommend to your favour and protection Mr. James Smith, searcher in St. Christopher's; and I beg of you as occasion shall serve, and as you find he merits it, to advance him in the business of the customs. He is warmly recommended to me by Mr. Sargent, who in verity turns out one of the best men of our youthful acquaintance—honest, honourable, friendly, and generous.

If we are not to oblige one another, life becomes a paltry, selfish affair—a pitiful morsel in a corner! Sargent is so happily married, that I could almost say—the same case happen to us all!

That I have not answered several letters of yours, is not owing to the want of friendship and the sincerest regard for you; but you know me well enough to account for my silence, without my saying any more on that head. Besides, I

* Patterson was his deputy, as surveyor in the Leeward Islands.

have very little to say that is worthy to be transmitted over the great ocean. The world either fertilizes so much, or we grow so dead to it, that its transactions make but feeble impressions on us. Retirement and nature are more and more my passion every day. And now, even now, the charming time comes on : heaven is just on the point, or rather in the very act of giving earth a green gown, the voice of the nightingale is heard in our lanes.

You must know that I have enlarged my rural domain, much to the same dimensions you have done yours. The two fields next to me, from the first of which I have walled—no, no—paled in about as much as my garden consisted of before ; so that the walk runs round the hedge, where you may figure me walking any time of the day, and sometimes under night. For you, I imagine you reclining under cedars and palmettoes, and there enjoying more magnificent slumbers than are known to the pale climates of the north : slumbers rendered awful and divine, by the solemn stillness and deep fervours of the torrid noon ! At other times I imagine you drinking punch in groves of lime or orange trees ; gathering pine apples from hedges, as commonly as we may blackberries ; poetising under lofty laurels, or making love under full-spread myrtles.

But to lower my style a little ; as I am such a genuine lover of gardening, why don't you remember me in that instance, and send me some seeds of things that might succeed here during the summer, though they cannot perfect their seed sufficiently in this, to them, ungenial climate, to propagate ;

in which case is the calliloo, that from the seed it bore here came up puny, rickety, and good for nothing. There are other things certainly with you, not yet brought over hither, that might flourish here in the summer time, and live tolerably well, provided they be sheltered in an hospitable stove or greenhouse during the winter. You will give me no small pleasure, by sending me, from time to time, some of these seeds, if it were no more but to amuse me in making the trial.

With regard to the brother gardeners, you ought to know, that as they are half vegetables, the animal part of them will never have spirit enough to consent to the transplanting of the vegetable into distant dangerous climates. They, happily for themselves, have no other idea but to dig on here, eat, drink, sleep, and kiss their wives.

As to more important business, I have nothing to write to you. You know best the course of it. Be (as you always must be) just and honest; but if you are are unhappily romantic, you shall come home without money, and write a tragedy on yourself*. Mr. Lyttleton told me that the Grenvilles had strongly recommended the person the governor and you proposed for that considerable office, lately fallen vacant in your department; and that there were good hopes of succeeding. He told me also that Mr. Pitt had said, that it was not to be expected that offices, such as that is, for which the greatest interest is made here at

* Patterson had written a tragedy, when in London, with *little success*.

home, could be accorded to your recommendation ; but that, as to the middling or inferior offices, if there was not some particular reason to the contrary, regard would be had thereto. This is all that can reasonably be desired ; and if you are not infected with a certain Creolian distemper (whereof I am persuaded your soul will utterly resist the contagion, as I hope your body will that of their natural ones), there are few men so capable of that imperishable happiness, that peace and satisfaction of mind at least, that proceed from being reasonable and moderate in our desires, as you are. These are the treasures dug from an inexhaustible mine in our breasts, which, like those in the kingdom of heaven, the rust of time cannot corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal. I must learn to work at this mine a little more, being struck off from a certain hundred pounds a year, which you know I had.—West, Mallet, and I were all routed in one day. If you must know why—out of resentment to our friend in Argyle-street : yet I have hopes given me of having it restored with interest, some time or other. Ah ! that *some time or other* is a great deceiver.

Coriolanus has not yet appeared upon the stage, from the little dirty jealousy of Tullus, I mean of him who was desired to act Tullus (*Garrick*), towards him who alone can act Coriolanus (*Quin*). Indeed the first has entirely jockeyed the last off the stage for this season ; but I believe he will return on him next season, like a giant in his wrath. Let us have a little more patience, Patterson,—nay, let us be cheerful ; at last, all will

be over—here I mean! God forbid it should be hereafter! But as sure as there is a God, that will not be so.

Now that I am prating of myself, know that, after fourteen or fifteen years, the Castle of Independence comes abroad in a fortnight. It will certainly travel as far as Barbadoes. You have an apartment in it, as a night pensioner; which you may remember I fitted up for you, during our delightful party at Northaw. Will ever these days return again? Don't you remember our eating the raw fish that were never caught?

All our friends are pretty much in *statu quo*, except it be poor Mr. Lyttleton. He has had the severest trial a humane tender heart can have; but the old physician, Time, will at least close up his wounds, though there must always remain an inward smarting.

Mitchell is in the house for Aberdeenshire, and has spoken modestly well; I hope he will be in something else soon; none deserves better; true friendship and humanity dwell in his heart.—Gray is working hard at passing his accounts. I spoke to him about that affair. If he gives you any trouble about it, even that of dunning, I shall think strangely; but I dare say he is too friendly to his old friends, and you are among the oldest. Symmer is at last tired of quality, and is going to take a semi-country house at Hammersmith.

I am sorry that honest sensible Warrender (who is in town) seems to be stunted in church preferment: he ought to be a tall cedar in the house of the Lord. If he is not so at last, it will add more fuel to my indignation, that burns al-

ready too intensely, and throbs towards an eruption. Poor Murdoch is in town, tutor to Admiral Vernon's son, and is in good hope of another living in Suffolk, that country of tranquillity, where he will then burrow himself in his wife, and be happy. Good natured, obliging Millar is as usual. Though the doctor increases in his business, he does not decrease in his spleen; but there is a certain kind of spleen that is both humane and agreeable, like Jacques in the play; I sometimes too have a touch of it. But I must now break off this chat with you, about your friends, which, were I to indulge it, would be endless.

As to politics we are, I believe, upon the brink of a peace. The French are vapouring at present in the siege of Maestricht, at the same time they are mortally sick in their marine, and through all the vitals of France. It is pity we cannot continue the war a little longer, and put their agonizing trade quite to death. This siege (I take it) they mean as their last flourish in the war. May your health, which never failed you yet, still continue, till you have scraped together enough to return home, and live in some snug corner, as happy as the *Corycius Senex*, in Virgil's fourth Georgic, whom I recommend both to you and myself, as a perfect model of the truest happy life.

Believe me to be ever most sincerely and affectionately yours, &c.

JAMES THOMSON.

LORD HARDWICKE TO THE MARQUIS OF ANNANDALE.

MY LORD,

April 6th, 1736.

To see a young nobleman inquiring after the properest methods for his own education, cannot but give one a most sensible pleasure, in an age when the far greater part leave that care entirely to others; or, perhaps, do their utmost to obstruct the fruits of it themselves: on the contrary, such an inquiry shows a laudable solicitude to assist the endeavours of parents, and to improve upon the instruction of tutors, of which I doubt not but your lordship is supplied with the best. This would make it the highest impertinence in me to say one word to you on this topic, if your commands did not arm me with a justification.

The important business of your education seems chiefly to consist in three things—your studies, your exercises, and your travels. In your studies, your first employment will of course be the learning of languages, ancient and modern. Without a competent skill in the former, you will want the inexpressible pleasure and advantage that can only be drawn from those immortal patterns of nervous beautiful writing, and virtuous action, which Greece and Rome have left us; and without the latter, a man of quality must find himself frequently at a loss becomingly to act many parts, both in public and private life, to which his birth and rank do naturally call him. As you proceed farther, permit me to recommend mathematicks to your particular favour; it is of infinite service

in variety of affairs, but there is one general use of it, which I remember my Lord Bacon somewhere mentions—that it tends above all things to fix the attention of youth; for in demonstration, if a man's mind wander ever so little, he must begin again.

The study of the Roman civil law is what every true friend of your lordship would most earnestly wish you to pursue, as the ground work of the law of most countries, and in cases where their municipal laws have made no special provision, it is their rule of judging: believe me, the benefits you will derive from a superior knowledge of this science are not to be described within the compass of a letter; and as your lordship may possibly one day have a seat in Parliament, your country will by this means find you the much better qualified for their service, as well as your own. I shall be in danger of going farther out of my depth, if I attempt to say much about your exercises. They require judgment in choosing, and many of them are highly conducive to strengthening the constitution, and forming a graceful behaviour: it seems to be a fault of the present age, to neglect the manly and warlike exercises, and to prefer those which are soft and effeminate; the former are certainly a necessary part of the education of a man of quality, not to be laid aside as soon as learned, but to be made a habit for life. Hence you will be rendered more apt for military fatigue and discipline, if ever the cause of your prince and country shall require you to endure it. And one cannot help observing, that it would be much for the honour of the nobility,

as well as the security of this kingdom, if more, even of those who do not think fit to make war their trade, would however qualify themselves to perform that honourable service.

To these I presume travelling will succeed, not only from the reason of the thing, but the fashion of the times, and it were much to be wished that being in the fashion was not for the most part the sole aim of it. It is undoubtedly in itself a noble part of instruction, as it affords an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the constitutions and interests of foreign countries, the courts of their princes, the genius, trade, and general pursuits of the people. But as things are now managed, what is often substituted in the room of these most useful inquiries? Nothing but the infection of their vices and luxury, their arts of dressing themselves and their victuals, and the acquisition of false vitiated taste in both. To intimate one or two of the many causes of this unhappy abuse, may serve just to point out the way to avoid it. One fundamental error is travelling too early; the mind of a young man wants to be fitted and prepared for this kind of cultivation: and, until it is properly opened by study and learning, he will want light to see and observe, as well as knowledge to apply, the facts and occurrences met with in foreign countries: without this foundation, a boy may be carried to see one of these idle shows called moving pictures, or the French court in wax-work, with almost as great advantage, and with much more innocence.

Another fatal error is excessive expense, to which this part of what is called education is

suffered to be carried. It is not uncommon to see a young gentleman spend more by the year in such a tour, than the income of his estate will in prudence afford him the means of doing when settled with a family at home! And to what purpose? Not to enable him to learn the more; for it turns him out of the paths of application and attention into those of pleasure and riot: not to enable him to associate with the best company of foreigners, but the most luxuriant and extravagant of his own countrymen, or with such strangers as will resort to him only for his money. If the great number of travellers be considered, the drain of cash hereby occasioned is an apparent detriment to this kingdom, and the mischief to particular families is irretrievable, by acquiring a habit of expense which their estate cannot possibly bear, and which will ever be followed by a certain train of consequences dangerous to the public as well as private welfare. In former times, the people of Britain, when they travelled, were observed to return home with their affections more strongly engaged towards the well tempered constitution and liberty of their own country, from having observed the miseries resulting from arbitrary governments abroad. This was a happy effect, and most desirable to be continued: but by an unlucky reverse it sometimes happens in these days, that being taught to like the fashions and manners of foreign countries, they are led to have no aversion to their political institutions, and their methods of exercising civil power.

The Protestant religion being established here is one great security of our civil liberty. That

ocular demonstration of the gross superstitions and absurdities of religion abroad, which travelling furnishes, was formerly thought to fix the mind in a more firm attachment to our primitive simplicity and abhorrence of the latter. It were much to be wished that this observation would constantly hold ; but I fear the case is now sometimes otherwise, with this furthur ill consequence, that many of our young men, by a long interruption of the exercise of their own religion, become absolutely indifferent to all.

In what I have said I desire to be understood not to advise your lordship against travelling ; my view is far otherwise :—it is only to lay before you what appeared to me, informed as I am, to be the modern abuses of it ; that, by avoiding those, you may be in a condition to make use of that which is truly useful in itself.

Forgive me, my dear lord, this tedious letter, drawn from me by your own request, and proceeding from the sincerest desire of your lasting prosperity. Be assured that I should think it a very happy circumstance in my life, if any advice of mine could be in the least degree assistant towards rendering a young nobleman of your quality and hopes the more capable of performing that service to his king, his country, and his family, which they may justly expect from him ; and that I am, with the utmost truth, your lordship's most faithful and obedient humble servant,

HARDWICKE.

MISS TALBOT TO THE HON. MISS CAMPBELL.

August 16, 1736.

I HAVE been out in the coach with my lord this afternoon. If a fine evening, and the most delightful rural scene in the world, could give any one the least sensation of delight in so terrible a situation as ours, I must have felt it to-night. But when I came near the house, where the best of friends that has had so great a part in the happiness and improvement of my life, lies languishing in the greatest misery, I felt a chillness at my heart, an inexpressible something, that made me imagine it is better to be always in the midst of this melancholy scene than to undergo the fears that necessarily attend an hour's separation from it. I thank God that we found nothing worse at our return than we left when we went out. Since Saturday the convulsions are not increased, as we every moment dreaded. Yesterday they were rather lessened; but do not be too much pleased at my saying this. The case still continues hopeless; and I do not know whether one ought to be glad that she may continue in this misery a week or fortnight longer. Alas! what a dreadful sentence have I writ here! I am shocked at looking over it, to see with what apparent calmness I have said, that in so short a space of time I must, in all probability, lose one of the greatest blessings of my past life, the best of friends, the most amiable companion; must see the remainder of those who are, and ought to be, the nearest to my heart, given up to the

justest, the most tender, the most piercing grief; must see myself at the entrance into a world full of dangers and miseries, bereft of one who could so well have guided me through, and supported me under them all. Let me be thankful for those who still are left, and that they continue as tolerably well as their concern will permit them to be. Let me consider that all the ties of friendship and relation, in this changing scene of things, are made but to be soon dissolved for a short space; and that when we have enjoyed their benefits, we ought to submit (a hard lesson! may you never want to learn it) to their pains. But I will not abuse your friendship, my dear Miss Campbell, which will make you but too much participate with me the melancholy turn of mind which I should not, for that reason, have expressed so strongly, if the fulness of my heart had not carried me further than I at first intended. I write to you all that it dictates; and, indeed, it is now so full of gloomy reflections, it will hardly permit me to speak of any other subject, or, indeed, to continue any longer.

I am commanded to assure my lady duchess and Lady Portland of the part we, even now, take in Madam Bentick's perfect recovery, as we must always do, in whatever relates to them. *Them* is an expression that comprehends every thing; a thousand obligations: in one word, more than I could otherwise express.

Adieu, keep well, and remember with pity and friendship your faithful

C. TALBOT.

MISS TALBOT TO THE HON. MISS CAMPBELL.

Saturday, Aug. 21, 1736.

DEAR MISS CAMPBELL,

IF you and your good aunt have the vanity to imagine that I have not yet met with better company than I parted with on Friday night, yours has the common fate of all vanity, to be much mistaken; and this you will yourselves own, when I tell you what follows.

Know then, and envy me, that I have knelt before Cæsar, and embraced the amiable Horace, whose person is as agreeable as his writings. I have seen Cicero struck dumb by age, and reproved the dreadful Nero without fearing his frowns. I have prostrated myself before the conqueror of the world, and been with his Aristotle, in the schools of the philosophers, where, in Socrates, virtue and wisdom are hid under the most disagreeable figure that you can imagine, but shine forth in Plato with distinguished lustre. I have kept company with none but emperors and demigods. I have made your compliments to Coriolanus. The Scipios hope you will give them a place in your esteem, and would have sent a longer message, had I not been frightened away by the stern looks of the elder Brutus. If I could be sure you would not betray me to Lady Mary, I would own that I had made a visit to the younger. I am ashamed indeed to name the rest of my companions, such as Commodus, Heliogabalus, Julia, Agrippina, &c. Pompey and Anthony are well; and Sesostris enjoys very good health for one of his age, and looks to be of a

strong constitution. In short, for the famous among mortal race that I am most intimately acquainted with, they are innumerable ; only this I must tell you, that I have embraced the knees of Euterpe, and played with the darts of Cupid, Whether I have been in the Elysian shades or no, I leave you to guess *.

I have been in the walk where Sir Philip Sydney composed his Arcadia. O that the memory of his perfection could inspire me with such heart delightsome sweetness as charms in every worde, the peerless Philoclea, the loved paragone of all earth's loveliness ; or breathe in my soul that smilingness of fantasie, that strength of solide reasone that sweetlie adorns his everie sentence, whilst my ambitious penne has the hardinesse to attempt describing the muses' and the virtues' well beloved retreat. On the green side of an aspiring hille, whose shadie browe is overhung with woodes, where the solitarie nymphes live undisturbed by the sound of the intruding axe, spread two rowes of arching sycamores, that seeme to bend their leafie burthens, as it were, to doe obeisance to him whose virtue-gotten fame had made them famous ; and after being oppressed by the heavie newes of his untimelie fate, hating all shewes of chearfulnessesse, had joyned their low-bowed tops to exclude the gay insinuating rays of light. Shaded by them, the deerly esteemed walke commandes a prospecte as extended as his minde, that joyed in its retired beauties, and as gaye with native ornaments.

The most sincerelie honoured duke, and his

* Miss Talbot had been visiting Penshurst.

ever highlie praise deserving duchesse possesse
the rich treasure of esteeme, which theire golden
myne of merite has justlie purchased ; and the
sweetlie amiable nymphe, whose spritelie mirthe
adorns the palace of tranquilitate in the tyme re-
calling mirrorre of our memorie, where the ever-
loved and honoured Lady Pamela, and the inno-
centlie hart-commanding Philoclea, appear in so
advantageous a light, as fills the hart with
esteem, and her daughter, friendship.

C. TALBOT.

MISS TALBOT TO THE HON. MISS CAMPBELL.

Sept. 17, 1736.

O MIRTH ! where is thy joy ? O Pleasure ! how
far art thou removed from real happiness ! 'Tis
after three hours experience that I make this
reflection. So long have I been laughing im-
moderately in the midst of a gay crowd ; and
the moment I quitted it these sober thoughts came
rushing upon my mind with so much violence,
that I could not help sitting down to give you an
account of them ; especially as I knew it would
suit your present philosophical state of mind, and
might, perhaps, help to make my peace for all I
said yesterday in the gaiety of my heart, and
much against my conscience. Yes, indeed, my
dear Miss Campbell, 'tis now my turn to *lever le
masque* ; when I have done so, I must assure you
that I do really believe there is more true and
unmixed satisfaction in the company of a few

friends, a few well chosen books. These are what I must place next to friends, those silent and faithful friends, who brighten our most gloomy moments, and to whom we cannot even then be disagreeable. Then walks and woods, and quiet and early hours, quiet sleep, healthy looks, high spirits, cheerful mirth (and that is a very uncommon thing, I assure you), then a great deal of leisure for improvement, and a great deal of good inclination to make use of it. "O care salve beate!" There is no real happiness in any other way of life. This is truly living; every thing else is only giggling and sighing away a short disagreeable time.—Here is a wonderful inundation of wisdom; and yet I do not quite renounce all happiness any where else. For instance, last night I enjoyed a great deal, that was very sincere, in seeing our long wished for traveller safely arrived. Here is my lady duchess come to sup here, and the bishop of Brjstol telling her that she is very perverse. Apropos,—she is very much obliged to Lady Mary for a very pretty letter; but as she writes to —— to-night, will at present thank her no otherwise than by bidding me say this; 'tis from her I send the enclosed. She met two young gentlemen in Sandy Lane, and overheard the speech. I am in haste, and your obliged

C. TALBOT.

MISS TALBOT TO LADY MARY GREY.

October 30, 1736.

I DO NOT believe it possible to finish a letter to you, dear Lady Mary, and so I have desired my lady duchess, with whom I have just been devouring ham and chickens for the honour of his majesty, to make my excuse. But

- 'Tis glorious falling in a great attempt.

So while my gown is pinning up in one corner of the room, my head dressing in another, a needle of immense length pointed directly at my throat, my eyes every where, my thoughts at the ball, half my heart at rest, and only one hand upon the paper, for they are sowing ruffles upon the other ; in this situation I begin to write. I am as dry as I wish your eyes may always have reason to be ; as hot as the puppet show room ; have been writing as many letters as a secretary of state ; have as fine a necklace as you can imagine it in the power of pearl, my lady duchess, and my Lady Betty to make ; am, as you see by this, as well attended as the moon with all her stars about her ; and am as much an humble servant, and sincerest to you and Lady Mary, as to

C. TALBOT.

MISS TALBOT TO THE HON. MISS CAMPBELL.

* * * * You know Browne Willis, or at least it is not my fault that you do not, for when at any time some of his oddities have peculiarly struck my fancy, I have written you whole volumes about him. However, that you may not be forced to recollect how I have formerly tired you, I will repeat, that with one of the honestest hearts in the world, he has one of the oddest heads that ever dropped out of the moon. Extremely well versed in coins, he knows hardly any thing of mankind; and you may judge what kind of education such a one is likely to give to four wild girls, who have had no female directress to polish their behaviour, or any other habitation than a great rambling mansion house in a country village. As, by his little knowledge of the world, he has ruined a fine estate, that was, when he first had it, 2000*l.* per annum, his present circumstances oblige him to an odd-headed kind of frugality, that shows itself in the slovenliness of his dress, and makes him think London much too extravagant an abode for his daughters; at the same time that his zeal for antiquities makes him think an old copper farthing very cheaply bought with a guinea, and any journey properly undertaken that will bring him to some old cathedral on the saints' day to which it was dedicated. —As, if you confine the natural growth of a tree, it may shoot out in the wrong place; in spite of his expensiveness, he appears saving in almost every article of life, that people would expect

him otherwise in, and, in spite of his frugality, his fortune, I believe, grows worse and worse every day. I have told you before, that he is the dirtiest creature in the world, so much so, that it is quite disagreeable to sit near him at table: he makes one suit of clothes serve him at least two years, and as to his great coat, it has been transmitted down I believe from generation to generation ever since Noah. On Sunday he was quite a beau. The bishop of Gloucester is his idol, and (if Mr. Willis were *Pope St. Martin*, as he calls him) would not wait a minute for canonization. To honour last Sunday as it deserved, after having run about all the morning to all the St. George's churches whose difference of hours permitted him, he came to dine with us, in a tie wig, that exceeds indeed all description. It is a wig (the very colour of it is inexpressible) that he has had, he says, these nine years, and of late it has lain by at his barber's, never to be put on but once a year, in honour of the bishop of Gloucester's birth-day. Indeed, in this birth-day tie wig he looked so like the Father in the farce Mrs. Secker was so diverted with, that I wished a thousand times for the invention of Scapin, and I would have made no scruple of assuming the character for our diversion.

And now, farewell, my pen! In gratitude for the assistance thou hast given me, towards making a tedious time seem shorter, towards defeating the malice of a tedious absence, otherwise little interrupted, and preserving me a place in those memories where it is best worth preserving, here

will I tie thee to my desk, to rest from all thy labours, when thou hast crowned them with assuring my dear Miss Campbell how sincerely I am always her's,

C. TALBOT.

MR. LYTTLETON TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

MY LORD,

London, July 30th, 1740.

IT is no small addition to the grief I feel for the loss of Sir William Wyndham, that I know it must be an inconsolable one to your lordship, and that it comes upon you when your spirit has been weakened by a great fit of illness, as I hear from Mr. Pope, whom I saw yesterday at my return out of Worcestershire. Indeed you will have need of all your philosophy to support such a blow, which falls as heavy upon the public as it does upon you ; so that you have the affliction of your country to bear as well as your own. Nor do I see any comfort to either, but resignation to Providence ; for the loss is irreparable.

Besides his abilities and integrity, there were some peculiar circumstances in Sir William Wyndham's situation, which made him of the utmost importance to his country in the present conjuncture. He was the centre of union to the honest men of all parties. His credit in parliament was the only check to the corrupt part of the Whig opposition, and his influence with the Tories the only means of keeping that party in any system of rational measures. Now he is gone, those

who look towards the court will pursue their schemes with little or no difficulty, without any regard to the coalition, or any rational reformation of government, but rather to build a new fabric on Sir Robert's name and rotten foundation ; and it is much to be feared that resentment, despair, and their inability of conducting themselves, may drive the Tories back into their old prejudices, heat, and extravagance. That this is too likely to happen, I dare say, your lordship feels and laments. What alone could prevent it, is, I doubt, not likely to happen, viz. that the prince should have credit enough with the best part of the Tories ; with that part, I mean, which was under the influence of Sir William Wyndham, to keep them united under him with the uncorrupt part of the Whigs, and that the views of this coalition should be steadily, vigilantly, and warmly pursued.

This, my lord, might yet preserve us from impending destruction ; but if, even with the mediation of Sir William Wyndham, this could not be effected ; if, even with him at our head, we were inactive, careless, and ready to break asunder every day, what hope is there now of greater activity, greater confidence, or union in our proceedings ? Who shall take the lead in the house of commons ? Who has authority enough there to defeat the perfidy of some, and to spirit up the languor of others, to direct our measures, and to give them weight and order and dignity ?

To say the truth, after losing, in one year, Lord Polworth and Sir William Wyndham, to hope to resist the fall of this nation is a sort of presumption. But though to hope may be folly ;

to contend, I am sure, is a duty ; and upon that principle, some, I suppose, will, under any discouragements. From the despondence I feel about the public, my heart is, I think, more taken up with the sentiments of private affection and concern for my friends. This makes me very impatient to hear from your lordship, that I may be assured of your health, which I am afraid may be too much affected by this unhappy event ; and it will be the greatest consolation to me under the loss of a friend I shall always regret, to find that you continue your kindness to, my lord, your lordship's most obliged, humble servant,

G. LYTTELTON.

I put this into the hands of Mr. Brinsden, until he can find a safe opportunity of delivering it to you.

DR. HAWKESWORTH TO A YOUNG LADY.

DEAR MISS. Bromley, Kent, 14th Dec. 1748.

You are now going, from the company, the conversation, and amusements of children, into a scene of life which affords more rational pleasures, and will engage you in more important pursuits: the world is opening before you, a wilderness in which many have been lost; and in which, among a thousand broad ways, there is but one narrow path that leads to happiness and honour. If this path is missed at setting out, it is very difficult to recover it; it is therefore of great consequence to be directed into it at first; and though I hope you will be long under the

protection and guidance of parents in whom there is all that can be wished in a relation, yet I shall give you a few plain instructions, which I hope will assist you in fulfilling your duty to them, in obtaining the good will of others, and in promoting your own welfare.

As my affection to you first led me to this design, my knowledge of your capacity encourages me to pursue it. Do not imagine that I think you inclined to all the faults and follies that I shall warn you against; but you must remember that all men have faults and follies, and that to caution persons while they are innocent may prevent the shame and anguish of being reprobated or upbraided after they are guilty.

Great part of the happiness of every individual depends upon the opinion and actions of others: it is therefore desirable to gain and to preserve the good will of all: nor would I have you think any person either so mean in their state of life, or so undeserving in their character, as that their good will is of no consequence to you. Every one who thinks you love them will love you; for this reason be always ready to show your good will to all, by such acts of friendship as are in your power, still taking care to avoid a partiality which may lead you to do any thing in favour of one person at the expense of another, or of yourself.

There are many acts of friendship to mankind in general, which are neither difficult, troublesome, nor expensive: the principal of these is speaking well, or at least not speaking ill of the absent.

If you see a fault in another, don't make it the subject of conversation ; hide it with as much care as if it was your own. Do not think yourself justified by saying that what you report to another's disadvantage is true ; if all the failings which are true of the best of us were to be told to our dearest friend, perhaps all our virtues could scarce secure his esteem. But this rule must not extend to the concealing any thing by which another may be injured in his property and his character, if by revealing it the evil may be prevented ; and this is the only instance in which you are allowed to speak of the faults of others.

Be always punctual in returning what the world calls civilities. The failing in this, however trifling, is often taken for contempt, or at least for want of esteem ; and I have known the omitting to return a visit, or to answer a letter in due time, attended with coldness, indifference, and worse consequences. That persons ought not to set such a value on these trifles is true ; but if they do, it behoves us to act as if they ought : however as the resenting a breach in these punctillios is really a fault, take care that you are not betrayed into it. Let it be a rule with you never to resent any thing that was not intended as an affront ; mere negligences should be below your resentment ; though, for the sake of the infirmities of others, you should guard against them in yourself.

There are two ways of gaining the esteem of the world, which weak people practise because they know no other ; one is flattery, the other is

lavish professions of friendship, which begin and end on the lips. Never stoop to either of these low and infamous arts ; whatever is thus gained is bought too dear. To refrain from this fault is easy, but to guard against the ill effects of it in others is difficult ; it is not however more difficult than necessary. Always suspect that a person who commends you to your face endeavours to gain a confidence that he intends to betray. Remember that whoever makes professions of friendship which are not merited is an hypocrite, and beware that your own vanity does not encourage you to think that you have merited uncommon and excessive instances of favour and zeal to serve you.

But the constant steady esteem of a person long tried and well known, who has obtained a reputation for virtue and sincerity, is an invaluable treasure : if you find it, preserve it with a religious care, and return it with fidelity and zeal.

In this place I would caution you never to be trusted with the secrets of others, if you can by any means avoid it with decency : reject it as an enemy to your peace, and as a snare for your good name. Whoever tells you a secret tells it as a secret to twenty more ; at length it is betrayed ; and as this breach of faith is always denied by the guilty, the innocent are always suspected. It has been thought good advice not to reveal your own secrets, but I would rather advise you to have none : do nothing that if known would wound your reputation, or fill your own bosom with shame and regret. To be at the

mercy of accident; to be obliged constantly to watch over our words and actions, lest what we wish to hide should be discovered, is the life of a slave, full of fear, suspicion, and anxiety: those who have nothing to fear but falsehood and detraction enjoy their own innocence, have an open look, a noble confidence, native cheerfulness, and perpetual peace.

If upon any difference you should happen to lose an intimate acquaintance, don't be eager to relate the circumstances of the quarrel in order to justify your conduct and condemn theirs; those stories, which a thousand little circumstances make of importance to you, and warm your mind in the recital, are insipid to every other person; and while you think you amuse them, and are rising into a person of consequence by a detail of your own prudent management; you will become tiresome, impertinent, and ridiculous. If the party with whom you have differed should pursue this method, the wiser part of mankind will rather conclude them to be in the fault, from their zeal to defend themselves, than you from your silence; for it is a consciousness that others will condemn us which makes us so eager to anticipate their judgment. This rule extends to the talking of yourself and of your private affairs on every other occasion, except when it has some pertinent relation to the discourse of the company, or when it is necessary to obtain some valuable purpose.

As to your behaviour at home, keep yourself always above the servants; your station is above them as their master's daughter, while they are

your father's servants ; and every one should act suitable to their station. But do not think I mean that you should treat them haughtily, or look upon the meanest of them with contempt ; that you should put on a commanding air, or speak to them in a peremptory tone : this would be most effectually to lose the superiority of your station, and to become despised and hated by those who ought to regard you with respect and esteem. My meaning is, that you should treat them courteously, but permit no familiarity. Never suffer yourself to be made their confidante in any thing they would conceal from their master and mistress : never make yourself a party in their discourse ; and if they should address themselves to you, decline the conversation with as much address as you can, not to incur the imputation of pride, or ill nature, by frowning looks and harsh language. Avoid also the opposite extreme : do not watch their most trivial actions as a spy, nor report every little misdemeanor which falls under your observation with the low pleasure and petty officiousness of an informer : never steal the knowledge of what passes between them when they think they are alone, by secretly listening with a vain or malevolent curiosity ; what you overhear by such means may probably do you more harm than any thing which may be thus discovered can do you good. If your mamma should delegate part of her authority to you in the management of the household affairs, use it with moderation, and give orders to the maid rather in her name than in your own ; you will

then be obeyed without seeming to assume a command, or to value yourself upon it.

If your papa or mamma should at any time express a disapprobation of your conduct, immediately resolve to amend it, apologize for the past, and promise for the future: never seem in haste to justify yourself; and though you should think their displeasure unmerited, in which it is a thousand to one but you will be mistaken, yet be sure to avoid all pert and self sufficient replies on the one hand, and on the other sullen looks and dumb resentment. If it should happen that a harsh expression escapes them when their temper is ruffled by the perplexing accidents and disappointments of business, as it would be the highest ingratitude and indecency in you to express impatience and discontent, so as the reward of a contrary conduct, their own reflections upon what is past when the mind is calm will be in your favour, and their affection will seek an opportunity of compensating your uneasiness. You should regard these accidents as opportunities of endearing yourself to them, and as tests of your prudence, duty, and affection.

What may not children expect from a father who is a friend to the whole circle of his acquaintance? It is your happiness to have such a father; think yourself secure of every thing that is fit for you in his affection, and do not anticipate his bounty by requests: the pleasure of both will be lessened if you receive because you ask, and he gives because he cannot deny you. How very shameful then is the common triumphs of favourites for having gained by importunity what is

denied to merit, and withheld by prudence ! Whatever is thus gained from the hand is lost in the heart. I have seen with grief and resentment every tender moment watched, to urge a request, and wrest a promise from the generous weakness of unguarded affection. How mean and selfish is such a practice ! Remember that a noble mind will dispose a person to suffer much, rather than ask a favour which he knows cannot be refused, if he thinks that his friend may notwithstanding have reason to wish it had not been asked.

I shall finish this long letter with a note of yet higher importance.

If you succeed in every design which you form, and the world gives you till its utmost bounty is exhausted, your happiness will be still imperfect, you will find some desire unsatisfied, and your possession will never fill your wishes.

But do not suffer the present hour to pass away unenjoyed by an earnest and anxious desire of some future good ; for if this weakness is indulged, your happiness will still fly from you as you pursue it, and there will be the same distance between you and the object of your wishes, till all the visions of imagination shall vanish, and your progress to further degrees of temporal advantage shall be stopped by the grave.

It is notwithstanding true, that the expectation of future good, if the object is worthy of a rational desire, pleases more than any present enjoyment : You will therefore find that a well grounded hope of heaven will give a relish to whatever you shall possess upon earth. If there is no

time to come that we can anticipate with pleasure, we regret every moment that passes; we see that time is flying away with all our enjoyments; that youth is short, health precarious, and age approaching, loaded with infirmities, to which death only can put an end: for this reason endeavour to secure an interest in the favour of God, which will ensure to you an everlasting life of uninterrupted and inconceivable felicity. Nor is this a difficult or an unpleasing attempt; no real present happiness need to be forfeited to purchase the future, for virtue and piety at once secure every good of body and mind both in time and eternity.

As many of these hints as may be of immediate use I think you cannot fail to understand now; and I would recommend the frequent perusal of this letter, that you may at length comprehend the whole; for as the world opens to you, you will see the reason and the use of other parts; and if they assist you in any degree to pass through life with safety and reputation, I shall think my labour well bestowed. I am, dear miss, your affectionate friend,

JOHN HAWKESWORTH.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH TO R. BRYANTON, ESQ.

MY DEAR BOB,

Edinburgh, Sept. 26, 1753.

How many good excuses (and you know I was always good at an excuse) might I call up to vindicate my past shameful silence!—I might tell how I wrote a long letter at my first coming

hither, and seem vastly angry at my not receiving an answer ; I might allege that business (with business you know I was always pestered) had never given me time to finger a pen ;—but I suppress these, and twenty more equally plausible and as easily invented, since they might be attended with a slight inconvenience of being known to be lies. Let me then speak truth : an hereditary indolence (I have it from the mother's side) has hitherto prevented my writing to you, and still prevents my writing at least five and twenty letters more, due to my friends in Ireland. No turnspit dog gets up into his wheel with more reluctance than I sit down to write ; yet no dog ever loved the roast meat he turns better than I do him I now address. Yet what shall I say now I am entered ? Shall I tire you with a description of this unfruitful country, where I must lead you over their hills all brown with heath, or their valleys scarce able to feed a rabbit ? Man seems to be the only creature who has arrived to the natural size in this poor soil. —Every part of the country presents the same dismal landscape :—no grove nor brook lend their music to cheer the stranger, or make the inhabitants forget their poverty :—yet, with all these disadvantages to call him down to humility, a Scotchman is one of the proudest things alive. The poor have pride ever ready to relieve them :—if mankind should happen to despise them, they are masters of their own admiration, and *that* they can plentifully bestow on themselves. — From their pride and poverty, as I take it, results one advantage this country enjoys, namely,

the gentlemen are much better bred than amongst us.—No such character here as our fox hunters; and they have expressed great surprise when I informed them that some men in Ireland of a thousand a year spend their whole lives in running after a hare, drinking to be drunk, and getting every girl, that will let them, with child: and truly, if such a being, equipped in his hunting dress, came among a circle of Scotch gentry, they would behold him with the same astonishment that a countryman would King George on horseback. The men here have generally high cheek bones, and are lean and swarthy, fond of action, dancing in particular. Though, now I mention dancing, let me say something of their balls, which are very frequent here. When a stranger enters the dancing hall, he sees one end of the room taken up with the ladies, who sit dismally in a group by themselves; on the other end stand their pensive partners, that are to be; but no more intercourse between the sexes than there is between two countries at war:—the ladies, indeed, may ogle, and the gentlemen sigh, but an embargo is laid on any closer commerce. At length, to interrupt hostilities, the lady directress, or intendant, or what you will, pitches on a gentleman and lady to walk a minuet, which they perform with a formality that approaches despondence. After five or six couple have thus walked the gauntlet, all stand up to country dances, each gentleman furnished with a partner from the aforesaid lady directress, so they dance much and say nothing, and thus concludes our assembly. I told a Scotch gentleman

that such profound silence resembled the ancient procession of the Roman matrons in honour of Ceres : and the Scotch gentleman told me (and, faith, I believe he was right) that I was a very great pedant for my pains.—Now I'm come to the ladies, and to show that I love Scotland, and every thing that belongs to so charming a country, I insist on it, and will give him leave to break my head that denies it, that the Scotch ladies are ten thousand times handsomer and finer than the Irish :—I see your sisters, Betty and Peggy, vastly surprised at my partiality, but tell them flatly, I don't value them, or their fine skins, or eyes, or good sense, a potatoe, for I say it, and will maintain it, and, as a convincing proof (I'm in a very great passion !) of what I assert, the Scotch ladies say it themselves. But, to be less serious, where will you find a language so become a pretty mouth as the broad Scotch ? and the women here speak it in its highest purity ; for instance, teach one of their young ladies to pronounce “ Whorr wull I gang,” with a becoming wideness of mouth, and I'll lay my life they will wound every hearer. We have no such character here as a coquet ; but, alas ! how many envious prudes ! Some days ago I walked into my Lord Kilcoubry's (don't be surprised, my lord is but a glover) when the duchess of Hamilton (that fair who sacrificed her beauty to ambition, and her inward peace to a title and gilt equipage) passed by in her chariot ; her battered husband, or, more properly, the guardian of her charms, sat by her side. Straight envy began, in the shape of no less than three ladies, who sat with me, to

find faults in her faultless form, "For my part," says the first, "I think, what I always thought, that the duchess has too much red in her complexion."—"Madam, I'm of your opinion," says the second, "and I think her face has a palish cast too much on the delicate order."—"And let me tell you," adds the third lady, whose mouth was puckered up to the size of an issue, "that the duchess has fine lips, but she wants a mouth."—At this, every lady drew up her mouth as if she was going to pronounce the letter P. But how ill, my Bob, does it become me, to ridicule women with whom I have scarcely any correspondence! There are, 'tis certain, handsome women here; and 'tis as certain, there are handsome men to keep them company.—An ugly and a poor man is society for himself: and such society the world lets me enjoy in great abundance. Fortune has given you circumstances, and nature a person, to look charming in the eyes of the fair world. Nor do I envy my dear Bob such blessings, while I may sit down and laugh at the world, and at myself, the most ridiculous object in it.—But I begin to grow splenetic; and, perhaps, the fit may continue till I receive an answer to this. I know you can't send news from Ballymahon, but such as it is send it all; every thing you write will be agreeable and entertaining to me. Has George Conway put up a sign yet? or John Fineely left off drinking drams; or Tom Allen got a new wig? But I leave to your own choice what to write: while Oliver Goldsmith lives, know you have a friend!

P. S. Give my sincerest regards (not compli-

ments, do you mind) to your agreeable family ; and give my service to my mother, if you see her, for, as you express it in Ireland, I have a sneaking kindness for her still.

Direct to me—Student in Physic, in Edinburgh.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH TO ——*.

I HAVE thought it advisable, my dear young pupil, to adopt this method of giving my thoughts to you on some subjects which I find myself not well disposed to speak of in your presence. The reason of this you will yourself perceive in the course of reading this letter. It is disagreeable to most men, and particularly so to me, to say any thing which has the appearance of a disagreeable truth ; and as what I have now to say to you is entirely respecting yourself, it is highly probable that, in some respect or other, your views of things and mine may considerably differ.

In the various subjects of knowledge which I have had the pleasure of seeing you study under my care, as well as those which you have acquired under the various teachers who have hitherto instructed you, the most material branch of information which it imports a human being to know, has been entirely overlooked, I mean the knowledge of yourself. There are indeed very few persons who possess at once the capability and

* This letter was addressed by Goldsmith, when he was about twenty-five years of age, to a youth, who was, for a short time, his pupil.

the disposition to give you this instruction. Your parents, who alone are perhaps sufficiently acquainted with you for the purpose, are usually disqualified for the task, by the very affection and partiality which would prompt them to undertake it. Your masters, who probably labour under no such prejudices, have seldom either sufficient opportunities of knowing your character, or are not so much interested in your welfare as to undertake an employment so unpleasant and laborious. You are as yet too young and inexperienced to perform this important office for yourself, or indeed to be sensible of its very great consequence to your happiness. The ardent hopes and the extreme vanity, natural to early youth, blind you at once to every thing within and every thing without, and make you see both yourself and the world in false colours. This illusion, it is true, will gradually wear away as your reason matures and your experience increases ; but the question is, What is to be done in the mean time ? Evidently there is no plan for you to adopt, but to make use of the reason and experience of those who are qualified to direct you.

Of this, however, I can assure you, both from my own experience, and from the opinions of all those whose opinions deserve to be valued, that if you aim at any sort of eminence or respectability in the eyes of the world, or in those of your own friends ; if you have any ambition to be distinguished in your future career, for your virtues, or talents, or accomplishments, this self knowledge of which I am speaking is above all

things requisite. For how is your moral character to be improved, unless you know what are the virtues and vices which your natural disposition is calculated to foster, and what are the passions which are most apt to govern you? How are you to attain eminence in any talent or pursuit, unless you know in what particular way your powers of mind best capacitate you for excelling? It is therefore my intention, in this letter, to offer you a few hints on this most important subject.

When you come to look abroad into the world, and to study the different characters of men, you will find that the happiness of an individual depends not, as you would suppose, on the advantages of fortune or situation, but principally on the regulation of his own mind. If you are able to secure tranquillity within, you will not be much annoyed by any disturbance without. The great art of doing this consists in the proper government of the passions. In taking care that no propensity is suffered to acquire so much power over your mind as to be the cause of immoderate uneasiness either to yourself or others. I insist particularly on this point, my dear young friend, because, if I am not greatly deceived, you are yourself very much disposed by nature to two passions, the most tormenting to the possessor, and the most offensive to others, of any which afflict the human race; I mean pride and anger. Indeed those two dispositions seem to be naturally connected with each other; for you have probably remarked, that most proud men are addicted to anger, and that most passionate men

are also proud. Be this as it may, I can confidently assure you, that if an attempt is not made to subdue those uneasy propensities now, when your temper is flexible, and your mind easy of impression, they will most infallibly prove the bane and torment of your whole life. They will not only destroy all possibility of your enjoying any happiness yourself, but they will produce the same effect on those about you; and by that means you will deprive yourself both of the respect of others, and the approbation of your own heart; the only two sources from which can be derived any substantial comfort or real enjoyment.

It is moreover a certain principle in morals, that all the bad passions, but especially those of which we are speaking, defeat, in all cases, their own purposes; a position which appears quite evident on the slightest examination. For what is the object which the proud man has constantly in view? Is it not to gain distinction, and respect and consideration among mankind? Now it is unfortunately the nature of pride to aim at this distinction, not by striving to acquire such virtues and talents as would really entitle him to it, but by labouring to exalt himself above his equals by little and degrading methods; by endeavouring, for example, to outvie them in dress, or show, or expense, or by affecting to look down with haughty superciliousness on such as are inferior to himself only by some accidental advantages, for which he is no way indebted to his own merit. The consequence of this is, that all mankind declare war against him; his inferiors, whom he

affects to despise, will hate him, and consequently will exert themselves to injure and depress him ; and his superiors, whom he attempts to imitate, will ridicule his absurd and unavailing efforts to invade what they consider as their own peculiar province.

If it may with truth be said that a proud man defeats his own purposes ; the same may, with equal certainty, be affirmed of a man who gives way to violence of temper. His angry invectives, his illiberal abuse, and his insulting language, produce very little effect on those who hear him, and who perhaps only smile at his infirmities ; but who can describe the intolerable pangs of vexation, rage, and remorse by which the heart of a passionate man is successively ravaged ? Alas, it is himself alone, in whom the storm is pent up, who is torn by his violence, and not those against whom his fury is meant to be directed.

You will, I dare say, readily agree to the truth of all this ; but you will perhaps be at a loss to conceive what can be my reasons for applying it to you. My principal reasons for thinking you subject to these unhappy failings are very cogent ; but they are of such a nature, that it is peculiarly painful for me to state them. In a word then, I have seen those hateful propensities govern you with such irresistible power, that they have overcome the strongest and most natural principle which can be supposed to reign in the heart of a young person ; I mean the duty and affection you owe your parents. Surely it could be no common failing, no light or trivial fault of temper, that

could be sufficient to counteract the warmest feelings and strongest duties of a young mind? duties and feelings so natural and so indispensable, that we justly conclude a young person who appears to be devoid of them, can scarcely possess any other valuable quality. From such grounds, then, can you think me harsh or uncharitable, if I have formed such conclusions?

I have been urged to what I have said by an earnest wish for the improvement of your character, and particularly for the amelioration of your heart. In a future letter I shall pursue the subject, by endeavouring to give you some rules respecting the government and improvement of the understanding. I hope and believe that your conduct will be such as to render any future admonitions on the subjects of this letter entirely unnecessary. I am, my dear pupil, yours affectionately, &c.

SIR THOMAS ROBINSON TO LORD CHESTERFIELD.

Queen's Square, Westminster, 26th March, 1765.

MY LORD,

MULTUM in parvo was never better applied than to your lordship's letter of the sixth instant, and for which I return my most grateful acknowledgment. But since your lordship converses so much with the dead, pray let the living of the present, as well as all future ages, be benefited by your studies, and make yourself still more immortal, if possible, by transmitting to posterity such

lucubrations as the good company of the dead so usually inspire, and as an improved genius, directed by your lordship's judgment, can easily furnish ; for what has already dropped from your pen, gives you as good a right as any one ever had to say—

Exegi monumentum ære perennius.

I think I have heard that the Egyptians called books the physic of the soul. If so, your lordship may, if you please, as much perpetuate your name by administering intellectual physic, as ever Hippocrates or Galen did by administering corporeal ; and if our religion admitted of deification, I should expect to see you placed upon the right hand of Æsculapius.

More memoirs you write for ; more memoirs you shall now have.

I have lately seen a letter from Voltaire, who praises the condition of the evening of his life with this expression, that to be serene and calm is the best lot of that period. He says he spends his winters near Lausanne, and his summers near Geneva, without care and without kings ; and rightly observes, that after sixty, the place of reason is a private station ; which your lordship, by your present choice, seems to approve of. To this he adds, that he's astonished to see two wise and great nations sacrificing their people, and squandering their wealth, in a quarrel for a few acres of ice and snow inhabited by wolves and savages in Canada ; and, in short, his whole reasoning upon this head may perhaps be thought right by both nations before this squabble ends,

which our ministry daily think more serious, especially as the Marshals Richelieu and Bellisle and the Prince of Conty now direct the councils of France, and his most christian majesty takes to his battle, which will keep his head warm, and consequently fit to receive the warmest counsels such military men can give.

The French king's answer to the Dutch, when asked an explanation about his tremendous preparations, was that he would not give one; but told them, by his ambassador at the Hague, that so far from permitting them to assist us with a single man, he expected them to aid him, if necessary, to chastise and punish that piratical nation. If after this the Dutch refuse to fulfil their treaties with us, they cease to be an independent people, and can no longer claim the title of Hogan Mogan.

The two places we are now in fear of, from the destination of some ships and transports lately sailed from Brest, are Halifax, in North America, and Barbadoes, or the Leeward Islands, in the West Indies. Give us a naval war with the French, has been the wish of all true fighting Britons since I knew the world. Our wish is at last obtained, and we are now frightened not a little. I often reflect on your lordship's observation when the war broke out:—"Mark the end of it!"

Every Englishman is ordered out of France, without excepting the sick at Montpelier, or the man of business or ladies of pleasure at Paris. Among others, my cousin's child had not interest enough to reverse the fatal decree; from whence

I remark, that either the French have lost their taste, or the lady her beauty. Be it as it may, to Brussels she is now retired.

There is very great difficulty in fixing on funds for raising an income sufficient to pay the interest of the two millions we have borrowed. The bricks are laid aside, and they contend to lay also aside the proposed duty on plate, so as to confine ourselves to the 20s. additional duty on ale licences alone. 'Tis calculated that there are now 100,000 ale retailers in the kingdoms, one tenth part of which are within the bills of mortality : should the bill pass, it is thought the number will be reduced to 70,000 ; which nevertheless, say they, will raise more than we want, therefore spare the plate. This is virtually saying, in my opinion, spare ourselves, and, as Peter says, damn the poor : for the rich use plate and the poor drink ale. In the debate last Wednesday on this subject, Mr. Coventry, of Bridport, stood up for the first time, and spoke well, but finished with great humour by the apostolical story of the opposition Paul met with from the silversmiths at Ephesus, so that it might have gone hard with him had he not been assisted by the town clerk (Murray). The allusion produced a horse laugh ; and upon a division, the question was carried only by 129 to 120—next Monday decides the affair : in short, 'tis said we shall have a chancellor of the exchequer ; and people whisper, that the king has declared that he will never again have a foolish chancellor of the exchequer from Worcestershire, as it only tends to increase the peerage.

You will laugh at the disposition made by some mug-house politicians ; for such I suppose they are who have settled a new administration as follows :—his grace of N—— to his old station ; Mr. P——, the first commissioner of the treasury ; Mr. G——, chancellor of the exchequer ; duke of D——e, to his former post ; Lord H——, to Ireland ; and duke of D—— to a pension ; and Sir G—— L—— to a peerage. Much of this has been in the papers, together with a short epigram on the last mentioned, which, lest you may not have happened to see it there, I have enclosed, as I did some posts ago Signora Manganotti's answer to Vanneschi, which had its merit, and is equal to her spirited appeal to the public.

The speaker of Ireland is reported to be now the most unpopular man in that kingdom, as it is supposed that he is soon to be made an Irish earl, with 2,500*l.* a year for supporting his new dignity for thirty two years, and Mr. Ponsonby to be let into his chair. Having got now what he aimed at, by courting the favour of the populace, I suppose he will, with others of the same stamp, from whenceforth cry—*Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo.*

The D. of B. has lost in the committee room two questions relating to the new Islington road, though it was obstinately fought on both sides, for the division on the first was eighty-six to seventy, which is a greater number than I ever remember in a private committee ; but they say the merits were of one side, and his grace on the other ; for the first question was, to throw the road opposite to his house, by the way of Fig

Lane ; and the reason given for it was, it being half a mile about only : to which it was answered, that in our great northern or western roads half a mile about might perhaps be thought a trifle not worth contending for ; but in a road which in the whole was not to extend above three quarters of a mile, half a mile about was a compliment too great for any private man to expect. The second question was for a restrictive clause to prevent building beyond his house, which he lost by fifteen. Mr. F—— attended both days, and very warm debates have arisen on this occasion ; and they say 'tis very unusual for the minister of the house of commons to attend private committees.

The lords lieutenants and custos rotulorum in London have been very active in summoning all those under the denomination of deputy lieutenants, and justices of the peace, now resident here, in order to consider and fix upon the best methods for enlisting soldiers for the new regiments, and picking up all straggling sailors ; and orders have been accordingly sent to the country ; which, with respect to the latter race of mortals, are really almost as arbitrary, though not so cruel or unnecessary, as the proscriptions of the Roman Triumvirate.

Lord Fitzwalter's oysters and port could not carry him beyond his eighty-eighth year. It had been much better for Lord H—— had he departed four years sooner, as the will then subsisting was one whereby he was left sole executor ; but by one since, the deceased lord has left 500*l.* to Lord Ancram ; to Lord Newbattle, 500*l.* ; to

Lady Ancram, 6000*l.*; and to their daughter, at eighteen, 18,000*l.*, with the interest to the mother till she comes to that age. Besides, Lady Ancram gets by her mother's settlement 500*l.* a year out of the Post Office, and Lord H—— 1500*l.* a year more out of that office, together with about 12,000*l.* which it is thought the house in Pall Mall, and some effects on the Hotel de Ville at Paris, may produce. He also left 1000*l.* legacy to Lady Holderness.

The third instant was his grace of Cleveland's birth-day, when one hundred dishes were as usual served up to twenty guests; and the cards of invitation for the evening were to come without hoops. The mantua makers say they never were more hurried against a birth-day: and, indeed, the ladies (to use a ship expression, having been often lately at the royal yards) seemed to be cut down, so that there was no small expense in the mangling of old clothes, besides a great many new suits made, according to this new straight cut, and all in expectation of the fiddle and pipe; but being disappointed, many of their faces appeared as long and lank as their shapes, neither of which could show them much to their advantage.

Lady Lincoln, per la prima volta, walked about every room of her house on the sixteenth, being the first time she ever did the honours of a business of this sort: every room above and below was lighted up; and in the course of the evening we saw every person we had seen before, and many she had picked up that had always hitherto escaped the search of others. Westminster Hall

was lighted up for the chairs, and the coaches stood in Palace Yard, which prevented any great confusion, and made our ingress and egress pretty easy. I was aid-de-camp for the night to my Lady Chesterfield : and I must say, that the lady of the house did the honours of it with that kind of ease and negligent air as pleased every body, yet without the least appearance of taking any pains to obtain that applause she so deservedly met with.

Routs of the first magnitude are pressing upon one another ; for I have always observed as great a struggle, for a day in March, to crowd a private house, as among the actors in the same month to crowd their benefit night ; though the season be often too warm for any squeezing but what love inspires.

The duchess of Norfolk makes a ball for the duke of Cumberland on the thirty-first instant ; eighteen couple above, and fifteen couple below stairs. I paid my court greatly to her grace by showing what your lordship said of her and her new house in the first letter you did me the honour to write to me since you got to Bath : give me the satisfaction to rivet myself in her favour, by commissioning me to tell her your lordship will come to town and attend this ball, and be present at the magnificent doings we are to have on the occasion.

As in time of peace every letter should convey some amorous story, some instance of amity and friendly sentiments, so in war there should alway be some instance of a belliferous nature ; therefore I must not omit informing your lordship that

a most bloody action had like to have happened between General Guise and Jacky Barnard, at _____. The bone of contention, or rather the subject in canvas, was a picture: whether it was an original or no, is not material, but every one present agreed that the two disputants were certainly originals; and to preserve both, great care was taken to prevent bloodshed.

People were alarmed at seeing Lord Holderness and Lord Anson going into the king's closet last Sunday morning about ten. From so early a visit, every one imagined something of the utmost importance: the sanguine, a joyful victory; the melancholy, a fatal defeat: at last the story was known to be as follows:—a letter was brought to Mr. Cleveland, with a copy enclosed of a letter said to have been found in the Fleet by the bearer, the purport of which was, a design to have shot his majesty as he came from the Opera; but missing that opportunity, the dire intention was to be executed that morning as he went to chapel. However, his majesty went as usual to chapel, and returned, thank God! safe and well; for upon a close examination of the bearer, and comparing the copy with the original pretended to have been found, it appeared that they had been both wrote by the same person: so, instead of the expected reward, the discoverer of this plot has got a lodg-ing in Newgate.

The duke has sent to Deal for a description of the two transport vessels lately taken on the French coast; and the report is, that they are calculated to hold three hundred men each, placed

on benches in the hold of the vessel, which has but one mast, and draws but four feet water. This must be allowed to be a proof of their intention to invade, should any accident present them with an opportunity : they are not made for sailing, but to pass the sea in tow.

The king, 'tis said, intends to send to both houses next Tuesday, to acquaint 'em he expects to be soon invaded from France, and to desire a vote of credit.

A report is current, that French money had slackened our Russian ally, and that Sir C. W—— has no credit there ; others say, difficulties have arose with regard to the Hessians. These reports, I hope, only arise from some people's fears.

Lord Pembroke was married to Lady Betty Spencer, at Langly, on Saturday last ; on Sunday the whole family came to town ; and on Monday the whole fabric was pulled down, Mr. Leadbetter having contracted to build a new villa for his grace for 10,000*l.* Most of the talked of matches being slipped off, others are coming on the stocks. Among the rest Lord G—— L—— makes strong love to Miss T——. It would, indeed, I think be a proper match, because her vivacity would a little animate the Dutch gravity which seems to preponderate in his composition ; and as to the finances, they are seldom, if ever, thought of by the sprightly and gay.

Coll. W—— is also desperately in love with Miss W—d ; which is a match where love alone must be the meagre diet of both parties, for Lord D—— will no way agree to it.

Lord Denbigh has got the *entré* to the elder Cewley, and with Lord Ashburnham, and the younger sister, play at 12d. cribbridge and make love every night.—Luck attends some men : here is cut and come again.

Thus it seems to be a doubt whether Mars or Venus shall be the ruling planet in this island during the ensuing summer ; for an embargo has been laid over Great Britain and Ireland ; the maritime beacons which have been decaying ever since good old Eliza's days, have been ordered to be repaired ; and 'tis thought the inland beacons of the kingdom will also be soon ordered to be fitted up.

In answer to these anecdotes, I shall expect from your lordship some of the most beautiful sentiments, enlivened by the most delicate wit, which I know can give you no trouble but that of writing. Though the lines be no more in number than the paragraphs I now send you, they cannot fail of being agreeable ; for I need not repeat, what is well known to your lordship, how pleased I am, and how happy I am made, when I am assured that any thing I can communicate is well received by one I so much honour and esteem, and to whom I shall always be proud of professing that I am, with the greatest regard and attachment, my lord, your lordship's most obliged and most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS ROBINSON.

THE EARL OF BATH TO GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

Tunbridge Wells, July the 29th, 1758.

DEAR COLEY,

I SUPPOSE you had such a vast deal of business on the circuit, and got so much money on it, that you had no time to lose in writing letters. We have had but two from you since you left us, and those extremely short, one as short as yourself, and t'other as a Shrewsbury cake. You must know that I expected a circumstantial and historical relation of every thing that happened on the circuit, how many causes you carried, by dint of learning and ingenuity, to the surprise of the two stupid sages of the law, and to the astonishment of all the heavy staggers on the circuit. I should have been glad to have heard likewise of all the misfortunes which happened to you on the road; how many shirts and other things your awkward footboy lost you in your journey, and how much leather you lost by your lame hackney horse. Mr. Douglas is losing his money here at lottery tickets, but perhaps he may get a rich wife by it at last. He has won many an old woman's heart here, by an excellent sermon he preached; but I want to have him, by his gallantry, get a young one with ten thousand pounds. Lord Pulteney came to us yesterday, and stays about a week; soon after which we are in expectation of you, to lavish away some of that money you got so plentifully, and with so much ease, in your legal peregrination. The first thing an honest man has to do is to pay his just debts; and, consequently

I shall have my twenty guineas refunded, with what interest you think fit. I bear you often dined with the sheriff and with the judges, but you will eat more luxuriously with us, for we have venison and wheatears at every meal.—Lady Bath will be glad to see you, and so you may be sure shall I, your most affectionate friend,

BATH.

THE EARL OF BATH TO GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

DEAR COLEY,

London, March 3d, 1759.

I THANK you for your letter, and am glad to hear of your notable success at Oxford. You say you got two guineas, by saving two men from hanging. I wish you was to have two guineas apiece for every man in Oxford that deserves to be hanged, and then the University would be of some use to you. At Worcester I doubt you will get but little; but get acquainted with two or three roguish attorneys, and they will lay you in a stock of causes for next assizes, when you are to be no longer at my expense. Mrs. Lake, Miss Lear, Lord Pulteney, and Mr. Douglas, drank your health on Sunday last, and wished to convey you a few bottles of the claret we drank it in. This letter I directed to Shrewsbury, which is the surest place to find you in. If you are concerned in the trial of any rape, the ladies desire you would send a minute and circumstantial account of all that passed at it, &c. In the House of Lords we had a debate about bringing in Irish

cattle. The Duke of Newcastle made use of this expression [*obliterated*] to the soldiers. Upon which some wag (for the house was vastly crowded) dropped the following epigram :—

Since beef adds more courage to soldiers in battle,
I consent to the bringing in Irish cattle:
But add then a clause to the bill, which annuls
All free importation of *Irish bulls*.

I hope the two horses, as well as the master and the man, hold out well, and will all return to town again in good health and flesh ; if you brink back with you all the money you pick up on the road, no matter what way, your horse will find you more weighty on your return than in your setting out. Adieu, dear Colman, don't fail to write to me as often as you can, for I wish you very well, and am sincerely yours,

BATH.

GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS TO DR. MILLER.

SIR, Nottingham Gaol, March 27, 1761.

WHEN I parted from you at Doncaster, I imagined, long before this, to have met with some oddities worth acquainting you with. It is grown a fashion of late to write lives :—I have now, and for a long time have had, leisure enough to undertake mine, but want materials for the latter part of it ; for my existence now cannot properly be called *living*, but what the painters term *still life* ; having, ever since March 13, been confined in this town gaol for a London debt.

As a hunted deer is always shunned by the happier herd, so am I deserted by the company (the Norwich) my share taken off, and no support left me, save what my wife can spare me out of hers :—

Deserted in my utmost need
By those my former bounty fed.

With an economy which till now I was a stranger to, I have made shift to victual hitherto my little garrison, but then it has been with the aid of my good friends and allies—my clothes. This week's eating finishes my last waistcoat; and next, I must atone for my errors upon bread and water.

Themistocles had many towns to furnish his table, and a whole city bore the charge of his meals. In some respects I am like him, for I am furnished by the labours of a multitude. A wig has fed me two days: the trimming of a waistcoat as long: a pair of velvet breeches paid my washer-woman, and a ruffled shirt has found me in shaving. My coat I swallowed by degrees. The sleeves I breakfasted upon for weeks: the body, skirts, &c. served me for dinner two months. My silk stockings have paid my lodgings; and two pair of new pumps enabled me to smoke several pipes. It is incredible how my appetite (barometer like) rises in proportion as my necessities make their terrible advances. I here could say something droll about a good stomach, but it is ill jesting with edge tools, and I am sure that's the sharpest thing about me. You may think I have no sense of my condition, that, while I am *thus* wretched, I should offer at ridicule; but,

sir, people constitutioned like me, with a disproportioned levity of spirits, are always most merry when they are most miserable ; and quicken like the eyes of the consumptive, which are always brightest the nearer the patient approaches his dissolution. However, sir, to show you I am not lost to all reflection, I think myself poor enough to want a favour, and humble enough to ask it here. Sir, I might make an encomium on your good nature, humanity, &c. but I shall not pay so bad a compliment to your understanding, as to endeavour, by a parade of phrases, to win it over to my interest. If you could any night at a concert make a small collection for me, it might be a means of my obtaining my liberty ; and you well know, sir, the first people of rank abroad will perform the most friendly offices for the sick : be not, therefore, offended at the request of a poor (though a deservedly punished) debtor,

GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

THE HON. CHARLES YORKE TO DR. BIRCH.

DEAR SIR,

Sat. Morn, Oct. 9, 1762.

I THANK you much for the sheets of Sir Francis Bacon's Letters. They are extremely curious and well writ, and have made me impatient for the rest. I have marked in p. 6, a word blundered in printing—Anchor, for Anchoret or Anchorite (Hermit—*αναχωρητης*).

No man deserves so much of the public as you do, for bringing to light so many valuable memo-

rials for the illustration both of literary and civil history in England; but you will forgive me, if I wish the words in brackets, f. 31, 32, struck out of the book. They convey no *fact*; and since Sir Francis Bacon struck them out of his letter, as conveying a low and indecent flattery to the king, as well as betraying a weakness of passion and resentment in himself, I think that you have no more right to print them than you would have if you could read the hearts of men, so as to be conscious of every roving thought or wayward gust of passion which crosses them involuntarily and by surprise. It is enough if men do not act by them; but to be subject to such starts of mind is matter of constitution, and part of the mechanism of human nature, and ought not to be exposed, lest the reader should apply that to the character of the man which never entered into his conduct. You have the best heart in the world; but your zeal for the illustration of history almost makes you transgress those laws which, in the case of me, or any man now alive, you would hold most sacred. Now, though Sir Francis Bacon has been dead almost one hundred and forty years, yet I think his fame and his memory more recent, more living, and more bright than when he was alive. His faults are cast in the shade by the candour of posterity, and finer colours laid over his virtues, unsullied by envy and detraction (those busy and malignant passions of contemporaries), or even by his own weaknesses.

Besides the justice due in morality to the man, let me add, that what I am now exacting from you as an historian (or collector of historical munu-

ments) is due in discretion and common policy to the world. For indeed the foibles and vices of great men, celebrated for their parts and actions, too much exposed to view, only confirm and comfort the vulgar in the like conduct, without teaching to that vulgar the imitation of their virtues. Give me leave to add, that this reasoning is irresistible, where the person in question has himself checked the feelings, and cancelled the first expressions of his own intemperate passion.

Let me beg of you to reprint the leaf which contains the passage objected to, and supply the gap either by asterisks, or by a note, which the latter well deserves, as to the state of the king's revenue, then depending in parliament (or near that time) for deliberation; and which will probably give you an opportunity of vindicating Lord Salisbury, whom Sir Francis Bacon, with so much dignity, gravity, and decorum, calls a great subject and a great servant, in another letter written to the king immediately after the treasurer's death.

Forgive me, dear sir, and believe me with true affection always yours,

C. YORKE.

MRS. MONTAGU TO DR. MONSEY.

DEAR DOCTOR, Saturday night, [1762].
I MUCH approve of the style and temper of your last letter, as far as it inclines to that decent share of retirement and meditation which becomes the age of sixty-five; but as in a gay and

dissipated life the faults and levities of youth will continue longest upon you, have a care those of old age do not advance faster in your retreat. It is the great misfortune of man never to be without enemies. The passions in his own breast are the most dangerous he has. No bolt or bar can exclude them. In the silence of the night they are heard; they invade every solitude, though ever so deep. When the gay illusions of the world spread no longer their temptations to our fancy, there may arise spirits of great power and influence to haunt our dark retreats. Pride, discontent, suspicion, selfishness, and the whole train of unsocial passions, like the spectres of the night, stalk about us. Too often the *solitaire*, by retiring from the business of the world, does no better than a man who, to avoid the whelps and puppies which run about in the daytime in a village, should shut himself up in some sequestered place haunted by the wolf, the fox, and other beasts of prey. We had better entertain idle affections than malignant passions. If you retire from an opinion mankind are insincere, ungrateful, and malignant, you will grow proud by reflecting you are not like these pharisees. We should retire, from a sense of our own faults, with a desire to correct them, and to have leisure for self-examination. This is the spirit of Christian philosophy. By frequently considering our own errors, we lose the bitter we should otherwise express when we perceive the vices of others. If you find you grow more indulgent to your fellow creatures in your retirement, be assured you have spent your time very profitably. I should

have a higher opinion of the uses of retirement, if I saw it produced the fruits of benevolence, of humility, of charity. I am, however, quite of your opinion, that you ought to pass a good deal of your time in your apartment; it will cure you of those levities in conversation, which, even if innocent, cease to be decent when old age approaches. Your heart has so many amiable virtues, it will endure strict examination. The formal hypocrite, who has thrown a veil of decency over his vices, must be shocked when he undresses in private. But you, my dear Doctor, who have only hid your virtues under too gay a dress, will be happy to see, when your grotesque habit is pulled off, the virtues of a Christian and the wisdom of a philosopher were concealed by it. In your retired hours, think much of your own state in respect to God and the world; as little as you can of the conduct of others towards you. Do not harden your heart against mankind by too intense meditation on their vices and follies.— Consider them as you do your patients; administer to their infirmities; give to some good advice, and to all the world a good example; using the world as not abusing it, according to the advice of the apostle, is an example much wanted. Man is both an active and a speculative being; he does not live according to nature, or in other words, according to the will of him who made him what he is, if he is always engaged in a circle of frivolous actions, which by their continual succession, prevent his exercising his mind in meditation; less still if he is inactive and con-

templative at all times. As that regimen is best which keeps the body in health, so is that course of life which best disposes us to do acts of virtue; but to cherish the dispositions, we must not retire where we cannot exercise it. So much in answer to the serious part of your letter, which I am in a proper temper and situation to answer; I am in a middle state, betwixt the pains of sickness and the joy of health. For solitude I may have enough of it. From the setting of the sun I have no voice but the hooting owl, and thus will pass all my evenings till my Lord Bath and you come to Sandleford. Lord Lyttelton and Mr. Lyttelton left us on Friday, his lordship is in great grief for the loss of Admiral Smith. I should be very glad if you could get me any good claret; we pay the best price, and have it of the most famous wine merchants, but of its goodness I am no judge. As to Madeira, I fear it is not to be got in any perfection. I should be very glad you could get me some excellent hock at any price, for my Lord Bath drinks hock. Of all these wines, or any, if you can hear of such as you can depend upon, order some down by the Newbery carrier. You do not condescend to send me any news. Pray what do they mean in the city by roaring against the peace before they know the terms of it? I wish the aldermen and the head of the train-bands were in the campaign in Germany. Adieu! most venerable hermit of St. James's, who from your cell contemplate the world's vanities in the Green Park and Birdcage Walk! When you go to Lambeth, make my compliments,

and let me know how the respectable persons there do. You may at Lambeth see that due mixture of virtuous action and pious meditation you should aspire to. With my best wishes for your health and happiness, I am, your sincere and affectionate friend, and humble servant,

E. MONTAGU.

MRS. MONTAGU TO DR. MONSEY.

DEAR DOCTOR, Sandleford, Aug. 9th, 1764.

I AM much shocked at the account yesterday's post brought me of the Duchess of Leeds, and heartily condole with you, who I know had a very sincere regard for her. I shall be glad to hear of the health of Lord Godolphin and the Duke of Leeds. The fond father and affectionate husband are greatly to be pitied. One cannot but sympathize in their sorrow. The Duke and Duchess of Leeds lived in a more friendly and domestic union than is usual for persons in their rank of life; so that his grace deserves the highest compassion. A lady for whom I have the highest regard, Lady Harriet Roper, will be greatly afflicted by their misfortune; she had the most tender attachment to the duchess, whose amiable virtues must entirely gain a heart like lady Harriet's; and as her ladyship is in a bad state of health, I much fear the consequences of such an affliction for her. The sad subject of this letter puts to flight all the whimsical nonsense I used to write to you; and I will only add, that I shall be very glad to hear that Lord

Godolphin and the Duke of Leeds bear up under their affliction, and that you are well. I shall always be much concerned at every thing that grieves you ; and the loss of this very good woman, who was a blessing to her family and a good example to the world, must affect even those who had not the happiness of an intimate acquaintance with her. To her virtues one could not refuse one's love as well as esteem, her character was so sweet and amiable. She is now separated from a family which tenderly loved her ; from all the grandeur and pomp of her high rank ; but her virtues and her good actions still accompany her, and her friends must find their consolation in reflecting on her happiness in a world where virtue is always happy : hourly examples convince us it is not so on this globe. I am, dear doctor, your very affectionate friend,

M. MONTAGU.

MRS. MONTAGU TO MRS. W. B.

DEAR MADAM,

Chaillot, Sep. 10, 1766.

I HAD the pleasure of receiving your obliging letter from the hands of a very lively polite French lady. Who she is I cannot learn, for, at Paris, every body does not know every body as at London. Miss G—— and I were going to step into the coach, with an intention to pass one night in Paris ; but I changed my scheme, and insisted on Madame C—— staying the evening : she has travelled a great deal, and is very amusing. I have called twice at her door, but did not find

her at home : she wrote me a very obliging note to express her regret. I do not know whether I mentioned to you that I was disgusted with the noise and dirtiness of an *hôtel garni*. I had the best apartments in the best hotel at Paris. In my drawingroom I had a fine lustre, noble looking glasses, velvet chairs ; and, in my bedchamber, a rich bed with a superb canopy. Poets and philosophers have told us that cares and solicitudes lurk under rich canopies, but they never told us, that at Paris *les punaises* lie concealed there ; small evils, it may be said, but I assure you as incompatible with sound sleep as the most formidable terrors, or the wildest dreams of ambition. I did not rest well at night, and, in the day, for the few hours I was *chez moi*, I did not enjoy that kind of comfort one feels at home, so I was determined to have a habitation quite to myself. I got a pretty small house at Chaillet, with the most delightful prospect ; it was unfurnished, so I hired furniture. I had not brought house linen, but I found a Flemish linendraper ; then I composed my establishment of servants ; I have, of English, French, Italians, Germans, and Savoyards ; they cannot combine against me, for they hardly understand one another, but they all understand me, and we are as quiet and orderly as possible : I was not ten days from the time I hired my house before I inhabited it. I made use of it at first as a house to sleep in at night, and to visit from in the day, but I soon found out that it was a house in which one might dine and ask others to dinner. I got an excellent cook, who had lived with the Prince of Württem-

berg, and have since had duchesses, and fine ladies, and learned academicians to dine with me: and I live *à la mode de Paris*, as much as if I was a native, I have usually only a pair of horses; but when I go to visit, or any where at a distance, the man of whom I hire them furnishes me with six and a postilion, so that I have all manner of accommodations.

I placed the boys and Mr. B—— at a French school, half a quarter of a mile from hence, where they have an opportunity of talking French all day as well as learning it by rule. If they had been here, the boys must have been continually with servants, for my nephew being too old for a plaything, and not yet a man, it would have been impossible to have introduced him into company. A little child is the prettiest of animals, but of all companions, to be sure a human being before it is at years of rational discourse is the worst, except to those who have a parental affection for them; and though I think it no shame to own I have a wonderful delight in my nephew, whom I have, in a manner, brought up, I should be very absurd to expect other people should take more pleasure in my nephew than I do in their nephews; nor do I think the conversation of mixed society very good for children. Things are often thrown out in a careless imperfect manner, so as to be very dangerous to young minds; as indigested food fills the body, indigested opinions do the mind with crudities and flatulencies, and, perhaps, there is not any place where a young person could be in more danger of being hurt by *society* than at Paris. Till I had conversed so

intimately with the French, I did not imagine they were so different from us in their opinions, sentiments, manners, and modes of life as I find them. In every thing they seem to think perfection and excellence to be that which is at the greatest distance from simplicity. I verily believe that if they had the ambrosia of the gods served at their table they would perfume it, and they would make a ragout sauce to nectar; we know very well they would put rouge on the cheek of Hebe. If any orator here delivers a very highly adorned period he is clapped; at the academy where some verses were read, which were a translation of Homer, the more the translator deviated from the simplicity of Homer, the more loud the applause; of their tragedies, an extravagant verse of the poets, and an outrageous action of the actor is clapped. The Corinthian architecture is too plain, and they add ornaments of fancy. The fine Grecian forms of vases and tripods they say are *triste*, and, therefore, they adorn them. It would be very dangerous to inspire young persons with this contempt of simplicity, before experience taught choice or discretion. The business of the toilette is here brought to an art and a science. Whatever is supposed to add to the charm of society and conversation is cultivated with the utmost attention. That mode of life is thought most eligible that does not leave one moment vacant from amusement. That style of writing or conversation the best that is always the most brilliant. This kind of high colouring gives a splendour to every thing, which is pleasing to a stranger, who considers every ob-

ject that presents itself as a sight and as a spectacle, but I think would grow painful if perpetual. I do not mean to say, that there are not some persons and some authors who, in their conversations and writings, have a noble simplicity, but, in general, there is too little of it. This taste of decoration makes every thing pretty, but leaves nothing great. I like my present way of life so well, I should be glad to stay here two months longer, but to avoid the dangers of a winter sea and land journey I shall return, as I intended, the first week in October.

I had a very agreeable French lady to dine with me to-day, and am to dine with her at Versailles on Sunday. As she is a woman of the bedchamber to the queen, she was obliged (being now in waiting) to ask leave to come to me; the queen, with her leave, said something very gracious concerning the character of your humble servant. The French say so many civil things from the highest of them to the lowest, I am glad I did not come to Paris when I was young enough to have my head turned.

We are going to sup with a most charming Marquise de Deffanta, who, being blind and upwards of fourscore, is polite and gay, and I suppose we shall stay till after midnight with her. I hope to get a peep at you in my journey through Kent.

Miss G—— desires her best compliments. I have sent you a copy of Voltaire's saucy letter, on a translator of Shakspeare appearing at Paris; he was very wroth. Mr. le Tourneur, whom he abuses, is a very modest ingenious man. Vol-

taire is vexed that the French will see how often he has stolen from Shakspeare. I could have sent you some pretty verses that were made on your humble servant and Miss G—; but I think satire is always more poignant than praise, and the verses on us were high panegyric.

I am, dear madam, your most affectionate friend, and faithful humble servant,

E. MONTAGU.

MRS. MONTAGU TO LORD KAIMES.

MY LORD, Sandleford, October 27th, 1773.

WITH the history of man, I dare say, your lordship has written the history of woman. I beg that, in specifying their characters, you would take notice, that time and separation do not operate on the female heart as they do on that of the male. We need not go back so far as the time of Ulysses and Penelope to prove this. We may pass over the instance of his dalliance with the sole suitor that addressed him, the lovely Calypso, and the constant Penelope's continued disdain of the whole train of pertinacious wooers.

The more near and recent an example is the better; so, my lord, we will take our own times. You feel, you say, when you take up your pen to write to me, the same formality as on our first acquaintance. I, on the contrary, find, that my confidence in you has had time to take root: a long winter cannot blast, dreary seasons cannot wither it. Under its shadow I am protected from

any apprehensions from your genius and learning. You appear to me in no character but that of my friend, and in the sacred character of my old friend. The years of absence, the months of vacation, in our correspondence, come into the account, for I remembered you when I did not hear from you—I thought of, when I did not see you. Esteem, nursed by faithful remembrance, grew up without intermission.

I am most sincerely rejoiced that your lordship has completed your great work. May you long enjoy the fame, and may you see mankind derive advantage as well as pleasure from your labour. The more man understands himself, the less averse will he be to those divine and human laws that restrain his licentious appetites. It is from ignorance of his nature that he misapprehends his interest: not comprehending how he is made, he disputes the will of his Maker.

I am impatient for the publication of your book, and hope your printer will make all possible haste to indulge us with it. I rejoice that it has pleased God to give you life and health to finish this work; and I flatter myself, though you may not again embark in so great an undertaking, that so able a pen will not be consigned to indolent repose. As to my poor goose quill, it is not much to be regretted that, very probably, it will scribble no more. I have neither the force of good health, nor the presumption of good spirits left to animate me, and without the energy of great talents, these are necessary to the task of undertaking something for the public.

I have been for many months teased with a

slow fever; and the loss of my excellent friend, Lord Lyttelton, has cast a cloud over my mind. I remember Sir William Temple says, in one of his essays, that "when he recollects how many excellent men and amiable women have died before him, he is ashamed of being alive." With much more reason than Sir William (whose merit was equal to that of any of the friends he survived) I feel this very strongly. I have lived in the most intimate connexion with some of the highest characters of the age. They are gone, and I remain: all that adorned me is taken away, and only a cypress wreath is left. I used to borrow lustre from them, but now I seem respectable, even in my own eyes, only as the mourner of departed merit.

I agree with your lordship, that I ought not to lament the death of Lord Lyttelton on his own account. His virtue could not have been more perfect in this mortal state, nor his character greater than it was, with all whose praise could be an object to a wise and worthy man. He now reaps the full reward of those virtues, which, when here, though they gave him a tranquil cheerfulness, amidst many vexations, and the sufferings of sickness, yet could not produce a perfect calm to the wounds inflicted on his paternal affection. When I consider how unhappy his former, how blessed his present state, I am ashamed to lament him. The world has lost the best example, modest merit the best protector, mankind its gentlest friend. My loss is unspeakable; but as the friendship of such a man is the best gift of God, and I am sensible that I was

never deserving of so great a blessing, I ought rather to offer thanks that it was so long bestowed than to repine that it was taken away. I ought also to beg that, by the remembrance of his precepts and examples, I may derive the same helps to doing my duty in all relations of life, and in all social engagements, that I did from his advice. But virtue never speaks with such persuasion as when she borrows the accents of a friend; moreover, my time in this world will probably be very short, and if it were long, I could never cease to admire so perfect a pattern of goodness.

I am ever, my lord, &c. &c.

ELIZABETH MONTAGU.

ANNA SEWARD TO A FRIEND.

Lichfield, Feb. 1763.

You tell me that I had but too faithfully conceived the situation of your mind, on going into public circles; and you tell me also, that he whose image thus perpetually intrudes on your imagination, has been repeatedly, by your order, denied admittance on his morning visits, though you could not see him walk up to the door, and return from it, as you sat reading in the parlour, without very distressing emotion; that, but for my reasoning on the subject, you know not if you could have kept your resolution. Ah! how it gratifies me to hope that I may have been the means of preserving my friend from a destiny so unworthy of her virtues.

You saw him afterwards at the play, and replied to the regrets he expressed about never finding you at home, only by a distant curtsy. Bravo! my charming heroine! the victory, self-darest and hardest to be obtained, will be yours.

Of what flowers shall I twine your wreath of triumph? The warrior has his laurel, the poet his bays, and the lovers have their myrtle; but of the amaranth, the unfading amaranth, should her garland be formed, in whose consideration the peace of the future has prevailed over the delights of the present.

You insist upon my saying more of myself in this letter; observe, that you hear I have often written verses, and question me concerning their subjects. There will be no great difficulty in obeying you: self-love, which has neither soul-harrowing sorrow, nor cutting mortification to reveal, seldom finds the path of egotism thorny. Your partial estimation of my talents, and your question about my verses, now point to that path. If your attention should grow weary in following me through its mazes, you must thank yourself.

It is true that I have written verses, but it is not true that I have written them often. A propensity of that sort appeared early in my infancy. At first my father encouraged it, but my mother threw cold water on the rising fires; and even my father ceased to smile encouragement upon these attempts after my sixteenth year, in which Dr. Darwin unluckily told him that his daughter's verses were better than his; a piece of harsh injustice to my father's muse, which disgusted him with mine.

Some few people, besides yourself, have fancied that I had genius. Whether they are or are not mistaken, it cannot be for me to determine; but certainly Lichfield is now an inauspicious soil for nourishing to maturity that sensitive plant.

It is true I dwell on classic ground. Within the walls which my father's family inhabits, in this very diningroom the munificent Mr. Walmesley, with the taste, the learning, and the liberality of Mæcenas, administered to rising genius the kind nutriment of attention and praise. Often to his hospitable board were the schoolboys, David Garrick and Samuel Johnson, summoned.—The parents of the former were of Mr. Walmesley's acquaintance, but those of the latter did not move in his sphere.

It was rumoured that my mother's father, Mr. Hunter, had a boy of marked ability upon his forms. The huge overgrown, misshapen, and probably dirty stripling was brought before the most able scholar and the finest gentleman in Lichfield, or its environs, who, perceiving far more ability than even rumour had promised, placed him at his table, not merely to gratify a transient curiosity, but to assure him of a constant welcome.

Two or three evenings every week, Mr. Walmesley called the stupendous stripling, and his livelier companion, David Garrick, who was a few years younger, to his own plentiful board. There, in the hours of convivial gaiety, did he delight to wave every restraint of superiority formed by rank, affluence, polished manners, and the dignity of advanced life; and there, “as

man to man, as friend to friend," he drew forth the different powers of each expanding spirit, by the vivid interchange of sentiment and opinion, and by the cheering influence of generous applause.

Another circumstance combined to heighten the merit of this patronage. Mr. Walmesley was a zealous Whig. My grandfather, then master of the free school, perceiving Johnson's abilities, had, to his own honour, taken as much pains with him as with the young gentlemen whose parents paid a high price for their pupilage; but my grandfather was a Jacobite, and Sam. Johnson had imbibed his master's absurd zeal for the forfeit rights of the house of Stuart: and this, though his father had very loyal principles; but the anxiety attendant on penurious circumstances probably left old Johnson little leisure or inclination to talk on political subjects.

His son, I am told, even at that early period of life, maintained his opinions, on every subject, with the same sturdy, dogmatical, and arrogant fierceness with which he now overbears all opposition to them in company.

At present we can well conceive the probability of his dogmatism being patiently supported by attending admirers, awed by the literary eminence on which he stands. But how great must have been Mr. Walmesley's love of genius; how great his generous respect for its dependant situation, that could so far restrain a naturally impetuous temper, as to induce him to suffer insolent sallies from the son of an indigent bookseller,

and on a subject which, so handled by people of his own rank, he would have dashed back in their faces with no small degree of asperity!

My father wrote the following epitaph on Mr. Walmesley; I send it to you, because it is what epitaphs seldom are—characteristic. I am sure you would be interested in conceiving a just idea of the first patron of our modern Roscius, and of the illustrious author of the Rambler.

Reader, if Science, Truth, and Reason charm,
If social charities thy bosom warm;
If smiling Bounty ope thy heart and door,
If Justice style thee guardian of the poor;
Firm to Britannia's liberties and laws,
If Freedom fire thee in their sacred cause,
With sympathetic grief these relics see,
Yet think not Walmesley dead—he lives in thee.

But, if thy country's rights thou would'st betray,
And barter laws for arbitrary sway;
If, Briton-born, thy soul's a Gallic slave,
Start from his tomb he would, and call thee fool and knave.

Prior tells us that every man of ability should either by the compass, the pencil, the pen, or the sword, leave his name in life's visit. With all Mr. Walmesley's knowledge, accomplishments, taste, and munificence, not having stept out in any public line of literature, his name must have passed into oblivion, had he not been the first who distinguished his illustrious townsmen.

By that circumstance, he rendered his memory immortal as the talents he drew forth. While Johnson and Garrick are remembered, their first patron will not be forgotten. Who is there of a

soul so grovelling, as would not wish for their memories an honourable immortality ?

Fame is the spur which the clear spirit doth raise,
That last infirmity of noble minds !

How inconceivable, then, is the idiotism of short sighted pride, which affects to associate only with people of a certain rank, and which induces the gentlemen, as they call themselves, to preclude from their reputation the glory of having been able to discern genius and to raise it from obscurity !

I speak not from any selfish consideration. Whatever little talents I may possess, they have not to struggle up to the notice of my neighbours from the gloom of an inferior station. My father is a gentleman by birth, and by his profession ; a scholar by education ; and, being canon of this cathedral, his daughter necessarily converses on terms of equality with the proudest inhabitants of our little city ; but they perceive nothing of those uncommon talents with which your partiality has invested her.

Attention and praise are the summer-suns that must unfold and ripen the germs of imagination, ere they can possibly produce fruit worthy the taste of the public.

Had it been my lot to have been animated by the smiles, and sustained and encouraged in my studies, and in my little sallies of poetic invention, by the applause of a Walmesley, I might perhaps have ventured myself among the candidates for the literary palms.

But may it not be better as it is ? Let me be
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contented with being happy, without sighing that I am not distinguished. Ah! who knows from what painful solicitudes my obscurity may have preserved me.

My epistle grows long. You were, however, snatched from the mazes through which the pleasure of talking about myself might have led you, by my pen having started back into brighter and more interesting scenes; scenes that, once passing beneath this roof, have stamped a local distinction upon the palace of the Bishop of Lichfield, beyond the power of the crosier or the mitre to bestow.

ANNA SEWARD TO A FRIEND.

Lichfield, April, 1764.

At last he is here—this brother elect! We had heard of his being arrived in London a week before; but he fixed not with his sister the period at which she would see him, mentioning business that might detain him more than a fortnight.

My mother had engaged half Lichfield to play at cards with her on Wednesday se'nnight.—About one o'clock that day, Mrs. Porter sent to inform us, that her brother was that instant arrived, and would accompany her hither to tea. She was one of the party engaged here, so neither of them could be ignorant that, upon this plan, the first interview must be witnessed by twenty pair of curious eyes. But it was not for us to make that an objection. Unluckily, Mrs. Por-

ter's recommendation had transpired, and was become a card table theme. Nothing can be a secret if my father is to know it, so frank are his communications. We had been unpleasantly conscious of this publicity.

On the message being delivered, sweet Sarah's serenity became considerably discomposed during a few minutes. "Some natural tears she dropt;" but soon smiled them away. The elements seemed in unison with her feelings; for the sun was just then looking mildly through one of those vernal showers in which the present April has been so rich. "Look, love, said I, that calm and gilded rain promises flowers and fruits in abundance; may those kindred tears prepare thy mind, as that shower prepares the earth, for the flowers and fruits of wedded happiness!"

I stood by her toilet while she dressed. It was with no particular attention. If she was longer about that operation than usual, it was from absence, not from solicitude. She sighed often; and once or twice exclaimed—"Ah! Heaven!" in a pensive and languid tone, and with an emphatic shake of the head, as she put on her light hat and ribands.

"Bless me!" said I, "one would think thou wert adorning a victim, and not a mistress. If that idea has passed across thy mind, prithee, put a stop to this business at once! Study a pretty harangue of dismissal, full of esteem, wayward heart, and so forth."

Behold us then in the drawingroom. Every body arrived, except the most interesting among

the guests. A loud rap at the hall door! A deep carmine over my Sarah's cheek, not generally crimson.

That cheek, a stranger to the rose
That best in ruddy milk-maids glows;
The courtlier lily opens there,
With all that's soft, and all that's fair.

Restrained smiles pursed up the face of many a wan ing virgin of the company, till it looked like a thin pikelet, half toasted.

The drawingroom door opens! and in rustles, in all the pomp of blue and white tissue and Brussels lace, and with the most satisfied air, our honest friend, Mrs. Porter, led by the intended,—a thin pale personage, somewhat below the middle height, with rather too much stoop in the shoulders, and a little more withered, by Italian suns, than are our English sober bachelors, after an elapse of only forty years, in a black velvet coat, and a waistcoat richly embroidered with coloured flowers upon gold tissue; a bag wig, in crimp buckle, powdered white as the new shorn lamb.

An unfortunate idea of a mountebank doctor, produced by the black velvet coat and gold waistcoat, gave me some difficulty in managing my risible muscles.

Mr. Porter's features are not irregular; his teeth very fine, though in a mouth which, being rather concave than convex, seldom shows them, and he looks extremely clean. The great disideratum, perceived at first view, is the air of a gentleman, which I have often seen liberally and gracefully diffused about some of our English

merchants. It was here in vain to look for it; neither did the tone of his voice, in speaking, please me. These are, in my estimation, most important personalities; mind having so much to do in producing the one, and in harmonizing the other.

You know the Lichfield young women do not play at cards. Six or seven of us were loitering at the windows and round the cardtables,—expectation too busy with us for us to be busy with our needles. The beau was presented by his sister to every one in turn, and judiciously made no particular address to my sister. He said, gallantly enough, that he had pleasure in seeing his native country the richest in beauty of any nation through whose cities he had passed.

Our glowing Nannette was there, with her large and languishing hazel eyes, warm cheek, and the tender fascination of her smile. Eliza W—, in all her aquiline beauty, and with that air of grandeur, though hardly yet sixteen, whose form so often reminds me of a passage in Ossian : “ Lovely, with her raven hair, is the white-bosomed daughter of Sorglan.” She also, whose charms are in their summer ripeness, whose name seems to have been prophetic of her seldom equalled beauty, the celebrated Helen White; yet has her cast of countenance more of Raphael’s Madonna, than of that less chastened loveliness with which imagination invests the faithless wife of Menalaus.

Miss A—— also was in the group; of shape correct, and of air sprightly, with my sister, the

fair bride elect, whose form is so light and elegant, whose countenance has so much modest intelligence, and, by her side, Honora, "fresh and beautiful as the young day-star, when he bathes his fair beams in dews of spring." Often, when Mr. Porter's attention was otherwise engaged, she looked up in my sister's face with eyes moistened by solicitous tenderness.

This dear child will not live : I am perpetually fearing it, notwithstanding the clear health which crims her cheek and glitters in her eyes.— Such an early expansion of intelligence and sensibility partakes too much of the angelic, too little of the mortal nature, to tarry long in these low abodes of frailty and of pain, where the harshness of authority, and the impenetrability of selfishness, with the worse mischiefs of pride and envy, so frequently agitate by their storms, and chill by their damps the more ingenious and purer spirits, scattered, not profusely, over the earth.

This child seems angel before she is woman ; how consummate shall she be if she should be woman before she is actually angel ! What delight must then result to me from the consciousness that my sister and myself have been instrumental in the cultivation of talents and of virtues, in which the imagination, the sensibility, and warm disdain of every grovelling propensity, which are, I flatter myself, characteristic of one mistress, shall be united with the sweetness, the unerring discretion, and self command of the other ! She will, by all those who know how to

appreciate excellence, be acknowledged, like Miranda, "to have been formed of every creature's best."

But how I have wandered from a subject, certainly more important to me at present, even than all the (perhaps) flattering promises which the future makes in the glance, the tear, the smile of my Honora! Yet it is one thing to be important to one's feelings, and another to bear them away on the light wings of heart-expanding hope. But descend, thou excursive pen, from these visionary altitudes, upon the firm, though not flowery ground of this projected marriage.

After tea, Mr. Porter talked and attended chiefly to me. Declining cards, and my father and mother engaged in them, it became a duty of politeness to show attention to some of the family he came to visit. It must have distressed my sister to have been singled out for this purpose. Yet, so prone are folks to gather opinions, as they gather flowers, from the surface, instead of implanting them in their minds, by taking them up from the roots, that I saw in the half-suppressed, but significant smiles of our guests, that they thought the elder sister likely to bear away the hymeneal wreath from the milder brow of the appointed fair one.

Our party broke up at nine. Mr. and Mrs. Porter supped, by engagement, with their relation, Mr. White. A few of my mother's intimates, with our beauteous Helen, staid supper here. The instant the brother and sister were decamped, every body spoke at once, and all in

jocose invective upon your poor friend's mischievous eyes, as they called them.

Sarah, smiling, claimed of me the promise I had asked of her, viz. that she might accompany me into Italy. She claimed it with a rising blush and tremulous motion in the eyelid, visible only to my searching glance, "which knows each line and trick of her sweet countenance;" but to that glance it discovered a little latent chagrin, so natural to the delicacy of virgin pride.

Ah! sweet one, thought I, thou wilt never go into Italy under the Porter auspices, if thou goest not a principal of the party. However, you may be sure no such premature and needless assertion escaped my lip; yet, vexed at an un-discriminating idea of such apparently general influence, I warmly declaimed upon its absurdity.

Honora gazed upon me while I was speaking, with eyes which bore animated assent to my protest, and then turned them, with a smile of scorn, upon the group, who were interrupting me with laughing, but earnest and clamorous dissension. Throwing my arms round Honora's neck, and kissing her, I exclaimed, "Here is this child looking down upon you all as the idlest dupes existing, to a style of behaviour which, being otherwise, the man must have had too coarse a mind for the endurance of a woman of delicacy." Helen vowed she would find it all out at her uncle W——'s. "We shall know," added she, "what our Italian prince thinks of these rival sisters." "Rival!" I could have beat her.

Conceive this provoking Helen, rushing in as we were at breakfast, the ensuing day, her fine face all in a glow, her hands spread:—" It is verily and even so ! this irresistible Madame Anne ! Sarah must wear the willow, but I think it will not be with a very aching heart." " No, indeed !" said the sweet maid, with a look of blended, or rather instantaneously changing sensation, the result of which was ineffable. It was a gleam of disdain, immediately softening into the most affectionate sweetness, as her eyes remained fixed on me.

I asked Helen on what grounds she built her mighty probable conclusion. " My uncle W—," replied she, " told me he had asked Mr. Porter how he liked Mr. and Mrs. Seward ?" " Extremely !" " And Miss Seward ?" " I think her charming." (And Helen ran on in a string of hyperbole which I have no inclination to repeat.) " The youngest ?"—" She seems a modest, pleasing young woman."

" Now, for all this," cried out Honora, " I don't believe he likes Nancy best. I called her wiser than the aged, and grew so saucy to my mother, that she looked grave, and took her pinch of snuff first at one nostril, and then at the other, with swift and angry energy, and her eyes began to grow dark and to flash. 'Tis an odd peculiarity ; but the balls of my mother's eyes change from brown into black, when she feels either indignation or bodily pain.

Reports of this imaginary preference of the eldest sister spread rapidly through our little

city; and, before night, it was asserted that he had made proposals in form to Miss Seward.

Messages of inquiry concerning our healths only passed between us and the Porters through the course of that day; but, at eleven the next morning, the brother and sister called upon us to go with them to Mrs. Porter's new house, just built, but not yet inhabited. He looked much better; the mountebank had vanished with the black velvet. Helen joined our party. Mr. Porter's whole attentions were devoted to Sarah; and Honora and I exulted not a little over Helen about her prediction. He took an opportunity of frankly offering his hand and heart to her acceptance, ere we reached home, where he passed the remainder of the day with us.

The general misconstruction of his civility to me had been much in his favour. Hence maiden pride was busy with its whisper, that now rejection on her part would be deemed dislike on his, and preference of another. So this circumstance acted as a powerful counterpoise to the quack doctor impression given by the black velvet and fine waistcoat, which I had not been able to forbear imparting to her. She owned her heart had recoiled a little from the unusual *tout ensemble* produced by those habiliments. How much better did he look in his brown coat!

Behold him an accepted lover! and a very pressing one. He wants to hurry the nuptials, saying he must be in Italy before winter. I am afraid I see about him an impolitic impatience of contradiction; a proud, not an enamoured jea-

lousy, and a considerable degree of peevishness. Heaven protect my sweet Sarah's peace !

When people are tolerably happy, how dangerous is a material change in the habits of life ! Ah ! what halcyon days have this dear girl and I passed with our little Honora, beneath the fair spires of tranquil Lichfield ! How immaterial were the clouds of an horizon so azure ! Some violence of temper, and vapourish despondency, from causes provokingly trivial, on my mother's part, some absurdities on my father's ; yet, left so much to ourselves, and perfectly aware of the value of time, how interesting have been our employments, how animated our pleasures !

You inquire after the duration of my enfranchisement from the fetters of love. My heart has not resumed them ; but, indeed, all its sensations have, of late, been absorbed in my sister's impending destiny.

The continual disgust you express to the joyless crowds and dissipation of London, is worthy of an ingenuous mind, to which domestic pleasures are, above all others, dear. Remember you have a relation in Lichfield, who would be happy to receive you into her family.

In the dread of disappointment, I hardly dare trust myself with an idea so agreeable, which flatters me with seeing you every day, and often all the day, when I am in England.

In England !—Ah ! now that my continental vision approaches its realization, I begin to tremble at the thought how large a tract of seas and shores, mountains and plains, must shortly divide me from the home of my youth !—from my pa-

rents!—from my dear Honora!—That during two long years I shall not see the rising sun slant his beams into the lake of Stowe Valley, or change into pale gold the stone of the cathedral turrets. Yet, though tempted, like the swallows, into warmer climates afar off, my wings, any more than theirs, will not be cropped. I can fly back again when I please. But Sarah, my dear Sarah! she must be borne back by permission, and in a cage! a golden one, 'tis true, but still a cage.

However, if she enters it, most voluntary will be that entrance. After my mother, good, literal being, had ceased her expressions of wonder that he could so distinguish her Anna, yet like her Sarah best, she desired she would reject Mr. Porter's addresses, if they were not perfectly agreeable to her. She sent for my father, and desired him to join her in this request, which he did willingly and earnestly; and since, on some alarming appearances of a fretful and despotic disposition, they have warmly and solemnly adjured her to break off the affair. But, alas! she is become attached and partial to him in the extreme.

By this generous adjuration, our parents have proved themselves really parents, making their child's happiness their object. Whenever it is otherwise, a miserable proof is exhibited of human depravity.

Adieu! adieu!—This hymeneal gale begins to blow cold and ungenial upon my once warm hopes, and “all their fires grow pale.”

ANNA SEWARD TO A FRIEND.

O ! my kind friend, this dear creature is dangerously ill!—a violent fever! Thursday next was fixed for her marriage. About three o'clock yesterday morning, I was awakened by her taking my hand, and telling me that she was very ill. Her dear hands felt of a parching heat, and so did her forehead and temples.

I called assistance instantly. We are all very much alarmed. Medicine has hitherto unsuccessfully contended with the disease, which I am afraid gains ground instead of abating. Her spirits have been too much hurried for a constitution so delicate. Yet her youth!—I must hope, for O ! I cannot endure the thoughts of her being torn from us!

We are a sad, sad family—distracted with fears that we dare not communicate to each other. I will not, while any hope remains, send away this letter; that if it pleases Heaven to restore the dear sufferer, you may be spared those grievous apprehensions which your sympathy will excite, should you know our situation before you are informed that its terrors are removed.

Thursday morning.—Congratulate me, dearest Emma!—the intended bridal day has arisen auspiciously, averting from my Sally's bosom the arrows of death, whose aim had been deprecated with our prayers and tears. There is a remission in this cruel fever;—a balmy moisture upon her temples, bosom, and hands. She breathes freely; is able to sit up in an arm chair; to smile with her

wonted serenity, and cheerfully to tell us that she shall soon be well.

Parched and exhausted as I was with weeping and watching through four nights and days, hope has proved a restoring cordial. I leave you, that I may refresh myself by combing my dishevelled hair, and washing from my eyelids the traces of those bitter tears.

Thursday night.—O! my friend, our hopes are vanished!—While I was changing my gown and preparing to carry neatness and a cheerful countenance to my dear sister's arm chair, she relapsed;—the fever came back with redoubled violence!

In the distraction with which the servants fled different ways to recall the medical people, there was no thought of me. Nobody came near my apartment to reveal the sad tidings, and I entered the sick room with all the alacrity of hope. What did I behold there?—Alas! my precious sister sunk back in her bed, just recovering from a fainting fit!—sweet Honora supporting with her arm the dear sufferer's head, her silent tears, in large drops, upon her Sally's pillow; my father and mother standing by the bedside, the deepest woe in their countenance. Mr. Porter sitting in the window, leaning upon his hand, which covered his forehead.

The dear creature opened her languid eyes, and looking at me earnestly,—“My Nancy, you are dressed—are you going out?—do not leave me long.”—“Alas, no! there was no thought of going out. I left you, my love, to put on clean clothes, that I might look comfortable to you,

flattering myself that you were greatly better; nobody came to tell me that you were not so well again."

She sighed, and waved her dear hand emphatically, as if she had said,—The days of our happiness here are passed away!

Saturday morning.—Ah!—she has grown worse and worse, though by slow degrees. Dr. D. says, when the fever returned, it was with a fatal change in its nature, from inflammatory to putrid, and that he has very little hopes of saving her. O! my friend, may your heart never feel the anguish with which mine is at this instant torn!

How would Mr. Porter be to be pitied if he had strong sensibilities!—so near calling such a blessing his, and to have it thus torn from him! but his sensations seem more like vexation than grief.

My father's sanguine and cheerful disposition will not suffer him to think his darling so ill as she too surely is. My mother, my poor mother! —she has heard that a clergyman in Worcestershire, of the name of Bayley, has frequently administered James's powder with success, in very dangerous cases.

She has just sent a chaise and four, full speed, to conjure him to return hither in it, on an errand of life or death. We have all eagerly caught at this possibility, and are flattering ourselves with hopes, which, I fear, are but as the straws at which drowning wretches catch. Is it likely that a private gentleman should know a better

method of administering that medicine than a physician of D—'s acknowledged skill.

Sunday.—Mr. Bayley is come; he arrived at ten this morning. The instant he came into the room, my mother rushed to him, and falling on her knees, clasped her arms wildly around him, exclaiming, in the piercing accents of anguish,—“ Dear angel-man, save my child !”

He burst into a flood of humane tears, as he raised her from the ground. They went instantly into the sick chamber—but O ! he gives us not more hope than Dr. D. If the fever had but continued inflammatory!—but here all evacuation is pernicious. He joins the doctor in advising musk medicines instead of the powders. Adieu ! adieu !

Wednesday morning.—I have hardly strength to tell you—it is pronounced she cannot survive this night; there is no balm in Gilead!—Pray for us, that we may be supported under this severe chastisement of Almighty power!

ANNA SEWARD TO A FRIEND.

Gotham, Nottinghamshire, June 23, 1764.

I HAVE sat almost an hour at the writing-table, my hand crossed upon this paper, unable to take up the pen ; that pen which I used to seize with such glad alacrity, when it was to convey my thoughts to you ! Now, spiritless, weary, my mind presents only scenes of mournful recollec-

tion ; or, hovering over the silent and untimely grave of my sister, perceives nothing but a drear vacuity.

Your last letter came to me when my heart laboured under one of the keenest paroxysms of its late anguish. The funeral bell was tolling, and the dear, dear remains were everlastingly passing away from our habitation. Six of her young companions, in white raiment, the emblem of her purity, drowned in tears, bore, with trembling hands, the pall that covered that dim form, which, but a little, little fortnight before, had walked amidst them with the light step of youth and gaiety. Yes, upon the very lawn over which they were then slowly walking in grieved and awful silence, interrupted only by the solemn death-bell.

Thus vanish our hopes !—thus cold is the bridal bed of my dear sister. No sunbeam shall pierce its dark recess, “ till the last morn appear.”

In a few days after this sad scene was closed, we came hither, to the village retirement of my excellent uncle and aunt, Martin. Pious tranquillity broods over the kind and hospitable mansion, and the balms of sympathy, and the cordials of devotion, are here poured into our torn hearts.

At times I can scarce persuade myself that I shall see her no more !—for O ! how perfect was our amity ! Upon that tender, instinctive affection, which grew with our growth, was engrrafted esteem the most established, and confidence the most entire.—One bed !—one heart !—one soul !—Even the difference of our dispositions became

a cement to our friendship ; her gentleness tempered my impetuosity ; her natural composure caught animation from her sister's sprightliness ; —“our studies, our amusements, our taste the same.” O heavy, heavy loss ! yet bow thy stubborn grief, O my spirit ! and remember the reason thou hadst to fear for her happiness in that union from which she was so awfully snatched away.

Cut off, as she was, in the bloom of life, yet nothing could be more resigned. Sickness, pain, and the extremest bodily weakness, had not power to extinguish, or even to abate, the pure flame of her devotion : yet all was calm and rational, for she had no delirium through the course of her illness. When her eyes were closed to open no more, when she seemed insensible to outward objects, she continued fervent in prayer, nay, in thanksgiving to her God. She repeated the Lord’s Prayer often, and several verses out of the Scriptures which were applicable to her expiring situation. In these repetitions her voice, though low, and interrupted by the pausings of weakness, was distinct. I am sure she had a foretaste of the everlasting happiness which was soon to recompense ten thousand fold the mortal struggle.

She expressed unwillingness to take the musk medicines, which, I am afraid, were disagreeable to her. Yet when my father and mother solicited, she opened her mouth and swallowed them, without showing any more reluctance.

Her partial affection for me was almost the latest yearning of her gentle spirit. As I sat by her weeping, the morning of the final day, and

saw her lie pale and stretched out, her sweet eyes unable to open, she said, in a low voice, when we had all thought her invisible to every earthly recollection,—“ Speak, my Nancy ; let me once more hear that dear voice, ever welcome to me !”

O ! how those dear words yet vibrate on my ear ! I repeat them to myself many times in every day and night, endeavouring to imitate the sweet mournful accent in which they fell upon my soul with indelible impression.

My father was agonized by the loss of this, the darling of his heart ; but it is amazing how soon the native cheerfulness of his temper has arisen from beneath the blow. My mother, at first, bore it better. She directed the funeral ; and the business which it created seemed to have rendered her spirits collected, and to have dried the source of her tears ; but, when that was over, a deep severe dejection succeeded, which nothing seems of power to comfort or to cheer.

My cousin, Miss Martin, is of my sister’s age, and was deservedly beloved by her above all her other companions, next to myself and Honora. She grieves for our loss and her own with passionate tenderness.

Honora, young as she is, has shared all my sorrows. If she is but spared me, I shall not be quite bereaved. It will not be wholly in vain that I shall say, Return, blessed days ! Adieu ! adieu !

ANNA SEWARD TO A FRIEND.

Gotham, Nottinghamshire, June 27, 1764.

WITH what anxiety do you inquire of me if our sorrows soften ? Mine do soften, my dear creature ; participation has been their balm.

Upon a pleasant grass-plot, in my uncle's garden, stands a fine old mulberry tree, of extensive and luxuriant shade, beneath which we all used to sit, reading and working, in the happy days that are flown.

There is an austerity in my mother's grief, which, in a great measure, keeps us silent in her presence. We see my father cheerful, and fear to open afresh the wound of his heart, by even alluding to any thing which must recall the image of her he has lost. So, in these summer heats, we hasten to the mulberry shade. It is there that her name is ever on our lips. We recollect her looks, her voice, her gesture, her sentiments. We search for the passages in our poets of which she was most enamoured, and her accents return upon our ear as we read them ; and thus do we extract the bitterness with which unpartaken sorrow broods over the laceration of its tenderest ties.

How comfortable is it that we can pass many hours of every day exempt from the intermixture of society with indifferent people, who would soon be tired of this eternal looking back to the past, and recalling the image of the everlasting absent ! They would fancy it right to force our thoughts into other channels. Mistaken idea !

which yet, against experience, maintains its ground.

We are never weary of our heart-affecting theme, equally interesting to all the three. It, in some measure, restores to us the angelic friend we have lost. She seems yet to mix in our conversations. We take delight in assuring ourselves that her spirit hovers round us, and receives a part of its happiness from the consciousness how tenderly she is yet beloved, how incessantly remembered by those who were dearest to her on earth. Ah! I hope they will one day be reunited to her in a state, the felicity of which will have its completion in the conviction of its permanence!

Early next week I shall accompany my father to Eyam, his living in Derbyshire. During the last week of our residence there, Mr. Porter means to join us, whom we left behind with his sister. After he has passed some days with us there, we shall all reassemble at Lichfield.—Changed Lichfield! Ah! how miserably changed! With what different sensations, to what I used to feel, shall I catch the first glimpse of its spires from the neighbouring hills!—those spires, never till then, after absence, beheld with less than rapture.

But, as to Derbyshire, I shall feel a mournful sweetness in returning to the mountain heights of that village, in whose bosom my sister and myself first saw light, and where we sported away the hours, till I was six, she five years old; and which we have revisited together of late, passing frequently some of the summer months in that romantic retreat.

Much, however, shall I lose in not having Honora with me, whom my mother cannot spare, since my father has no gratification in recalling the past, in "overtaking the wings of Time," and in bringing back, arrayed in all the softening hues of recollection,—

————— the hours, the days,
The years, that saw us happy.

I am afraid that men, in general, feel little of all this! Ah! rather than my destiny should ever be united to one whose spirit is proof against these pensive luxuries, may I never change the name my Sally bore! lest the habit of suppressing sensibilities which cannot be partaken, change the nature of that heart, on whose softness her image, and the remembrance of her virtues, is so deeply impressed, and to which you are unalienably dear.

P. S. This letter is short, but you shall hear from me more at large after I get to Eyam.

ANNA SEWARD TO A FRIEND.

Eyam, Derbyshire, July, 1764.

THE fortnight, passed beneath my native rocks, has not elapsed without interest. Little as I expected gratifications of that sort, the sorrows of my heart have been soothed by sympathy.

There are some liberal minded people in this village, by no means a small one. Mr. L—— is an excellent young man, intelligent and familiar with the writings of our best authors. He was

often the companion and guide of our exploring rambles in this romantic country, when my father used to be here during some weeks of the former summers, with both his daughters. Mr. L—— indulges me in recalling traces of my Sally amid the rocks, and in the shady depths of those sequestered valleys which were so dear to her taste.

But I have met with sympathy yet more animated and indulgent, in another gentleman here, whose more advanced life, and the gayer manner in which his youth was spent, little promised this softness of spirit. He is the eldest son of the esquire of our village. The late Duke of Devonshire procured him an ensign's commission when he was only sixteen, and made him page to the duchess when himself became lord lieutenant of Ireland.

It happened that he was always with the regiment when I went to Eyam after I grew up. Indeed I never, till now, saw him since the commencement of my existence, when my father, in the triumph of parental pleasure, took him, then a military youth scarce twenty, into the nursery, and put me into his arms before I had been born three hours. After a series of military services, behaving gallantly as aid-de-camp to General Howard, in the last war, and obtaining the rank of major, Mr. W—— beat his sword into a ploughshare, and lives as a private gentleman and justice of the peace, chiefly upon the income for which he sold his commission, since a very large family, and his father's expensive habits, have left his patrimonial property small. He is

joint housekeeper with his sister, a widow lady of genteel fortune, whose life has been eventful, and called forth uncommon exertions of that prudence, spirit, and virtue which adorn her character.

* * * * * I spoke to you of our ride home last night by moonlight. Major W—, and his sister, Mrs. T—, accompanied my father and myself to dine and sup with a friendly old bachelor, whose mansion is situated behind yonder large and rocky mountain, that fronts, a quarter of a mile distant, the window of the apartment in which I am now writing.

The good old bachelor's retreat is defended on the west from wintry storms by this immense hill, which rises immediately from the back of his house. The house stands on a terrace, about half way down the hill, shaded by that hill, and by the umbrage of luxuriant plantations, from these scorching heats, which, since our arrival here, have been so intense, and which are now darting their noontide fervours over our mountains.

The front of Mr. Oxley's bowery little mansion overlooks a sweet romantic, though narrow valley. The opposite hill is covered very richly with woods, beautifully intermixed with sloping corn fields.—Above that hill a vast ridge of rocks arises, over whose summits stretches the black and dreary East Moor, which seems to give stern protection to the cultivated and smiling scene beneath. My favourite river, the Derwent, rolls its clear and amber waves in the bosom of this valley. The Derwent waters are said to receive

that tinge from the peculiar colour of the clay on the hills amid which they rise. The banks of this river, along its course through our romantic country, are every where shaded by a fringe of shrubby underwood, alders, and nut trees, whose overhanging branches touch the waves as they wander by. The amber tint of the river becomes this dark foliage, which is so luxuriant upon its banks, and which changes a defect into a beauty.

The rural mansion I am describing is low roofed and long. It stands on the brink of this lovely valley, which has a back ground so wild, desert, and sublime. A pretty grassy terrace, about ten yards broad, and a hundred long, extends parallel with the front of the house, and then the hill descends abruptly, and almost perpendicularly, to the river side. Upon this terrace, and under the parlour windows, stands a row of bee-hives. I am sure you love bees, for I love them infinitely. Their cheerful, active industry; the order and regularity with which in their different departments they promote the common good, must have attracted the pleased attention of every mind which has any congeniality to qualities so estimable.

When my sister and myself used to pass serene days in my uncle Astley's patriarchal habitation at Farnham, near Lichfield, we often brought chairs and our work upon the grass, and sat by the hives, attentive to the little busy creatures, and all their various occupations. We were delighted to observe the legs of one loaded, as they

returned to the hive, with yellow wax : another with globules of water about their head, legs, and wings : another with the richer and more glutinous honey, which these insects draw up the tubes of the flowers with their little proboscis.

It was then that we used so frequently to repeat those beautiful lines of Milton which describe a bee-hive and its virtuous commonwealth :—

— The bees

In spring time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
In clusters. They, among fresh dews and flowers,
Fly to and fro ; or, on the smoothed plank,
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
New rubbed with balm, expatiate and confer
Their state affairs.

What a divine poet is Milton !—The grace with which he speaks of common and minute objects equals in its degree the sublimity of his demoniac and angelic descriptions.

Picturesque scenery abounds every where in this country. Our own village wants not its striking features, and boasts a Salvatorial dale and glen ; but attempting to describe them now, this letter would be longer than suits my swiftly wasting interval of leisure.



ANNA SEWARD TO A FRIEND.

Gotham, Aug. 1767.

I WRITE to you from the retired, and yet cheerful mansion of piety and peace, where our family have been in the habit of passing a month every two years, except my father, who contrives to be at some water-drinking place for his health, though generally so excellent, while the rest of us inhabit this scene, much too quiet and uniform for his lively spirits and social taste.

For myself, though truly I should never have chosen to quit Lichfield for Gotham, yet, when duty leads me thither, I can support its tranquillity without *ennui*. Here none come who are anxiously expected—none go away for whom our sighs are responsive to the closing door. This is not the Abyssinian hill—but it is the dear retreat which sheltered and soothed my desolation, when death had robbed me of an only sister, and when the wounds of that fatal stroke were all bleeding fresh.

The convenient old parsonage is uncommonly light and cheerful. Its fire places have odd little extra windows near them, which are the blessings of employment in cold or gloomy days. A rural garden encircles the house. In its front, a short flagged walk divides two grass-plots, and leads to a little wicket gate, arched over with ivy, that opens into the fold-yard. A narrow gravel walk extends along the front of the house, and under the parlour windows. Opposite them, and upon the larger grass-plot, stands that venera-

ble and expansive mulberry tree, which shaded us from the summer heats, when in the hours of sorrow my cousin, Miss Martin, Honora, and myself, resorted thither to indulge our mournful recollections. Every other visit we have, through life, paid to this quiet scene was, as it is now, in autumn.

Behind the house lies the kitchen garden, and across it a pebbly path which leads into the churchyard. Ah! what a difference between our stately cathedral and this simple edifice—

The plainest roof that Piety could raise,
And only vocal with its Maker's praise !

When the tuneless bell calls us to Sunday's service, what a contrast, in these rude and moss-greened walls, to the long and vaulted aisles—the pealing organ—the beautiful and full-voiced choir, and all the soul-exalting enthusiasm which results to a lover of music from choral devotion and Gothic magnificence !

But here the religious heart pours forth its unassisted devotion in the plain pews, and at the rustic altar, surrounded by humble villagers; their only finery the crowded posy, whose pinks and roses mixed with flowering thyme and southernwood are twisted closely round by a plenitude of packthread, and diffuse a fragrance more cheering and grateful to my sense than the cambric handkerchiefs of fashionable ladies, sprinkled with costly essence and perfumed waters.

Nothing can be more uniform, more simple, than the manner in which we pass our time; and in which week after week glides smoothly,

yet swiftly, away, and seems, on retrospect, to have been scarce so many days. This is from the want of various faces, varied employments, and of incidents to mark the progress of time, and divide one day from another on the memory.

We rise at seven. At eight, my aunt and cousin, my mother, Honora, and myself meet at our neat and cheerful breakfast. That dear, kindhearted saint, my uncle, has his milk earlier, and retires, for the morning, to his study. At nine, we adjourn to my aunt's apartment above stairs, where we read aloud to the rest who are at work. At twelve, my uncle summons us to prayers in the parlour. When they are over, the family disperses, and we young ones either walk or write till dinner. That appears at two. At four, we resume my aunt's apartment. Its large and lightsome window commands, it is true, no other prospect than the churchyard over the garden wall, and the village below, which is broad and grassy, with houses thinly scattered. Now in the latter end of August, the evening spectacle, from seven to eight, is truly pleasing and joyous. A majestic old elm stands in the middle of the greensward, circled round by a mossy seat, and is the rendezvous of the village youths and maidens, when the labours of the day are past. Some of the young men wrestle; some play at quoits; and others sit on the bench, and talk to the lasses. It is impossible to express the satisfaction I have in beholding these natural and innocent pleasures:—

Scene of athletic sports and whisper'd vows.

When we quit this dear apartment, to take an

evening walk, it is always with a degree of reluctance, even when the sun shines golden on the little dark wood, a mile from us, and on Weldon Hill, which overlooks a rich valley, watered by the smooth and silent Trent, and crowned by the town of Nottingham and its stately castle. To this hill, when we can prevail on ourselves to quit our book, and the sight of these rural lovers, we generally walk ; except the local attractions of our traditional cuckoo-bush lead us a less pleasant way, through a narrow path, over a large ploughed field, to a clump of trees resembling our Borecap hill, and which, ancient story says, the wise villagers planted to hedge in the cuckoo. How I love these old tales, and to visit the places which are said to remain in their commemoration !

Have you read Churchill's whimsical poem, which he named after this village—his Gotham ? where we find the following odd burden recurring perpetually :—

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice !
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice !
The praises of so great, so good a king,
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing ?

'Tis strange random business, without plan, without story, without moral ; but it contains beautiful as well as unaccountable lines. Instance :—

Let fragrant shrubs be brought, with every flower
That decks the field, the garden, and the bower ;
From the dwarf daisy, that, like infant, clings,
And fears to leave the earth from whence she springs,
To that proud giantess of garden race,
Who, madly rushing to the sun's embrace,
O'erthrows her fellows in the aspiring aim,
Demands his wedded love, and bears his name.

What pity that a genius so animated, which ought to have lived for all times, and have been a citizen of the world, should have chosen to exist for a period only, by directing his whole attention to party satire, and wasting his glowing vigour upon personal philippics!

Many would think it a bathos in subject, to quit a satirized senate and its celebrated poet to resume the diary of an obscure village, and to talk of its unassuming pastor—to tell you that the hour between supper and bed time is enlivened, and turned to excellent mental account, by my uncle's energetic conversation, which is always upon religious, literary, or moral subjects. At half past ten, he calls in his servants to join our vesper devotions, which close the peaceful and unvaried day, resigning us to sleep, as tranquil as itself.

Your agreeable image is often so obliging to visit my slumbers; a favour for which I am always grateful to her gentleman usher, Mr. Morpheus.

DR. FRANKLIN TO DR. FOTHERGILL.

DEAR DOCTOR, Philadelphia, March 14, 1764.

I RECEIVED your favour of the 10th December. It was a great deal for one to write whose time is so little his own.

By the way, *when do you intend to live?* i. e. to enjoy life. When will you retire to your villa, give yourself repose, delight yourself in viewing the operations of nature in the vegetable creation,

assist her in her works, get your ingenious friends at times about you, make them happy with your conversation, and enjoy theirs ; or, if alone, amuse yourself with your books and elegant collections ? To be hurried about perpetually, from one sick chamber to another, is not living. Do you please yourself with the fancy that you are doing good ? You are mistaken. Half the lives you save are not worth saving, as being useless ; and almost the other half ought not to be saved, as being mischievous. Does your conscience never hint to you the impiety of being in constant warfare against the plans of Providence ? Disease was intended as the punishment of intemperance, sloth, and other vices ; and the example of that punishment was intended to promote and strengthen the opposite virtues. But here you step in officiously with your art—disappoint those wise intentions of nature, and make men safe in their excesses ; whereby you seem to me to be just of the same service to society as some favourite first minister, who, out of the great benevolence of his heart, should procure pardons to all criminals that applied to him. Only think of the consequences.

You tell me the Quakers are charged on your side of the water with being, by their aggressions, the cause of this war. Would you believe that they are charged here, not with offending the Indians, and thereby provoking the war, but with gaining their friendship by presents, supplying them privately with arms and ammunition, and engaging them to fall upon and murder the poor white people on the frontiers ?

Would you think it possible that thousands even here should be made to believe this,—and many hundreds be raised in arms not only to kill some converted Indians supposed to be under the Quakers' protection, but to punish the Quakers who were supposed to give that protection? Would you think these people audacious enough to avow such designs in a public declaration sent to the government? Would you imagine that innocent Quakers, men of fortune and character, should think it necessary to fly for safety out of Philadelphia into the Jerseys, fearing the violence of such armed mobs, and confiding little in the power or *inclination* of the government to protect them? And would you imagine that strong suspicions now prevail, that these mobs, after committing twenty barbarous murders hitherto unpunished, are privately tampered with to be made instruments of government, to awe the assembly into proprietary measures? And yet all this has happened within a few weeks past!

More wonders! You know that I don't love the proprietor, and that he does not love me. Our totally different tempers forbid it. You might, therefore, expect that the late new appointment of one of his family would find me ready for opposition; and yet when his nephew arrived our governor, I considered government as government; paid him all respect; gave him on all occasions my best advice; promoted in the assembly a ready compliance with every thing he proposed or recommended; and when these daring rioters, encouraged by the general approbation of the populace, treated his proclamations with

contempt, I drew my pen in the cause,—wrote a pamphlet (that I sent you) to render the rioters unpopular; promoted an association to support the authority of government, and defend the governor, by taking arms,—signed it first myself, and was followed by several hundreds, who took arms accordingly; the governor offered me the command of them, but I chose to carry a musket, and strengthen his authority, by setting an example of obedience to his orders. And would you think it, this proprietary governor did me the honour, on an alarm, to run to my house at midnight, with his counsellors at his heels, for advice, and made it his head quarters for some time; and within four and twenty hours your old friend was a common soldier,—a counsellor,—a kind of dictator,—an ambassador to the country mob,—and on their returning home—*Nobody* again? All this happened within a few weeks.

More wonders! The assembly received a governor of the proprietary family with open arms, addressed him with sincere expressions of kindness and respect, opened their purses to him, and presented him with 600*l.*, made a riot act, and prepared a militia bill immediately at his instance, granted supplies, and did every thing he requested, and promised themselves great happiness under his administration. But suddenly, his dropping all inquiry after the murderers, and his answering the deputies of the rioters privately, and refusing the presence of the assembly, who were equally concerned in the matters contained in their remonstrance, brings

him under suspicion ; his insulting the assembly without the least provocation, by charging them with disloyalty, and with making an infringement on the king's prerogatives,—only because they had presumed to name (in a bill offered for his assent) a trifling officer (something like one of your toll gatherers at a turnpike), without consulting him, and his refusing several of their bills, or proposing amendments needlessly disgusting ;—these things bring him and his government into sudden contempt; all regard for him in the assembly is lost ; all hopes of happiness under proprietary government are at an end. It has now scarce authority enough left to keep the common peace ; and was another mob to come against him, I question whether, though a dozen men were sufficient, one could find so many in Philadelphia willing to rescue him or his attorney general, I won't say from hanging, but from any common insult. All this too has happened in a few weeks !

In fine, every thing seems in this country, once the land of peace and order, to be running fast into anarchy and confusion.

I have been already too long. Adieu, my dear friend, and believe me ever yours affectionately,

B. FRANKLIN.

DR. FRANKLIN TO ——.

Sept. 14, 1767.

WE set out on the 28th post: all the way to Dover we were furnished with postchaises hung so as to lean forward, the top coming down over one's eyes, like a hood, as if to prevent one's seeing the country, which being one of my great pleasures, I was engaged in perpetual disputes with the innkeepers, hostlers, and postillions, about getting the straps taken up a hole or two before, and let down as much behind: they insisted that the chaise leaning forward was an ease to the horses, and that the contrary would kill them. I suppose, the chaise leaning forward looks to them like a willingness to go forward; and that its hanging back shows a reluctance. They added other reasons, that were no reasons at all; and made me, as upon a hundred other occasions, almost wish that mankind had never been endowed with a reasoning faculty, since they know so little how to make use of it, and so often mislead themselves by it, and that they had been furnished with a good sensible instinct instead of it.

At Dover, the next morning, we embarked for Calais, with a number of passengers who had never been before at sea. They would previously make a hearty breakfast, because, if the wind should fail, we might not get over till supper time. Doubtless, they thought that when they had paid for their breakfast they had a right to *it*, and that when they had swallowed it they

were sure of it. But they had scarce been out half an hour before the sea laid claim to it, and they were obliged to deliver it up : so it seems there are uncertainties, even beyond those between the cup and the lip. If ever you go to sea, take my advice, and live sparingly a day or two beforehand ; sea sickness, if any, will be the lighter and sooner over.

We got to Calais that evening : various impositions we suffered from boatmen, porters, &c. on both sides the water ; I know not which are most rapacious, the English or French ; but the latter have, with their knavery, the most politeness.

The roads we found equally good with our's in England ; in some places paved with smooth stones, like our new streets, for many miles together, and rows of trees on each side, and there are no turnpikes. But then the poor peasants complained to us grievously, that they were obliged to work upon the roads full two months in the year, without being paid for their labour. (Whether this is truth, or whether, like Englishmen, they grumble, cause or no cause, I have not been able fully to inform myself.)

The women we saw at Calais, on the road, and at Boulogne, and in the inns and villages, are generally of a dark complexion ; but arriving at Abbeville, we found a sudden change, a multitude both of men and women, in that place, appearing remarkably fair. Whether this is owing to a small colony of spinners, woolcombers, and weavers, brought hither from Holland with the woollen manufactory, about sixty years ago, or

to their being less exposed to the sun than in other places, their business keeping them much within doors, I know not; perhaps, as in some other cases, different causes may club in producing the effect, but the effect itself is certain. Never was I in a place of greater industry, wheels and looms going in every house. As soon as we left Abbeville, the swarthiness returned: I speak generally, for here are some women at Paris, who I think are not whitened by art. As to rouge, they do not pretend to imitate nature in laying it on; there is no gradual diminution of the colour, from the full bloom in the middle of the cheek, to the faint tint near the sides; nor does it show itself differently in different faces. I have not had the honour of being at any lady's toilet, to see how it is laid on, but I fancy I can tell you how it is, or may be done. Cut a hole of three inches diameter in a piece of paper, place it on the side of your face, in such a manner that the top of the hole may be just under your eye; then, with a brush dipped in the colour, paint face and paper together; so, when the paper is taken off, there will remain a round patch of red, exactly the form of the hole. This is the mode, from the actress on the stage, upwards, through all ranks of ladies to the princesses of the blood; but it stops there, the queen not using it, having, in the serenity, complacence, and benignity that shine so eminently in, or rather through, her countenance, though now an old woman, to do extremely well without it.

You see I speak of the queen as if I had seen her,—and so I have; you must know, I have

been at court. We went to Versailles last Sunday, and had the honour to be presented to the king : he spoke to both of us very graciously and cheerfully, is a handsome man, has a very lively look, and appears younger than he is. In the evening we were at the *Grand Couvert*, where the family sup in public. The table was half a hollow square ; the service, gold. When either made a sign for drink, the word was given by one of the waiters, *A boire pour le Roi*, or *A boire pour la Reine* ; then two persons within the square approached, one with wine, the other with water, in caraffes ; each drank a little glass of what they brought, and then put both the caraffes, with a glass, on a salver, and presented it. Their distance from each other was such as that other chairs might have been placed between any two of them. An officer of the court brought us up through the crowd of spectators, and placed Sir John (Pringle) so as to stand between the king and Madame Adelaide ; and me between the king and Mad. Victoire. The king talked a good deal to Sir John, asking many questions about our royal family ; and did me too the honour of taking some notice of me ;—that's saying enough, for I would not have you think me so much pleased with this king and queen, as to have a whit less regard than I used to have for ours : no Frenchman shall go beyond me in thinking my own king and queen the very best in the world, and the most amiable.

Versailles has had infinite sums laid out in building it, and supplying it with water : some say the expense exceeds eighty millions sterling.

The range of building is immense, the garden front most magnificent,—all of hewn stone ; the number of statues, figures, urns, &c. made of marble and bronze, of exquisite workmanship, is beyond conception. But the waterworks are out of repair, and so is great part of the front next the town ; looking, with its shabby half brick walls, and broken windows, not much better than the houses in Durham Yard. There is, in short, both at Versailles and Paris, a prodigious mixture of magnificence and negligence, with every kind of elegance, except that of cleanliness, and what we call tidiness ; though I must do Paris the justice to say, that, in two points of cleanliness, they exceed us :—the water they drink, though from the river, they render as pure as that from the spring, by filtering it through cisterns filled with sand ; and the streets by constant sweeping, are fit to walk in at all times. There is no paved foot path ; accordingly, many well dressed people are constantly seen walking in them ; the crowd of coaches and chairs, for this reason, is not so great. Men, as well as women, carry umbrellas in their hands, which they extend in case of rain or too much sun ; and a man with an umbrella not taking up more than three feet square, or nine square feet of the street, when, if in a coach, he would take up two hundred and forty square feet, you can easily conceive that, though the streets here are narrower, they may be much less incumbered. They are extremely well paved, and the stones, being generally cubes, when worn on one side, may be turned, and become new.

The civilities we every where received gave us the highest impressions of the French politeness : it seems to be a point settled here universally, that strangers are to be treated with respect; and one has just the same deference shown one here by being a stranger, as in England by being a lady. The customhouse officers at Port St. Denis, as we entered Paris, were about to seize two dozen of excellent Bourdeaux wine, given us at Boulogne, and which we brought with us ; but, as soon as they found we were strangers, it was immediately remitted to us on that account. At the church Notre Dame, where we went to see a magnificent illumination, with figures, &c. for the deceased dauphiness, we found an immense crowd, who were kept out by guards ; but the officer being told we were strangers from England, he immediately admitted us, and accompanied and showed us every thing. Why don't we practice this urbanity to Frenchmen ? Why should they be allowed to outdo us in anything ?

Here is an exhibition of painting, &c. like ours in London, to which multitudes flock daily : I am not connoisseur enough to judge which has most merit. Every night, Sundays not excepted, here are plays or operas ; and, though the weather has been hot, and the houses full, one is not incommoded by the heat so much as with us in winter. They must have some way of changing the air, that we are not acquainted with ; I shall inquire into it.

Travelling is one way of lengthening life, at least in appearance. It is about a fortnight

since we left London ; but the variety of scenes we have gone through makes it seem equal to six months living in one place. Perhaps I have suffered a greater change in my own person than I could have done in six years at home. I had not been here six days before my tailor and *peruquier* had transformed me into a Frenchman : only think what a figure I make in a little bag-wig and naked ears ! They told me I was become twenty years younger, and looked very gallant ; so, being in Paris, where the mode is to be sacredly followed, I was very near making love to my neighbour's wife.

This letter shall cost you a shilling, and you may think it cheap when you consider that it has cost me at least fifty guineas to get into the situation that enables me to write it : besides, I might, if I had staid at home, have won perhaps two shillings of you at cribbage. By the way, now I mention cards, let me tell you that quadrille is quite out of fashion here, and English whist all the mode at Paris and the court.

And pray look upon it as no small matter, that, surrounded as I am by the glories of the world, and amusements of all sorts, I remember you and Dolly, and all the dear good folks at Bromley : 'tis true I can't help, but must, and ever shall, remember you all with pleasure ; need I add, that I am particularly, my dear good friend, yours most affectionately,

B. F.

DAVID GARRICK TO GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

MY DEAR COLMAN, Rome, April 11th, 1764.

THOUGH I resolved in my last letter to George not to trouble you any more till I got to Venice, yet I cannot hold it out so long, but must say a word or two more to you from this place; which of all places in the world is the most worth coming to and writing about—to show you that I think so, you must know that I am antiquity hunting from morning to night, and my poor wife drags her lame leg after me; by the by, she is now much better, and we have hopes of her being able to run away again from me, if she can meet with another Captain Caswell; she desires her love to you, and thanks you for writing to me, as I am sure to be always in spirits for some time after the receipt of a letter from you: I have not been quite so well here as at Naples, which is rather extraordinary; whether I fatigued myself too much, or whether the climate does not suit me so well, I cannot say, but I have had some disagreeable nervous flutterings that made me as grave as an owl for a few days, but since the rains have fallen (and they came down here in pailfulls) and the sun is bright upon us, I have been as frisky as the poor flies, who were wofully damped by the wet weather, but are now as troublesome and as pert as your humble servant. His holiness the Pope is trying, by prayers, tears, and intercessions, to avert the famine which his state is threatened with. He has crept up the holy stairs (*Santa scalu*) which

were brought from Jerusalem ; he has ordered processions, and what not. We are not so bad as they are at Naples, for there indeed the tragedy was deep—I remember some scenes with horror ; and since we came away, many people have dropped down in the street, and have been taken away dead, from mere want of food. Our prospect at Venice is rather worse, for we hear that the plague has spread as far as Trieste, and that they begin to talk of quarantine in the neighbouring states ; if so, we shall run the gauntlet terribly, but we are not dismayed, and must go through with it. I must thank you again for the trouble and care you have had about Count Firmian's books. He is very happy at the execution of the commission, and was highly pleased with your sending your own matters to him gratis—it pleased me much. I have not seen a St. James's Chronicle since the end of January—if I have them, I wish you would desire George to keep them for me, to rummage over when I come to England. Mr. Baldwin (the proprietor and printer) I hear is no friend to our house. Apropos—I am very angry with Powell for playing that detestable part of Alexander.—Every genius must despise it, because that, and such fustian-like stuff, is the bane of true merit. If a man can act it well, I mean to please the people, he has something in him that a good actor should not have. He might have served Mrs. Pritchard, and himself too, in some good *natural* character : I hate your roarers. Delane was once a fine Alexander—damn the part—I fear 'twill hurt him—but this among ourselves. I was told by

a gentleman who is just come from Sterne, that he is in a very bad way. I hope Becket has stood my friend in regard to what he ought to have received for me, some time ago.—I had a draught upon him from Sterne for twenty pounds ever since he went abroad—pray hint this to him, but let him not be ungentle with Sterne. I have sent the plan of a fine scene, and coloured, among some small things in a little box of Mr. Stanley's of the Customhouse: it is in several parts, and wrote upon the back, which is 1st, 2nd, &c. I will send a further explanation of it; but any Italian, and our Saunderson will understand it—they should go upon it directly: it will have a fine effect. Many thanks to you for your attendance on the pantomime.—I am sure they wanted help—no more humour than brickbats. I am afraid that *Love* in humorous matters carries too much gut to be spirited—flip flaps, and great changes without meaning, may distil from the head, whose eyes are half asleep; but humour, my dear Coley, and scenes that are all alive alive ho, can only proceed from men of small stature, whose eyes are either quite asleep or quite awake,—in short, from men who laugh heartily and have small scars at the ends of their noses*. I am surprised about Murphy, and want to know how he (*obliterated*) from Mr. Lacy. Poor Lloyd! and yet I was prepared—the death of any one we like don't shock us so much when we have seen them long in a lingering decay.—Where is the bold Churchill?—what a noble

* This alludes to Colman.

ruin!—when he is quite undone, you shall send him here, and he shall be shown among the great fragments of Roman genius—magnificent in ruin! I have wrote this on purpose to tell you that Voltaire, in his additions à *l'Histoire Générale*, at page 183, under *Usages du Seizième Siècle*, says something about translating Plautus into verse, that will be of use in the preface to Terence—Speed the plough, my dear friend. Have you thought of the *Clandestine M.*? I am at it. I must desire you to write to me once more; and direct, à Monsieur Monsieur G. Gentilhomme Anglais, chez Monsieur Dutens à Turin, and I shall get it by hook or by crook. Pray send me all kind of news:—a letter from you will comfort me in bad roads, and through plague and famine,—so write, I beg, as soon as you receive this. Desire George to speak to Mr. Stanley about my things in the box. My love to all the Schombergs, Townleys, Kings, Hogarths, Churchills, Huberts, &c. &c. &c.

Yours most affectionately ever,

D. G.

DAVID GARRICK TO MR. STANLEY*.

DEAR SIR,

Not Rachael weeping for her children could show more sorrow than Mrs. Garrick,—not weeping for her children, she has none, nor indeed for her husband: thanks be to the humour of the times, she can be as philosophical upon that sub-

* Secretary of the Customs.

ject as her betters. What does she weep for then? Shall I dare tell you? It is—it is for the loss of a chintz bed and curtains. The tale is short, and is as follows:—I have taken some pains to oblige the gentlemen of Calcutta, by sending them plays, scenes, and other services in my way; in return they have sent me Madeira, and poor Rachael the unfortunate chintz. She has had it four years, and upon making some alterations in our little place at Hampton, she intended to show away with her prohibited present. She had prepared paper, chairs, &c. for this favourite token of India gratitude. But, alas! all human felicity is frail. No care having been taken on my wife's part, and some treachery being exerted against her, it was seized, the very bed, “by the coarse hands of filthy dungeon villains, and then thrown amongst the common lumber!”

If you have the least pity for a distressed female, any regard for her husband (for he has a sad time of it), or any wishes to have the environs of Bushy Park made tolerably neat and clean, you may put your finger and thumb to the business, and take the thorn out of Rachael's side.

I am, dear sir, yours,

D. GARRICK.

Text.—“For earthly power doth then look likest God, when mercy seasons justice.”

Shakspeare's Merchant of Venice.

PETITION.

O Stanley, give ear to a husband's petition,
Whose wife well deserves her distressful condition,
Regardless of his and the law's prohibition.

If you knew what I suffer since she has been caught
(On the husband's poor head ever falls the wife's fault),
You would lend a kind hand to the contraband jade,
And screen her for once in her illicit.trade.
For true as 'tis said since the first Eve undid 'em,
Frail woman will long for the fruit that's forbidden ;
And husbands are taught nowaday, spite of strnggles,
Politely to pardon a wife, though she smuggles.
If their honours, or you, when the sex go astray
Have sometimes inclined to go with them that way,
We hope to her wishes you will not say—nay.
'Tis said that all judges this maxim do keep,
Not their justice to tire, but at times let it sleep,
If more by the Scriptures their honours are moved,
The overmuch righteous are then disapproved.
Thus true to the Gospel, and kind as they're wise,
Let their mercy restore what their justice denies,

GENERAL CHARLES LEE TO THE EARL OF CHARLEMONT.

MY DEAR LORD,

Warsaw, June 1st, 1765.

A LETTER which I sometime ago wrote to Lord Thanet, I hope you considered as in part intended for you, otherwise I must appear a prodigy of ingratitude ; I desired him to communicate it to you, and as it contained the whole history of my perigrination and success, I thought it would be rather troublesome than an instance of my duty and affection, to scrawl out another to you at the same time ; I therefore waited, in hopes that something might turn up here, which might probably amuse you, but as I might wait until doomsday, and this never happen (for Warsaw, if the wine

and climate were better, is absolutely the court of Alcinous, nothing to do with the affairs of this bustling world, nor do I think whatever passes, good or bad, gives her the least concern); I say, my lord, therefore, as I despair of any thing stirring worth your hearing, I can no longer defer paying my tribute, so long due, of duty and affection; but I should begin with asking a thousand pardons, for having so long kept in my hands the enclosed, from Prince Zartoryski, to your lordship; but, as I knew it included no business, I put it off from day to day for the aforesaid reasons. The longer I am acquainted with this man the more I like him, the more I admire his talents; a retentive memory, solid judgment, and quickness are seldom united in the same person, yet they are so superlatively in him. To be master of several languages, and possess likewise an extensive knowledge of things, is miraculous, yet he is possessed of one and the other. It is a pity that he has not a better theatre to act on; but really this country is a wretched one; nor do I think there is the least chance of bettering her situation, for any attempt either on the part of the king, of the leading men, or the common gentry, to mend the constitution, are protested against by her kind neighbours, through a tenderness for her interests; though, it must be confessed that, were her neighbours to interfere, there would be no great probability of a reform, for the general run of their gentry who have such an insurmountable negative power (as a single veto dissolves the diet), are, if possible, more ignorant, obstinate, and bigoted than the Hidalgos of Portugal; and,

those few who are better informed than the herd, whether it is from despair, or their natural disposition, pass their hours in such consummate idleness and dissipation, that our Macaroni club, or Betty's loungers, are, comparatively speaking, men of business and application. Were I to call the common people brutes, I should injure the quadruped creation, they are such mere moving clods of stinking earth. This certainly must be the effect of slavery; there cannot be so monstrous a physical difference betwixt man and man. I would to God that our Tory writers, with David Hume at their head, and the favourers of our damnable administration, were to join this noble community, that they might reap the fruits which their blessed labours entitle them to, and that the effects might not fall on harmless posterity. I have, if possible, since my passage through Germany and my residence here, a greater horror of slavery than ever. For God's sake, you patriot few at home, *principiis obstate*; for absolute power is a serpent of that wriggling penetrating kind, that, if it can but introduce its head, it is in vain to pull at the tail. It is curious to hear me converse on these subjects with the king (Stanislaus); to hear me advance my doctrines, not the most favourable to monarchy, to defend even the beheading the martyr Charles; but it is still more curious to hear his opinions, which are singular for a crowned head; in short, he is as warm an advocate for the natural rights of mankind as was Algernon Sidney himself. It is not to give you a specimen of my proficiency in the trade of a courtier, when I assure you, that this king is

really an accomplished person ; he is competently conversant with books, his notions are just, his intentions honest, and his temper not to be ruffled. What he is most faulty in is, that he passes too much time with the women ; but that is the vice of the place. Italy is nothing to this country in cisisbeism ; the men and women are ever together taking snuff, yawning, groaning with ennui, without a syllable to utter, but cannot separate. You may be assured, therefore, my dear lord, that I, who think that dangling should be punished with the pillory, pass, if possible, for a more odd fellow than I have done in other countries ; but I am not satisfied with appearing absurd myself, I have broke into their parties by prevailing upon Wroughton, our resident here, who was as determined a yawner as the rest, sometimes to mount a horse, and look into a book. In a few weeks I set out for Breslaw, to be present at an anti-yawning party, a review of the king of Prussia's, where I may possibly collect materials for a letter to you, somewhat less dull than the present. In the mean time, my dear lord, if you have a spare half hour, dispose of it charitably in preparing me the smallest dish of politics ; but chiefly inform me of your health and welfare, which cannot be more devoutly wished for by any man than by your most obliged and humble servant,

CHARLES LEE.

JOHN WILKES, ESQ. TO A FRIEND.

Geneva, August 6th, 1765.

I TRAVELED through very difficult and dangerous roads from Grenoble to the Grande Chartreuse, the chief monastery of the rigid order of the Chartreux. The general chapter of these monks is held there once in every year. It lies about eight leagues north of Grenoble, and is built near the summit of a very high, romantic, and steep mountain, among deep and gloomy woods of pine trees, and rugged, savage rocks. Nature sits here indeed in great gravity, on a sublime, craggy throne; but the situation, I think, inspires horror rather than pensiveness. As you ascend, a variety of cascades precipitating down among the fragments of the broken rocks, fill the ear with a wild kind of melody. When you have nearly gained the summit, the clouds are under your feet, a solemn deathlike silence reigns, and overhanging rocks and tremendous precipices alarm the imagination with real dangers. *Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent*, and this silence is never interrupted but by the hideous crush of the fragments of the splitting rock. The present convent is not quite on the summit. There is a very old chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary, called St. Bruno's chapel, still nearer the summit of the highest rocks. It is a strange old building, not to be classed in any order of architecture. The old convent stood there, but large fragments of the rock falling, and crushing several of the fathers, forced the survivors to remove and to

build rather lower. Hospitality is a very steady and extensive virtue among these good monks. All strangers are well received, but their stay is supposed not to exceed three days. A German, to whom the excellence of their Burgundy, no less than the exemplariness of their piety, was thought to suggest a longer abode in that holy retreat, found over his cell, *Triduanus est, jam fætet.* I continued with them a day and a half, was greatly edified, and extremely well accommodated, as well as my servants and horses. They are not allowed meat, but have excellent fish of various sorts, garden stuff, butter, cheese, bread, and fruit in perfection. The rule of their order enjoins silence, but a *père coadjuteur* has a dispensation to receive strangers, and to do the honours of the convent. The *père général* is likewise exempt from the rule. The fathers are allowed to drink wine, and the *père général* sent me a present of the best Burgundy I ever tasted. There are separate apartments for the French, Spaniards, English, &c. with a large hall to dine, for the building is immense. At a distance are small houses and sheds for all sorts of workmen —carpenters, joiners, smiths, masons, &c. The fathers have each a bedchamber, an anti-chamber, a cabinet, and a small garden, with a variety of iron and wooden instruments to make their own chairs, boxes, &c. to cultivate their gardens, and to amuse themselves. Many of them are men of great families in France and Germany, and appeared of high breeding, as I observed in a variety of little circumstances, when I attended their evening devotions. Five of them had given

up to their relations large family estates to retire to that dreary solitude. The *père coadjuteur* and the *père général* were really fine gentlemen, of easy and polite conversation. They had both lived much in the gay world. From satiety and disgust they had retired from it, to that internal peace and tranquillity which they told me they had found only in those deserts. This *guilty* world however they did not seem quite to forget, for I saw on the table of the *père général* the Mercure Historique, printed at Amsterdam, and the Journal Encyclopédique of Bouillon, and they asked me a thousand questions about the late war, and the affairs of England.

I have been with Voltaire at Ferney, and was charmed with the reception he gave me, and still more with the fine sense and exquisite wit of his conversation. I think him the most universal genius, the most amiable as well as the wittiest of our species. He is a divine old man, born for the advancement of true philosophy and the polite arts, and to free mankind from the gloomy terrors of superstition,

Atque metus omnes, et inexorable fatum
Subjectit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari.

He has done more to persuade the practice of a general toleration, of humanity, and benevolence than the greatest philosophers of antiquity. His conduct in the affair of the family of Calus is more meritorious than the whole lives of most saints. He is exactly well bred, and in conversation possesses a fund of gaiety and humour, which would be admired in a young man, and

he joins to it those immense stores of literature only to be acquired by age. His memory is very wonderful, and the anecdotes it furnishes are so various and interesting, that he is the only exception I know of a man above seventy not being sunk into his anecdote. He lives in the noblest, gayest style of a French nobleman, receiving all strangers, giving plays in his own theatre, and you have the entire command of his house, equipages, horses, &c. He is adored by all the inhabitants and vassals of his extensive domains, and with reason, for he hath been the creator of every thing useful, beautiful, or valuable in the whole tract near him, which before was a rude wilderness. When he came, "the desert smiled, and Paradise was opened in the wild." He has built little towns and villages, established several manufactures, and peopled the country with a happy race of mortals, who are daily blessing their benefactor. I told him, "These are thy glorious works, parent of good," and he is really more pleased in talking of them than of his most applauded literary works. The charming Pucelle is his favourite. He is sometimes wanton in her praise, and is sure of her kind reception by all posterity. Nothing delights him more than the marriage and establishment of his vassals, and on those occasions he is always bountiful. There is not a miserable being dependent on him. He has filled all hearts with food and gladness—almost to the walls of Geneva, where you have only food and sadness. With every possible advantage from nature, Geneva is the most disagreeable

and melancholy city in the world, from whence almost all elegant pleasures are banished. The plodding, severe genius of the greater part of its joyless inhabitants, and the narrowness of their ideas, which are all commercial, render it disgusting to any liberal stranger. The tomb of their gloomy master, of that sanguinary, persecuting reformer, John Calvin, is in a churchyard without the walls. There is neither stone nor marble, nor epitaph, nor inscription. On the bare sod grow only nettles, briars, and thistles. No cowslip, violet, or primrose springs there to please the eye, or perfume the air.

Pro molli viola, pro purpureo narcisso,
Carduus, et spinis surgit palius acutis.

The soil near Geneva is extremely fertile, and the air very temperate, although so near the Alps. Those called the Glaciers quite dazzle the sight, when the sun gives its direct beams on them. The Rhone foams with impetuosity through the town; but the superior beauty of this country is the lake of Geneva, *splendidior vitro*. The imagination cannot form any thing more picturesque. On the south, the chestnut groves of Savoy; on the north, the vineyards and high cultivated fields of the Pais de Vaud, are reflected in its limpid waters. A greater contrast can scarcely be imagined than between the natives on each side this great lake. All the inhabitants of the Pais de Vaud, which is in the canton of Berne, are happy, free, neat, well clothed, and at their ease, while those in the

Dutchy of Savoy are poor, wretched peasants, cruelly oppressed, ragged, and almost naked; so striking is the difference under the same climate, at so small a distance, between the slaves of a despotic prince, and the free subjects of a mild republic.

SAMUEL FOOTE TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR,

Cannon Park, March 2, [1768.]

BEFORE I had the favour of yours, I had discovered the blunder with regard to my letter,—it is transmitted to you by this post. Davis's letter was a noble present indeed; pray can you conceive what he means by the necessity he now supposes me under of growing speedily rich? If one could suspect so grave, sententious, and respectable a character of the vice of punning, I should imagine his insinuation to be, that now I have but one leg * it won't be so easy for me to *run out*; but here, perhaps, like Warburton on Shakspeare, I have found out a meaning the author never had.

I was ever of opinion, that you would find the Bath waters a specific. Sir Francis Delaval and Lady Stanhope are particularly happy that you have chosen this time; for, say they, Cannon Park is between the two roads to Bath—Andover and Newberry—to Bagshot, Basingstoke, Overton, then four miles to Cannon Park, where you dine

* The first three letters were written while Foote was confined, after the loss of his leg.

and lie; then six miles to Newberry, and so on. I won't tell you what my wishes are upon this occasion, nor indeed any body here, for ever since I have been ill they have refused me every one thing I have liked. I thank you for your comedy. Lady Stanhope has seen it, and is charmed; but I am determined not to look at a line till I am quite out of pain.

You will have this letter by Captain Millbank, who is called to town by an appointment in Pye's squadron for the West Indies. I think I am something better than when I wrote you my last, though I have not been free from pain one minute since my cruel misfortune, nor slept a wink without the assistance of laudanum. The people below expect to see you on Wednesday. You must allow for, and, indeed, almost decipher my letters, but then consider, my dear sir, thirty days upon my back, &c. &c. I assure you it is with great difficulty (and many shifts I am obliged to make) I am able to scribble at all. Little Derrick will give the etiquette of the bath, and be exceedingly useful * * * * * but I am quite exhausted. God bless you, sir.

SAM. FOOTE.

SAMUEL FOOTE TO MR. GARRICK.

You receive, my dear sir, this letter from your poor unfortunate friend, in the same situation as when I had first the honour of acknowledging your kindness and humanity to me, in bed upon my back.

I was taken up to thank you for your last favour, but had scarce got through a period, when, casting my eye on the ground, I discovered a deluge of blood; in short, an artery, by what means not even Bromfield can guess, unexpectedly burst, and, had it happened in the night, would, most probably have drained my veins of every drop; but, thank God, the damage is over—the bleeding has been stopped this four days, and my cure proceeds as before.

We were grievously disappointed at not seeing you in your way to Bath; but we shall not so readily forgive (if we happen to be here) your neglecting us at your return. What are band-boxes, servants, or friends?—if you had with you twenty joblinwiskeys, our house has stomach for them all.

I saw by the papers, that the ingenious Mr. Smith, the *Æsopus* of Covent Garden, had advertised my piece of the Commissary for his benefit, reduced into two acts; I could not help thinking that doing it at all, at this very particular time, was a little unkind, but that lopping my work at the same time that I was losing my limbs was rather inhuman. I have remonstrated to Mr. Beard, and I believe with some warmth, intimating, that if my poetical limbs wanted amputation, the professors of his house were the very last people that I should choose for my surgeons; that I had formerly seen them treat some cases of a similar nature so very unskilfully, that I could not help considering them as a parcel of quacks, who impudently wanted to impose presumption for ability on the public. As Mr. Beard

is, I believe, more used to matters of fact than metaphor, I gave the letters to Mr. Bromfield, to whom I have referred our modern Tigellius for the explanation of any puzzling passage; indeed this dirty affair flurried me greatly, which, at that critical juncture, might have been readily spared.

You do, my dear sir, but bare justice to my warm and worthy friends in calling them benevolent,—one glance of your penetrating eye (why would you pass us by?) would have instructed you, that there are virtues now in the world which have been long supposed to exist only in books: but this is not a time, nor am I in a condition (if I ever shall) to treat this subject with the force and dignity it deserves.

I had read and raised an altar to my unknown friend, for the epigrams your pious pen had produced. I use that epithet, as it corresponds with one of your lines, where you have produced one of the first and strongest moral principles, clad in the true spirit of poetry,

Misfortune's sacred bed.

The author of that sentiment was the only one that I wanted or wished to know,—as to all the rest, they neither gave me uneasiness nor excited my curiosity; I supposed some of them to have been my acquaintance from Pope's principle, that each bad poet is as bad a friend. And now, sir, let me say grace to your beverage. May the tepid streams, administered to you by the priestess of the pumproom, restore you to your friends in the capital as vigorous in body as you are in mind;

and then, if we are to judge by your last production, your state of health was never more firmly established. All here join in wishing you and Mrs. Garrick every human happiness. Dear sir, yours most sincerely and affectionately,

SAML. FOOTE.

SAMUEL FOOTE TO MR. GARRICK.

Cannon Park, Wednesday.

I THINK friendship is by somebody emphatically called the balsam of life. I honour the author, be he sacred or profane, since nothing has, I am sure, so much contributed to soothe the solitude, and mitigate the anguish of my bed of sickness and of sorrow, as dear Mr. Garrick's very kind and sympathizing letters.

Perhaps I have sustained this fiery trial with a little more fortitude than was expected from so equivocal a character; but, whether from our original construction we are furnished with a secret resource of animal spirits, that but wait for the occasion to rush to our aid,—or whether “present fears are less than horrible imaginings,” I can’t say that I have experienced either much dejection or impatience; and yet I have gone through operations, that the whole world should not bribe me to see performed on another. Scissors, knives, saws, lancets, and caustics are now grown familiar to me; and as to potions—what bushels of bark have I taken! Poets talk of their Dryades and Faunes, the fabulous tenants

of forests and groves, now I have literally swallowed a wood ; and I don't suppose but that my inside is as well tanned as a buckskin pair of breeches : but that process is now at an end ; my pains are abated, my opiates are withdrawn, and my wound visibly healing every day. The pharmacops of the neighbouring villages—you know them—I make no doubt but Hampton boasts one at least,—a set of ingenious gentlemen, who deck themselves as the heathen mythologists did the goddess of Hunting, with triple titles ; she, indeed, was Luna in heaven, Diana on earth, and Hecate in hell ; but they are physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries in the compass of half a score miles : nay, it is great odds if they are contented with that,—you rarely see a row of stumps on a red rag, and a pewter porringer of blood in a country window, but the shop within can furnish you with coffee or calomel, rappee snuff or rhubarb. My *Æsculapius* from Newberry has a tolerable collateral support from vending candles and soap : whilst his Galenical brother at Overton depends chiefly on mops, brushes, and Birmingham ware ; but, however, these sons of Apollo (as legitimate, I warrant, as Derrick) flatter me with the hopes of getting to town in a fortnight, but I think they are mistaken :—pray when do you turn your back on the Bath ?

As to summer projects, they have never once entered my thoughts ; the short intermissions allotted me from pain, have been all employed in acknowledging the goodness of those whose humanity, like Mr. Garrick's, has interested them in the fate of the poor unfortunate Foote—amongst

the foremost and warmest of which is the gentleman to whose virtues you have inscribed an ode. I must see it,—on my discretion you may safely rely. *Non sum qualis etram.* Calamities of the magnitude that I have sustained are powerful preachers, and I think I have not been deaf to their voice.

Your asking leave to bring Mr. Clutterbuck here is pleasant enough; it is just as if you was to make an apology to an epicure for taking the liberty to send him a turtle, or to beg Lady Vane's pardon for the introduction of a young tall raw-boned Milesian.

So long as I love cheerfulness, good humour, and humanity, I shall be glad to meet that gentleman any where; happy if it chances to be where the rights of hospitality call upon me to pay him a particular attention. Sir Francis, who is unalterably yours, though we were a little piqued at your passing us by, begs that upon this occasion I would say "all that you can suppose." Mr. Beard's answer to mine was such as you guessed: it came accompanied by a letter from Smith, just to let me know, that as to cutting the Commissary (for that I think is the phrase, and a pretty expressive one too), nothing so remote from his thoughts; his design was only to sink the two best scenes in the piece.

The duke of York, lord and lady Mexborough, &c. &c. have been here for three or four days, totally ignorant about my unfortunate artery, and expecting to find me upon crutches,—but they are gone, and I am still on my back. To-morrow I have leave to resume my great chair, and, per-

haps, the next day—but *letius fit patientia, quicquid corrigeret nefas.* Poor Derrick! I expected every day to see him, by some of his irascible countryman, sowsed in the neighbouring stream—the only chance, I think, he has of resembling the swans of the Avon.

Sir Francis has conceived, from your letter, that we are not to see Mrs. Garrick, but we all think and hope he is mistaken. Adieu, dear sir; it is lucky for you that I am at the end of my paper, otherwise I should not tell you this hour how sincerely I am your affectionate servant,

SAML. FOOTE.

SAMUEL FOOTE TO THE DUCHESS OF
KINGSTON.

[August, 1775].

MADAM,

THOUGH I have neither time nor inclination to answer the illiberal attacks of your agents, yet a public correspondence with your grace is too great an honour for me to decline. I can't help thinking but it would have been prudent in your grace to have answered my letter before dinner, or at least postponed it to the cool hour of the morning; you would then have found that I had voluntarily granted that request which you had endeavoured, by so many different ways, to obtain.

Lord Mountstuart, for whose amiable qualities I have the highest respect, and whose name your agents first very unnecessarily produced to the public, must recollect, when I had the honour to

meet him at Kingston House, by your grace's appointment, that instead of begging relief from your charity, I rejected your splendid offers to suppress the "Trip to Calais," with the contempt they deserved. Indeed, madam, the humanity of my royal and benevolent master, and the public protection, have placed me much above the reach of your bounty.

But why, madam, put on your "coat of mail" against me? I have no hostile intentions. Folly, not vice, is the game I pursue. In those scenes which you so unaccountably apply to yourself, you must observe, that there is not the slightest hint at the little incidents of your life, which have excited the curiosity of the grand inquest for the county of Middlesex. I am happy, madam, however, to hear that your robe of "innocence" is in such perfect repair; I was afraid it might have been a little the worse for wearing; may it hold out to keep you warm the next winter.

The progenitors your grace has done me the honour to give me, are, I presume, merely metaphorical persons, and to be considered as the authors of my muse, and not of my manhood: a merry andrew and a prostitute are no bad poetical parents, especially for a writer of plays; the first to give the humour and mirth, the last to furnish the graces and powers of attraction.— Prostitutes and players must live by pleasing the public: not but your grace may have heard of ladies, who, by private practice, have accumulated amazing great fortunes. If you mean that I really owe my birth to that pleasing connexion, your grace is grossly deceived. My father was,

in truth, a very useful magistrate and respectable country gentleman, as the whole county of Cornwall will tell you. My mother, the daughter of Sir Edward Goodere, bart., who represented the county of Hereford; her fortune was large, and her morals irreproachable, till your grace descended to stain them; she was upwards of fourscore years old when she died, and what will surprise your grace, was never married but once in her life. I am obliged to your grace for your intended present on the day, as you politely express it, when I am to be "turned off." But where will your grace get the "Cupid" to bring me the "lip salve?" That family, I am afraid, have long quitted your service.

Pray, madam, is not J——n the name of your female confidential secretary? and is not she generally clothed in black petticoats made out of your weeds?

So mourn'd the dames of Ephesus her love.

I fancy your grace took the hint when you last resided at Rome: you heard there, I suppose, of a certain Joan, who was once elected a pope, and in humble imitation, have converted a pious parson into a chambermaid. The scheme is new in this country, and has doubtless its particular pleasures. That you may never want the benefit of clergy, in every emergence, is the sincere wish of your grace's most devoted and obliged humble servant,

SAMUEL FOOTE.

**SAMUEL FOOTE TO LORD HERTFORD (THE
LORD CHAMBERLAIN).**

MY LORD,

[August, 1775.]

I DID intend troubling your lordship with an earlier address, but the day after I received your prohibitory mandate, I had the honour of a visit from Lord Mountstuart, to whose interposition I find I am indebted for your first commands, relative to the "Trip to Calais," by Mr. Chetwynd, and your final rejection of it by Col. Keen.

Lord Mountstuart has, I presume, told your lordship, that he read with me those scenes to which your lordship objected, that he found them collected from general nature, and applicable to none but those, who, through consciousness, were compelled to self-application. To such minds, my lord, the Whole Duty of Man, next to the Sacred Writings, is the severest satire that ever was wrote; and to the same mark, if Comedy directs not her aim, her arrows are shot in the air; for by what touches no man, no man will be mended. Lord Mountstuart desired that I would suffer him to take the play with him, and let him leave it with the duchess of Kingston: he had my consent, my lord, and at the same time an assurance, that I was willing to make any alteration that her grace would suggest. Her grace saw the play, and in consequence I saw her grace: with the result of that interview, I shall not, at this time, trouble your lordship. It may perhaps be necessary to observe, that her grace could not discern, which your lordship, I dare say, will

readily believe, a single trait in the character of Lady Kitty Crocodile that resembled herself.

After this representation, your lordship will, I doubt not, permit me to enjoy the fruits of my labour; nor will you think it reasonable, because a capricious individual has taken it into her head that I have pinned her ruffles awry, that I should be punished by a poniard stuck deep in my heart: your lordship has too much candour and justice to be the instrument of so violent and ill directed a blow.

Your lordship's determination is not only of the greatest importance to me now, but must inevitably decide my fate for the future, as, after this defeat, it will be impossible for me to muster up courage enough to face Folly again. Between the muse and the magistrate there is a natural confederacy; what the last cannot punish, the first often corrects; but when she finds herself not only deserted by her ancient ally, but sees him armed in the defence of her foe, she has nothing left but a speedy retreat: adieu, then, my lord, to the stage! *Valeat res ludicra;* to which, I hope, I may with justice add *plaudite*, as during my continuance in the service of the public, I never profited by flattering their passions, or falling in with their humours, as upon all occasions I have exerted my little powers (as indeed I thought it my duty) in exposing follies, how much soever the favourites of the day; and pernicious prejudices, however protected and popular. This, my lord, has been done, if those may be believed who have the best right to know, sometimes with success; let me add too, that in doing this I never

lost my credit with the public, because they knew that I proceeded upon principle; that I disdained being either the echo or the instrument of any man, however exalted his station; and that I never received reward or protection from any other hands than their own.

I have the honour to be, &c.

SAMUEL FOOTE.

N. B.—In a few days will be published, the Scenes objected to by the Lord Chamberlain. With a Dedication to the Duchess of Kingston.

THOMAS SHERIDAN*, ESQ. TO MR. WHYTE.

DEAR SAM, Blois, August 1st, 1766.
YOUR long expected letter has at length arrived, without date. You mention in it that it was writ the post after Mr. Sheen's, but by some strange fatality it has been six weeks longer on its passage. I own your long silence astonished me, and raised in me many mortifying reflections. The general neglect which I experienced from all quarters in my distrest situation, created in me such an apathy for all the affairs of this life, that I was almost brought to wish to pass the rest of my days

Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis.

But your last has shown me that friendship is not wholly banished from the earth. I find that

* Father of the Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan.

it is to your care solely that I am indebted for the turn my affairs have taken, and it pleased me the more, as you are the only person living to whom I would wish to owe such an obligation. Your silence during the transaction carries its excuse with it. It was better on every account that the attempt should be made without my privity. And to deal ingenuously with you, had you consulted me, I should never have consented to it. But as the thing has passed with so much credit to me, the whole honour and merit of it is yours. What I mentioned in a former, relative to an act of parliament, had no reference to any such act to be made in Ireland, of which I had not the least idea, but to an English act, passed the session before for the relief of insolvent debtors, with the nature of which I desired to be made acquainted. You have not made me acquainted with the circumstances of the act, in which, through your friendly and disinterested exertions I am concerned; nor mentioned the time that it will be proper for me to go to Ireland. I should be glad if you would take the first opportunity of conveying a copy of the act to Mr. Chamberlaine, because there are some points on which I would take advice in London, before my setting out for Dublin. And now, my dear Sam! I must tell you, that without your farther assistance it will be impossible for me to reap the benefit of what you have done for me. From the perpetual fluctuation in the ministry, the payments are no longer punctual at the treasury. There is now due to me a year of my pension; and at the moment I am writing to you I am reduced to my last Louis.

I had relied upon receiving about fifty pounds from Sheen for the books, and a year's rent of a certain farm at Quilea. But this I find, without any notice given to me, has been forestalled, and Sheen writes me word that he has not a shilling to spare. I had before applied to some friends in England, who had made large professions to me; but I find, by an obstinate silence on their part, that nothing is to be expected from them. My sole reliance at present is upon you, nor should I have the least doubt on me, if your abilities were equal to your good will. But I must conjure you, by all that is sacred in friendship, to raise a hundred pounds for me, as speedily as you can, and convey it to William Whately, esq. banker in London, for my use; on the receipt of which I will immediately set out for England in my way to Dublin. Mrs. Sheridan and the children will continue in France till my affairs are settled; and after that, you may rely upon it, that this is the first debt I shall think myself bound to discharge. I need not say more upon this head; I am sure your utmost endeavours will not be wanting to serve me in this exigence, and to complete what you have so well begun.

And now I must give you some account of what we have been doing since our arrival at Blois. I have long since finished the Dictionary, and have got together the greatest part of the materials for the Grammar, which only want being reduced into order. I have likewise almost finished a volume of Dialogues on the English Language, to serve as a preparative for the other work.

The more I reflect on the general use which must be made of this work wherever English is taught, the more I am convinced that the profits of it will be considerable; and that if I keep the right of the copy to myself (which is my design) it will be an estate to my family. I have finished a Grammar too in English and French, for the use of all foreigners who understand French, that are desirous of attaining a knowledge of the English tongue by an easy and short method. I have also drawn up a Grammar in English, to facilitate the attainment of the French tongue to all who speak English: a work much wanted, and which I began at first for the use of my children, upon finding the great imperfection of all hitherto published with that view. Mrs. Sheridan has written a comedy called a Trip to Bath, in which some good judges in England find a great deal of merit. She has also made two additional volumes to the Memoirs of Sidney, and has begun a tragedy in prose upon part of the story contained in this latter part. Thus you see, that, together with the time employed in the instruction of the children, we have not been idle since our arrival here. Our coming to Blois has been attended with the happy circumstance of restoring Mrs. Sheridan to a perfect good state of health, a blessing which she had not known for ten years before; and this alone would make me think it a fortunate event which drove us hither. But I have other reasons to bless this event: it has afforded me an opportunity of acquiring two of the most useful kinds of knowledge one can be

possessed of in this life; I mean a knowledge of the world, and a knowledge of myself. To know the world well, one must cease to be an actor in the busy scene of life, and be contented to be an humble spectator; and to know one's self well, long uninterrupted leisure for self-examination, at a distance from the turbulence and seductions of the world, is essentially necessary. The result of my reflections with regard to the world has been the same with that of the wise man, that it is vanity of vanities. But I have not, like him, ended my inquiries there. My mind could never rest in so dispiriting a conclusion; it naturally led me to the consideration of another life, where all that is amiss here will be rectified. And after the most unprejudiced inquiries, I remained in the full conviction, that it is from religion alone we can hope for contentment in this life, or happiness in a future one: and the result of my self-examination was, a determined resolution to make her sacred dictates the guide of all my future actions. Don't think, Sam, that either superstition or melancholy has had the least influence on this occasion, for I have not a grain of either in my composition; it has been the effect of a long, cool, deliberate train of reflection. I am sorry I was not before made acquainted with the very kind part which Mr. Boyle took in my affairs. I fear a letter, after so great a distance of time, would appear with but an ill grace: I must therefore beg you will take it upon yourself to make him my most grateful acknowledgments, and at the same time the apology for my silence. You do not say a word about Mrs.

Whyte, nor your boy. Do you think we are indifferent with regard to what concerns you? Assure Mr. and Mrs. Guinness of my warmest regards and best wishes. I did intend to return a few lines in answer to the obliging ones which she added to yours, but you see the paper is finished. I am ever sincerely and affectionately yours,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

THOMAS SHERIDAN TO MR. WHYTE.

Paris, October 13th, 1766.

OFTEN have I sat down to write to you an account of the most fatal event that could befall me in this life, and as often have thrown aside the pen. Oh, my dear Sam! the most excellent of women is no more. Her apparent malady was an intermitting fever, attended with no one bad symptom till the day before her death, when she was suddenly deprived of her senses, and all the fatal prognostics of a speedy dissolution appeared. She died the death of the righteous, without one pang, without a groan. The extraordinary circumstances attending her case made me resolve to have her opened: when it was found that the whole art of medicine could not have prolonged her days, as all the noble parts were attacked, and any one of four internal maladies must have proved mortal. If the news of this event has not yet reached Dublin, break it to my sister as gently as you can. I set out from this in a few days for

St. Quintin, a town about half way between this and Calais, where I purpose to leave my children, in the hands of Protestants, to whom they are strongly recommended. As soon as I have settled them, I shall set out for London, and thence proceed to Dublin as speedily as possible. I thank you for your last letter and the remittance, without which I should not have been able to have made this arrangement.—Sam! you have lost a friend who valued you much. I have lost what the world cannot repair, a bosom friend, another self. My children have lost—oh! their loss is neither to be expressed nor repaired. But the will of God be done. I am ever sincerely and affectionately yours,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

MRS. SHERIDAN TO MR. WHYTE.

DEAR SAM,

London, February 25th, 1762.

IT is so long since you and I have corresponded, that I really do not recollect whether you are a letter in my debt, or I in yours: for my own credit's sake, I wish it may be the former: but be that as it may, I will not omit the opportunity of Mr. Rainsford's return, to send you Mr. Sheridan's Dissertation, which includes part of his plan. 'Tis addressed, as you see, to a great man: when you read it, you will not be at a loss to discover, that the person addressed is our present first minister. It has been as well received by him as we could possibly wish, and

even beyond the expectation of our friends. He expressed himself highly pleased with the design, and sent Mr. Sheridan word it should receive all countenance and encouragement. Lord Bute is a man of his word, and every body knows his great influence; so that the affair now seems likely to become of great importance. The course of lectures which Mr. Sheridan is now reading in the city is attended in a manner that shows the people more warm and earnest on the subject than can well be conceived; his auditory seldom consisting of less than five hundred people, and this is the utmost the hall will contain; many have been disappointed for want of room, and he is strenuously solicited to repeat the course again immediately in the same place. This I believe he will comply with, though he is to give another course next month at Spring Gardens. Last Monday evening, Charles, for the first time, exhibited himself as a little orator. He read Eve's speech to Adam, from Milton, beginning—

O thou! for whom, and from whom, I was formed, &c.

As his father had taken a deal of pains with him, and he has the advantage of a fine ear and a fine voice, he acquitted himself in such a manner as astonished every body. He purposed in his next course to show him in all the variety of style that is used in English composition, and hopes in a very little time to make him complete in his own art. Dick has been at Harrow school since Christmas: as he probably may fall into a bustling life, we have a mind to accustom him early

to shift for himself : Charles's domestic and sedentary turn is best suited to a home education. This is the present system of your little old acquaintance.

I shall be glad of your opinion on the Dissertation, as also to know what progress you yourself have made in this particular branch in your school, which I am very glad to hear by Mr. Rainsford is in great reputation. I am obliged to break off, as I have been interrupted a dozen times since I sat down to write. Indeed I am so distressed for want of a room to myself, that it discourages me from attempting any thing, though I have this winter made a shift to scribble something that you shall hear of another time. Adieu, dear Sam. I am yours, sincerely,

FRANCES SHERIDAN.

P. S. My sister Chamberlaine desires me to inform you (you may be assured I did not hint the subject) that she had paid Mrs. —— some money that you had *left in her hands for that use*, which she expects you'll acquit her of. I leave my brother Dick to answer for himself.

DR. SMOLLETT TO AN AMERICAN GENTLEMAN.

SIR,

London, May 8th, 1763.

I AM favoured with yours of the 26th of February, and cannot but be pleased to find myself, as a writer, so high in your esteem. The curiosity you express with regard to the particulars of my

life, and the variety of situations in which I may have been, cannot be gratified within the compass of a letter; besides, there are some particulars of my life which it would ill become me to relate. The only similitude between the circumstances of my own fortune, and those I have attributed to Roderick Random, consists in my being born of a respectable family in Scotland; in my being bred a surgeon, and having served as a surgeon's mate on board a man of war during the expedition to Cartagena. The low situations in which I have exhibited Roderic I never experienced in my own person. I married, very young, a native of Jamaica, a young lady well known and universally respected under the name of Miss Nancy Lascelles, and by her I enjoy a comfortable, though moderate estate in that island. I practised surgery in London, after having improved myself by travelling in France and other foreign countries, till the year 1749, when I took my degree of doctor in medicine, and have lived ever since in Chelsea (I hope) with credit and reputation. No man knows better than Mr. —— what time I employed in writing the four first volumes of the History of England; and, indeed, the short period in which that work was finished appears almost incredible to myself, when I recollect that I turned over and consulted above three hundred volumes in the course of my labour. Mr. —— likewise knows that I spent the greatest part of a year in revising, correcting, and improving the quarto edition which is now going to the press, and will be continued in the same

size to the last peace. Whatever reputation I may have got by this work, has been dearly bought by the loss of health, which I am of opinion I shall never retrieve. I am going to the south of France, in order to try the effects of that climate, and very probably I shall never return. I am much obliged to you for the hope you express that I have obtained some provision from his majesty ; but the truth is, I have neither pension nor place, nor am I of that disposition which can stoop to solicit either. I have always piqued myself upon my independency, and I trust in God I shall preserve it till my dying day. Exclusive of some small detached performances that have been published occasionally in papers and magazines, the following is a genuine list of my productions :—Roderick Random ; the Regicide, a tragedy ; a translation of Gil Blas ; a translation of Don Quixote ; an Essay upon the external Use of Water ; Peregrine Pickle ; Ferdinand Count Fathom ; a great part of the Critical Review ; a small part of the Compendium of Voyages ; the Complete History of England, and Continuation ; a small part of the Modern Universal History ; some pieces of the British Magazine, comprehending the whole of Sir Launcelot Greaves ; a small part of the translation of Voltaire's Works, including all the Notes, Historical and Critical, to be found in that translation. I am much mortified to find it is believed in America that I have lent my name to booksellers ; that is a species of prostitution of which I am altogether incapable. I had engaged with Mr. —, and had made some progress in a work exhibiting the

present state of the world, which work I shall finish if I recover my health. If you should see Mr. ——, please give my kindest compliments to him ; tell him I wish him all manner of happiness, though I have little to expect for my own share, having lost my only child, a fine girl of fifteen, whose death has overwhelmed myself and my wife with unutterable sorrow.

I have now complied with your request, and beg, in my turn, you will command me to all my friends in America. I have endeavoured, more than once, to do the colonies some service. I am, sir, &c.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

DR. ARMSTRONG TO DR. SMOLLETT, AT PISA.

London, March 28, 1769.

O, MY dear doctor, I should severely reproach myself, for having so long delayed answering your letter, which gave much pleasure and entertainment, not only to me, but to all our common friends, if it was not that I waited for some news that might please you. I have none to send you at last, except you are, as I am, upon the Douglas side ; but this is treating you with state intelligence.

It is needless to say how much I rejoice in your recovery ; but I have all along had great confidence in the vigorous stamina with which nature has blessed you. I hope you may, within a year or two, be able to weather out, if not an

English winter, at least an English summer; meantime, if you won't come to us, I'll come to you ; and shall, with the help of small punch and your company, laugh at the Tuscan dog-days.

I enjoy, with a pleasing sympathy, the agreeable society you find amongst the professors at Pisa. All countries, and all religions, are the same to men of liberal minds. And the most contemptible, sometimes even the most dangerous, of all animals, is an ill natured blockhead, who affects to despise his neighbours because he secretly envies their superior abilities, and regards them with a jealous eye.

The daily, industrious, indefatigable operations of the most pernicious lies—the most impudent, audacious doctrines that were ever practised upon a blind, stupid, ignorant, profane populace still continue to prosper. The London mob have long, every hour of the day, *damned their eyesight*; and they happen to have good reason for it. I will not at once disgust and shock you with the recital of such seditious and treasonable insolencies, as never durst, before Wednesday last, browbeat a throne—at least, never with impunity. Your friends at Pisa envy our constitution : I am afraid we may, in a short time, be induced to sigh after theirs ; for the view, at present, all around us is an object of the most extreme indignation, contempt, and horror.

Meantime, the infernal spirit of the most absurd discord, Erynnis, blind and blundering in her dotage, has not yet so universally poisoned the noble mind of the public as to engross it entirely

to the clumsy, dirty, blackguard amusement and exercises. For history still makes a shift to waddle on, though it grows rather a *lame duck*; and there are still jackdaws enough to swallow the green cheese of tragedy, and the no less insipid curd of *new comedy*. So much the better; all trades would live, they say.

But talking of some recent publications puts me in mind of something that I had almost forgot to tell you: that several people, who have a particular regard and esteem for the reputed author of *The Present State of all Nations*, are sorry to find that he has too much exposed the posteriors of our brothers in the north; and made some undeserved compliments to their brothers in the south, who have already a comfortable enough share of self-conceit; and that, amongst other perfections, he allows them to be the handsomest people in Europe, which they think to be a very disputable opinion.

All the friends you have mentioned are well, and desire to be kindly remembered to you. Your health is never forgot in our compotations. I am sorry to tell you that our society has lost one worthy member, in Dr. Russell, who died some months ago of a malignant fever. I beg you'll let me hear from you soon; and with my best compliments to Mrs. Smollett, at the same time never forgetting Miss —— and Miss Currie. My dear sir, your affectionate friend, and faithful humble servant,

JOHN ARMSTRONG.

DR. ARMSTRONG TO DR. SMOLLETT, AT
LEGHORN.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,

1770.

I REPROACH myself—but it is as insignificant as embarrassing to explain some things.—So much for that. As to my confidence in your stamina, I can see no reason to flinch from it; but I wish you would avoid all unwholesome accidents, as much as possible.

I am quite anxious about my visit to you next autumn. My scheme is now to pass my June and July at Paris, from thence to set out for Italy, either over the Alps, or by sea from Marseilles. I do not expect the company of any widow hunter, or any other that may be too fat and indolent for such an excursion; and hope to pick up some agreeable fellow traveller, without being at the expense of advertising.

You feel exactly as I do on the subject of state politics. But from some late glimpses, it is still to be hoped that some *patriots* may be disappointed in their favourite view of involving their country in confusion and destruction. As to the King's Bench patriot, it is hard to say from what motive he published a letter of yours, asking some trifling favour of him, on behalf of somebody for whom the *Cham of Literature*, Mr. Johnson, had interested himself.

I have, within this month, published what I call my *Miscellanies*. Though I admitted my operator to an equal share of profit and loss, the publication has been managed in such a manner

as if there had been a combination to suppress it. Notwithstanding which, I am told it makes its way tolerably at least. But I have heard to-day that somebody is to give me a good trimming very soon.

All friends here remember you kindly, and our little club at the Two-arms never fail to devote a bumper to you, except when they are in the humour of drinking none but scoundrels. I send my best compliments to Mrs. Smollett and two other ladies, and beg you will write me as soon as it suits you, and with black ink. I am always, my dear doctor, most affectionately yours,

J. ARMSTRONG.



END OF VOL. V.

